

No



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THE
YOUNG MINSTREL:

COLLECTION OF MUSIC FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.

~~~~~  
BY A. N. JOHNSON, OF BOSTON,  
AND  
JASON WHITE,  
TEACHER OF MUSIC, IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS, PROVIDENCE R. I.  
~~~~~

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THE OLIVER DILLON CO.
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TO THE PUBLIC.

We, the undersigned, Masters of the Public Grammar Schools of Providence, take pleasure in commending to the attention of teachers and school committees, the *Young Minstrel*, by Johnson and White; a book which has been in use in our schools for some time past, and which we find to be a work of superior merit. We have from time to time become acquainted with a considerable number of juvenile singing books; but we know of no other which combines in so eminent a degree the chief requisites of a music book for common schools; namely, good instruction, good exercises, good songs, and good tunes. Such we believe to be the character of this book throughout. Most singing books contain a few good tunes, mingled with a great number of others so destitute of merit that they are never sung. The *Young Minstrel* contains a large number of the best class of tunes; while all, or very nearly all, are such as will be sung with interest in schools.

C. FARNUM, JR.
L. GROVER.
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AMOS PERRY.

Providence, Sept 20, 1843.

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P R E F A C E .

MOST of the pieces in the following pages, are so arranged, that they may be sung either in one, two, or three parts ; i. e. the effect will be good, let the pieces be sung with the upper part alone, the two upper parts without the base, or with all three parts together. The third part, although in most of the songs, written upon the base staff, may be sung by voices that have not changed. It is taken for granted, that the teacher who uses this work, is already acquainted with the elementary principles of music, consequently that department of this work is not designed as a guide to the teacher, but is only to be regarded as a course of instruction which can be varied from at the pleasure of the teacher.

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
MISCELLANEOUS CHARACTERS.

A passage marked **LEGATO**, or  must be performed in a close, smooth and gliding manner.


A passage marked **STACCATO**, or ' ' ' ' , or , must be performed in a pointed and distinct manner.

A **PAUSE**,  indicates that a note may be prolonged beyond its proper time.


A **TIE**, connects two or more notes, .

A **DOUBLE BAR**,  shows the end of a line of poetry or a strain of music.

The character used to connect the staves on which the different parts are written, is called a **BRACE**.

A **REPEAT**,  shows that the music must be repeated, either from the beginning, or from a preceding repeat.

D. C. is an abbreviation for the Italian words **DA CAPO**, which means, *begin again and end at the word FINE*.

A **LEGATO** mark  in vocal music, shows how many notes are to be sung to one syllable.

PRONUNCIATION.

The rules for pronunciation in singing are the same as they are in reading. In singing each syllable is generally made longer than in reading, and the prolongation must always be upon the vowel. The consonant at the beginning of a syllable must be uttered with much distinctness, but the voice must, as soon as possible, pass from it to the vowel. The consonant at the end of a syllable, also, must be distinctly articulated, and in the least possible time, i. e., in the last point of time which belongs to the note.

NOTE. As an illustration of this, suppose it is required to sing the word 'bad' to a sound twelve seconds long. About a quarter part of the first second must be given to the 'b,' and the last quarter of the last second to the 'd,' while the 'a' must be prolonged the intervening eleven seconds and a half. It is not possible to produce a musical sound with a consonant. The consonant is always articulated before the musical sound commences. In singing the word 'bad' the musical sound does not commence until the voice has left the 'b' because it is not possible to produce a musical sound with 'b.' In syllables ending with 'r,' the vowel is often left too soon, and the closing consonant dwelt upon instead; thus, *fe - - - ur* instead of *fea - - - r*, *ne - - - ur* instead of *nea - - - r*, &c. It is a common fault to leave the *radical* sound of the vowel and dwell on the *vanish* or closing sound; for example, *fly - - - e* for *fly*; *grea - - - e - - - t* for *grea - - - t*, &c. For a thorough course of exercises in pronunciation, the teacher is referred to Russell's Elements of Musical Articulation.

CHANTING.

Chanting may be defined as *musical reading*, and is governed by the rules of elocution, as well as those of music. A chant in its regular form, consists of a reciting or chanting note, followed by a cadence of two measures in the first part, and a chanting note followed by a cadence of three measures in the second. The words which belong to the reciting note should be chanted as fast, and with the same emphasis, as a good reader would read them. There is no such thing as *time* in a chant; although there is apparently some approach to it in the cadences, yet even there the movement should be governed rather by the emphasis which properly belongs to the words, than by the length of the notes.

NOTE. The best way to teach a class to chant, is, to let them first read the words together, with due regard to emphasis and pronunciation. When they can do this well, let them read the words with the same emphasis, &c. to a musical tone, (say F.) without, however, observing the cadences. After this, it will be comparatively easy to perform the chants as they are written,

POSITION OF THE MOUTH.

The mouth should in general be opened sufficiently to admit the end of the fore-finger freely

between the teeth. It should be kept in a smiling position, but without distortion.

TAKING BREATH.

The singer should accustom himself to a long and easy respiration, taking breath quickly, without noise, and without any change in the position of the mouth. Never breathe between the syllables of the same word, nor between words intimately connected in sense.

TONE.

Every sound should be uttered without hesitation, and without first singing another sound and then sliding to the right one. The breath should be sent forth freely, and in such a manner as not to strike against any part of the mouth on its passage. The tone should be full, pure, and firm; not faint, husky, or wavering.

The singer must enter into the spirit of the words he is singing, in the same manner that a good speaker enters into the spirit of the words that he is speaking. The music of the best composers, will be dull and unmeaning, if the performer does not *feel* the word he is singing.

THE FOLLOWING ITALIAN WORDS ARE USED
TO DESIGNATE THE MOVEMENT, EXPRESSION,
AND MANNER OF PERFORMING MUSIC.

LARGO. Very slow.

LARGHETTO. (pronounced *Lar-gate'-o*.*) Slow.

ADAGIO, (*A-dahdg-i-o*.) Slow, but not so slow as *Larghetto*.

LENTO. Less slow than *Adagio*.

ANDANTE. Neither slow nor fast.

ANDANTINO. Somewhat quicker than *Andante*.

MODERATO. In moderate time.

ALLEGRETTO (*Al-le-grate'-o*.) Less quick than *Allegro*.

ALLEGRO. (*Al-lay'-gro*.) Quick.

PRESTO. Quicker than *Allegro*.

PRESTISSIMO. Very quick.

ACCELERANDO. (*Ah-chel-a-ran-do*.) Accelerating the time.

RITARD. }
RITARDANDO. } Retarding the time. Slower and slower.
RITENUTO. }

RALLENTANDO, }
LENTANDO, } Gradually slower and softer.
A TEMPO. In time.

VIVACE. (*V-vah-tschay*.) Cheerful, lively.

CON SPIRITO. With spirit and animation.

DOLCE, (*Doltsch-a*.) Soft, sweet, tender, delicate.

ENERGICO. (*En-air'-ge-co*.) With energy, bold.

MARCATO. Marked, distinct.

MAESTOSO. (*Mah-es-to-so*.) Majestically.

ESPRESSIVO. }

CON ESPRESSIONE. } (*Es-pres-si'-vo*.) With expression

VIGOROSO. Bold, energetic.

PIANISSIMO. (*Pee-an-is'-si-mo*.) Very soft.

PIANO, (*Pee-an-o*.) Soft.

MEZZO. (*Maid'-zo*.) Neither loud nor soft.

FORTE. (*For-tay*.) Loud.

FORTISSIMO. Very loud.

CRESCENDO, (*Cresh-en-do*.) Louder and louder.

DIMINUENDO }
DECRESCENDO } Softer and softer.

FORZANDO. (*Fort-zan-do*.) }
SFORZANDO. (*Sfort-zan-do*.) } The explosive tone.

* The Italian pronunciation of some of the words is given, but there can be no objection to pronouncing all of them as if they were English words.

THE YOUNG MINSTREL.

THE EVENING BELL.

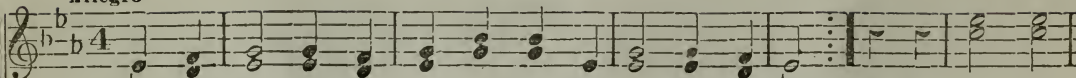
Andante.

The musical score is written on two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat), with a time signature of 2. The bottom staff uses a bass clef and the same key signature and time signature. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the notes.

1. Hark the peal-ing, Soft - ly steal-ing, Evening bell, Sweetly ech-oed down the dell.
2. Welcome, welcome To thy mu - sic, Sil - ver bell, Sweet-ly tell - ing day's fare-well.
3. Day is sleep-ing, Flow'rs are weeping Tears of dew; Stars are peep-ing ev - er true.
4. Hap - py hour, May thy pow - er Fill my breast; Each wild passion soothe to rest.

THE WINTER HATH PASSED AWAY.

Allegro

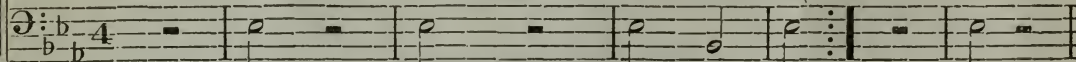


1. O the win - ter hath passed a-way, The spring-time has flown, }
With its sun-shine and mer - ry play, And sweet flow'ring thorn. }
2. O, the ros - es in rich ar - ray, With sweet Columbine, }
And the bees at their bu - sy play, By far spreading vine. }
3. Now the mowers grasp their shining blades, And shout as they swing, }
Hark! the wa - ter - fall in distant glade, And birds loudly sing. }

Haste, then,

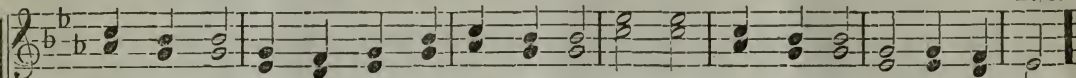
These, O

Come, then,

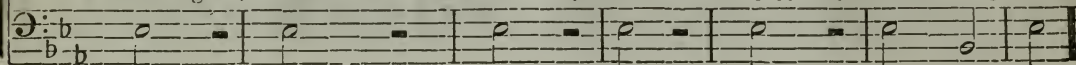


For the spring-time hath passed a-way, The sum-mer is here, }
With its breez-es and fer - vid ray, And flowers ever dear. }
For the spring-time, &c.
For the spring-time, &c.

D. C.



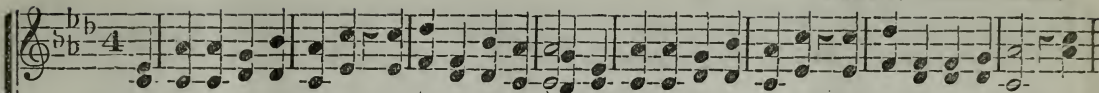
summer come, Wake each insect's bu - sy hum, Call with mer - ry voice, Bid all re-joice.
sum-mer, all Lis - ten to thy gen - tle call, Dwell then, dwell with me, In joy and glee.
all a - gree, Swell the tune-ful har - mo - ny, Thro' the hap - py day, Till evening ray.



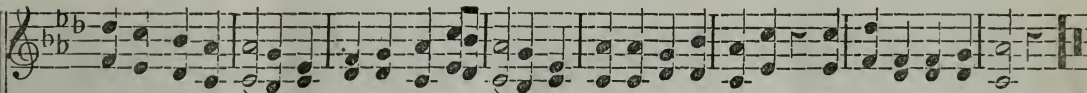
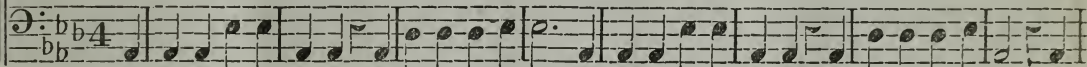
THE FEAST OF ROSES.

3

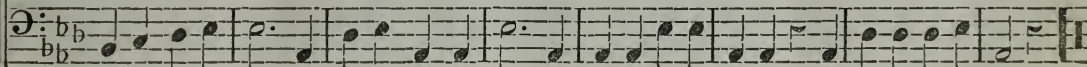
Words by Thomas Moore.

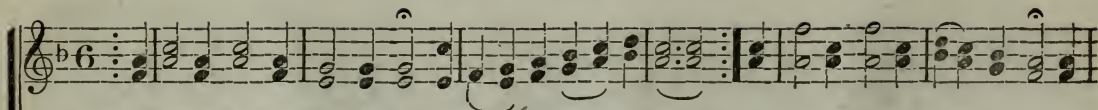


1. The sunlight dies, and o-ver The valley reigns delight, And hap-py is the rover, That wanders there to night, For
2. No sound is heard but pleasure, No echo on the gale, But music's varied measure, A-long that happy vale For
3. 'Tis said the world above us, Is one continued flow Of joy with those that love us, Perhaps it may be so But

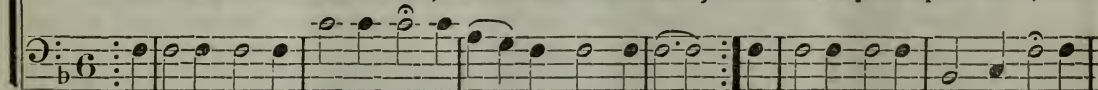


eve-ry heart un-closes, And old and young ar-rise, To love the feast of ros-es, And bless it with de-light.
all that sense can covet, Each joy that earth can show, Is lavished there to prove it, The brightest spot below.
if this earth dis-closes, Delights unknown elsewhere, 'Tis at the feast of ros-es, With-in thy vale Cashmere

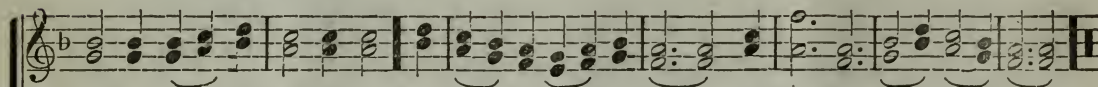




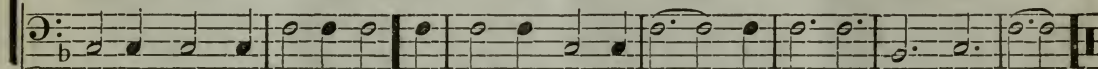
1. The world their fancied pearl may crave, 'Tis not the pearl for me, }
 'Twill dim its lustre in the wave, 'Twill moulder in the sea. } But there's a pearl of price untold, Which



2. Let pleasure chant her si-ren song, 'Tis not the song for me; }
 To weeping it will turn ere long, For this is Heaven's decree. } But there's a song the ransom'd sing, To



nev-er can be bought with gold; The sink-ing world 'twill save, Oh! that's the pearl for me.



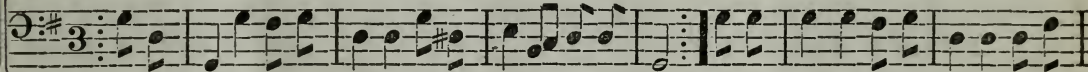
Je-sus their ex-alt-ed King, With joy-ful heart and tongue. Oh! that's the song to sing.

AID, O LORD.

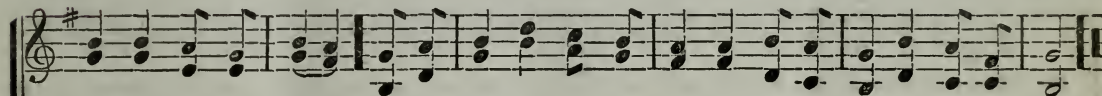
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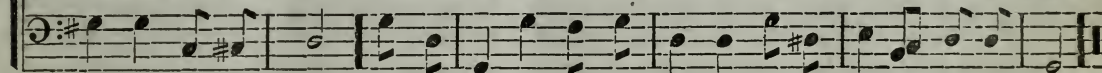
1. Aid, O Lord our youthful voices, In a song of joyful praise; } Thou from error's way hast brought us, To the
Th'ransomed soul in heaven re - joices, Saved from sin by thy rich grace. }



2. Friends and teachers are a - round us, Kindly urg-ing thy commands; } Lord ac-cept our fee - ble offering; For these
Many blessings now at-tend us Freely giv - en from thy hands. }



light that shines from heaven; Wandering far, the Sa - vior sought us, And has kind in - struction given.



mer-cies free - ly given; Thy rich grace to us con - tin - ue, Bring us safe - ly home to heaven.

Lively.

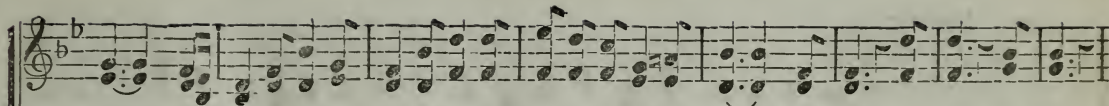
1. Awake ye lads, the morning breeze, The mists sweep from the stream, And afar o'er the hills, the tow'ring trees, Are

2. The echoing hills with gladness greet The mower's cheerful song, To us no mù-sic sounds so sweet As he

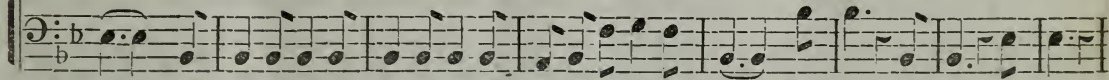
3. Then up, my lads, the diamond dew Shines on the wav - ing corn, And gai-ly we la-bor while we woo The

tipt with day's first beam, Are tipt with day's first beam. The stars are gone, the night has sped, The lark has hailed the

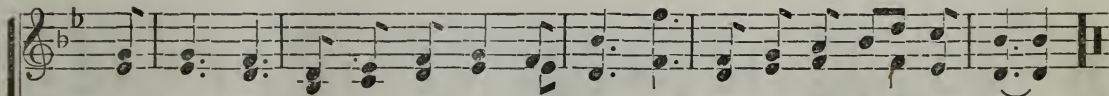
sweeps the grass along, As he sweeps the grass along. The sum-mer sun o'er vale and plain Has shed his genial
bracing breath of morn, The bracing breath of morn. Beneath the shade of trees so green, We'll rest at noon of



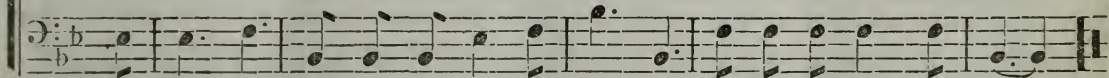
day; Arouse ye, then, while morn is red, Away to the fields away, a - way, a - way, a - way,



ray, Till smiling fields of golden grain A - wait the harvest day, The day, the day, the day,
day, Come, then, and with your scythes all keen, Away to the fields, away, A - way, a - way, a - way,

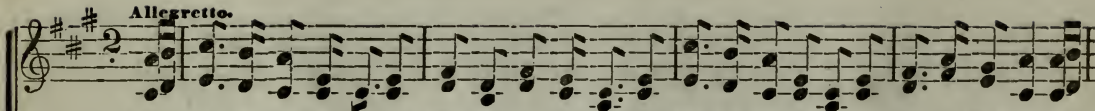


a - way, A - way to the fields, a - way, A - way to the fields, a - way.



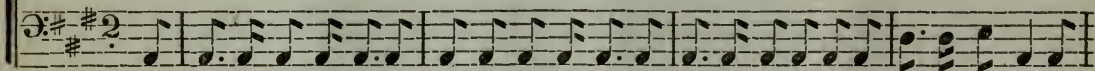
the day, A - wait the har - vest day, A - wait the har - vest day.
a way, A - way to the fields a way, A - way to the fields a - way.

THE SMILE OF CONTENTMENT

Allegretto.

1. O dear is my cottage, un-cloud-ed by sorrow, And sweet is the bow-er my Em - e-line wove, Ah!

2. The small birds rejoice in the green leaves adorn-ing, The murmuring streamlet clear thro' the vale; The

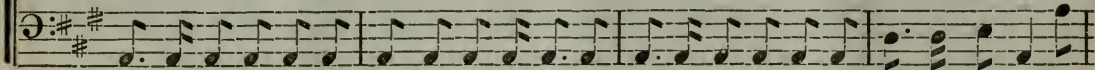


3. The morning a-wakes me to health and to la - bor, The lark points to heaven as first to be praised; The

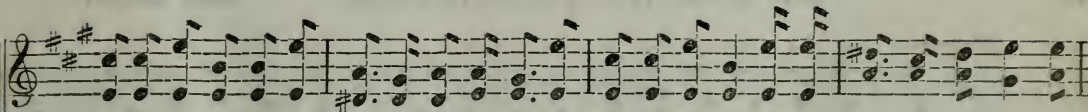


nought from the gay or the wealth-y I'd borrow, While bless'd with the smile of contentment and love; The

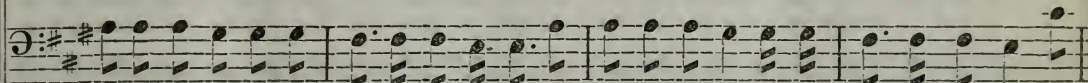
prim - ros - es blow in the dew of the morning, And wild scattered cowslips be-deck the green dale; But



even-ing procures me my friend and my neighbor, To join in the trib-ute by grat - i-tude raised; And



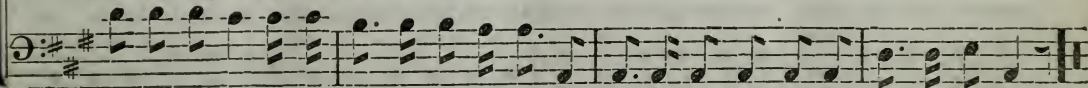
mirth of my children, their play-ful ca-ress-es, Un- ceas-ing delight to a pa-rent must prove; Then
what can give pleasure? or what can seem fair? When lin-ger-ing moments are numbered by care; No,



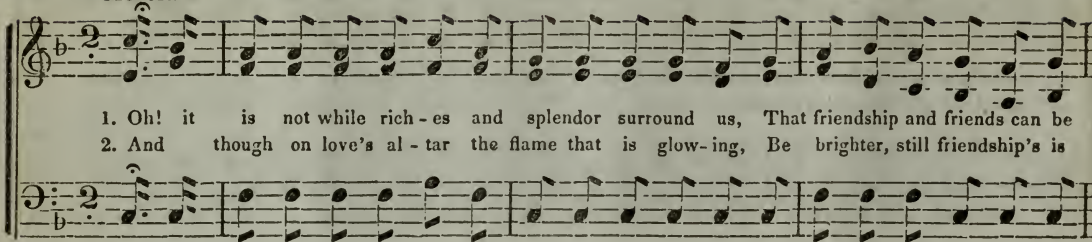
while with such mu-sic re - ech-oes my dwelling, While har-mo-ny lin-gers a - mid the sweet grove; O,



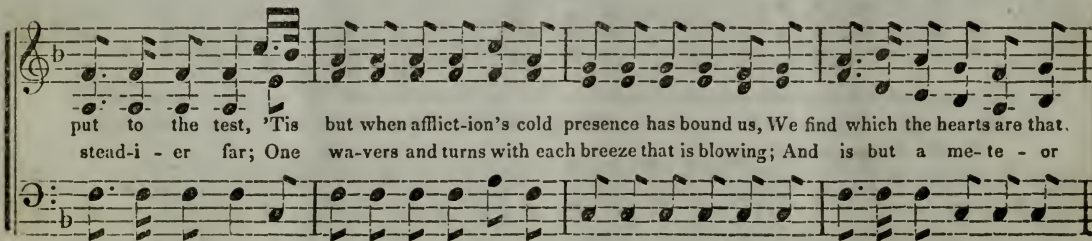
talk not of him who more splendor possess - es, My wealth is the smile of con - tent-ment and love.
birds sweetly singing, nor flowers gai-ly springing, Can soothe the sad bo-som of joy - less despair.



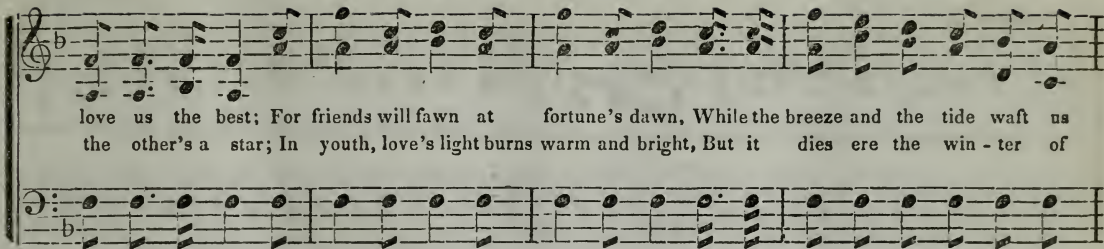
Here's a bliss such en - joy - ment excelling, It lies in the smile of con - tent-ment and love.

Moderato.


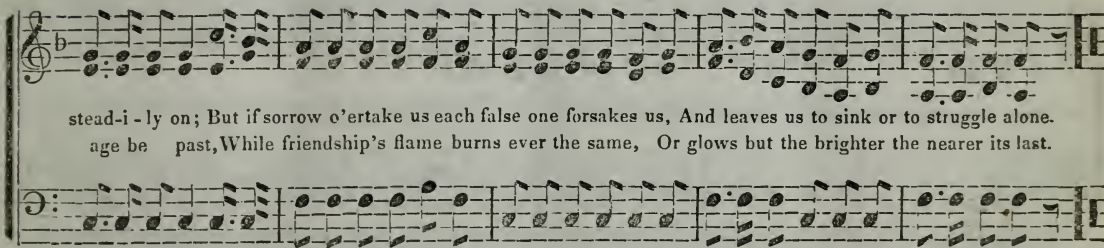
1. Oh! it is not while rich-es and splendor surround us, That friendship and friends can be
 2. And though on love's al-tar the flame that is glow-ing, Be brighter, still friendship's is



put to the test, 'Tis but when afflict-ion's cold presence has bound us, We find which the hearts are that.
 stead-i - er far; One wa-vers and turns with each breeze that is blowing; And is but a me-te - or

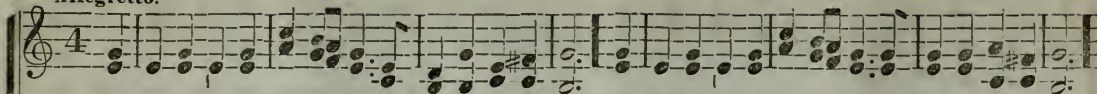


love us the best; For friends will fawn at fortune's dawn, While the breeze and the tide waft us
the other's a star; In youth, love's light burns warm and bright, But it dies ere the win - ter of

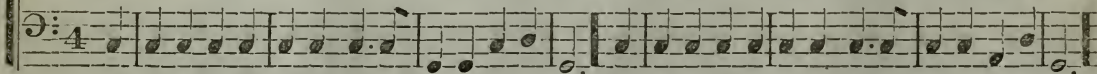


stead-i - ly on; But if sorrow o'ertake us each false one forsakes us, And leaves us to sink or to struggle alone.
age be past, While friendship's flame burns ever the same, Or glows but the brighter the nearer its last.

O STREAM OF LIFE.

Allegretto.

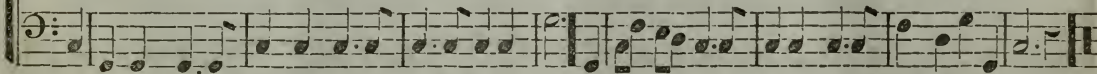
1. O stream forever fresh and full, That gleamest thro' the plain ! For thee the punctual spring returns, To steep thy bank with rain



2. O stream of life ! the violet springs But once beside thy bed ; But one brief summer on thy path The dews of heaven are shed.



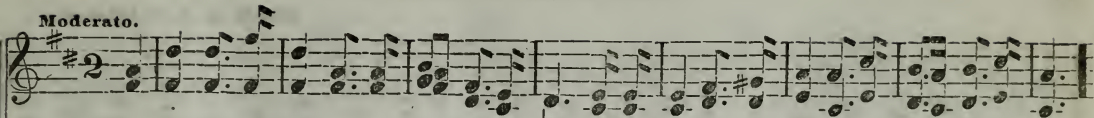
And when thy latest blossoms die, In autumn's chilly showers, The winter fountains gush for thee, Till May brings back the flow'rs



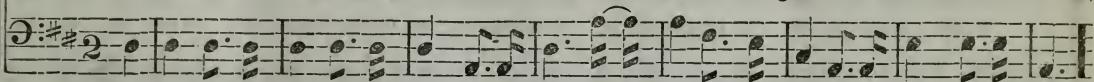
Thy parent fountains shrink away And close their crystal veins, Till where thy glittering waters ran, But dust alone remains.

NEW ENGLAND, MY COUNTRY.

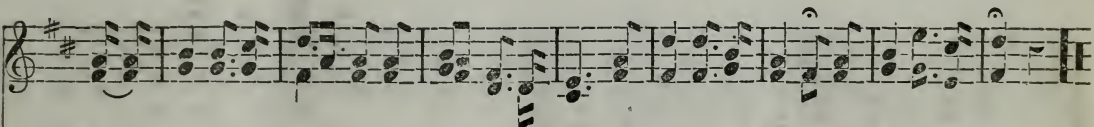
Moderato.



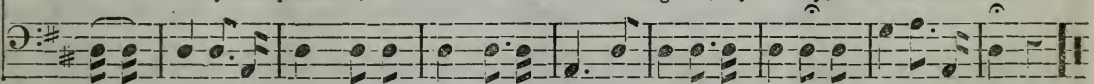
1. The hills of New England—How proudly they rise, In the wildness of grandeur, 'To blend with the skies!
2. The vales of New England That cradle her streams; That smile in their greenness Like land in our dreams;



3. The woods of New England, Still verdant and high, Though rock'd by the tempests Of ages gone by;
4. The streams of New England, That roar as they go, Or seem in their stillness But dream-ing to flow,



With their far az-ure out - line And tall ancient trees! New England, my country, I love thee for these!
 All sun-ny with pleas-ure, Em - bosom'd in ease— New England, my country, I love thee for these!



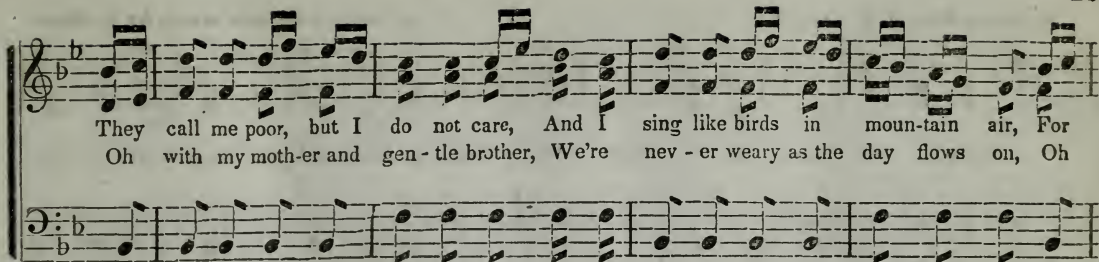
Ro - mance dims their arches, And speaks in the breeze—New England, my country, I love thee for these!
 O bright glides the sunbeam Their march to the seas—New England, my country, I love thee for these!

THE MERRY HEART.

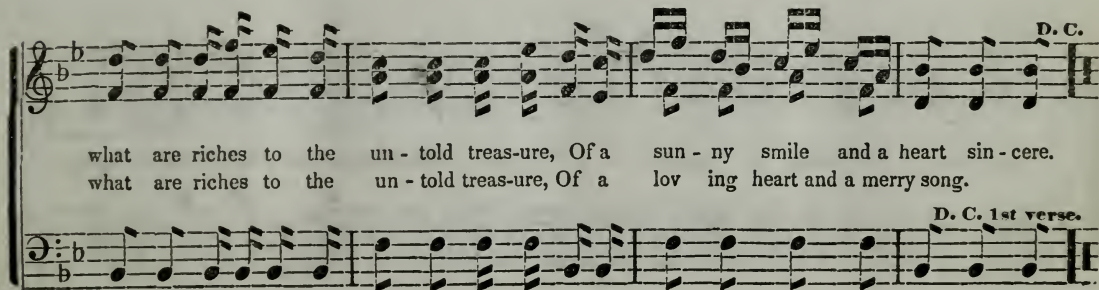
Words by J. C. Johnson.

1 Oh mer - ri - ly, oh mer - ri - ly my moments fly, Oh bu - si - ly, oh bu - si - ly, no
2. Oh pleas - ant - ly, oh pleas - ant - ly, the murmuring rill, Oh the roses fair, the ros - es in my

time to sigh, Oh hap - pi - ly, oh hap - pi - ly, the live-long day, From morning un - til evening grav
cot-tage dell. Oh I love them well, I love them well, my mother dear, And my sister with her gold-en hair.



They call me poor, but I do not care, And I sing like birds in mountain air, For
Oh with my mother and gentle brother, We're never weary as the day flows on, Oh



what are riches to the untold treasure, Of a sunny smile and a heart sincere.
what are riches to the untold treasure, Of a loving heart and a merry song.

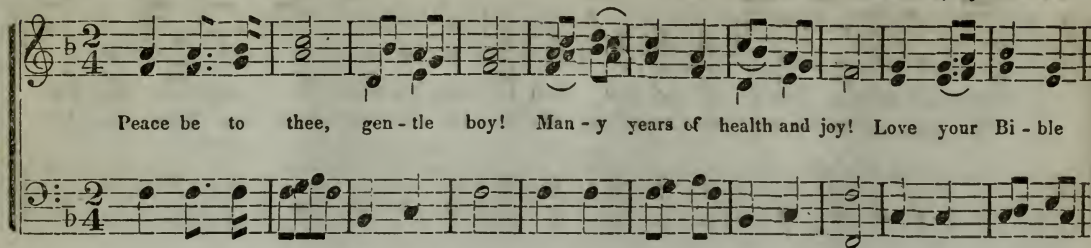
D. C.

D. C. 1st verse.

PEACE, GENTLE BOY.

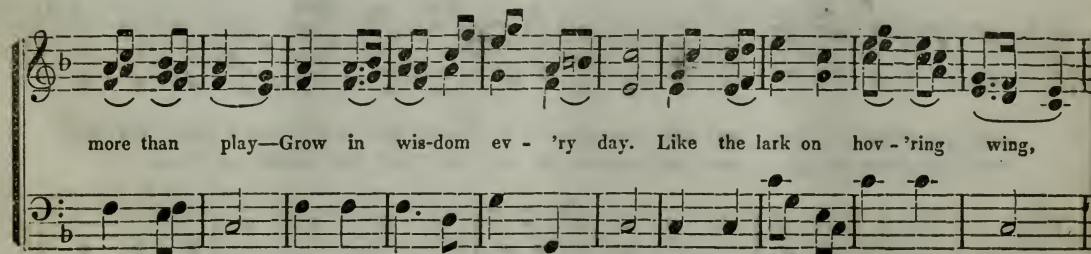
Words by Rev. R. M. Chayne.

Music written for this work, by O. Shaw.



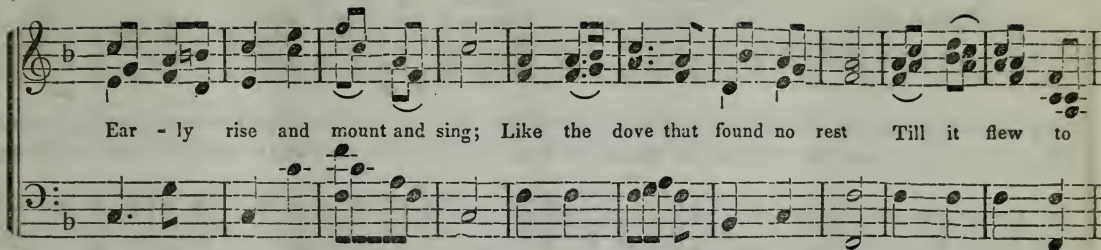
Peace be to thee, gen-tle boy! Man-y years of health and joy! Love your Bi-ble

The first system of the musical score is written on two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 2/4. It contains a melody with various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the staves, aligned with the notes.

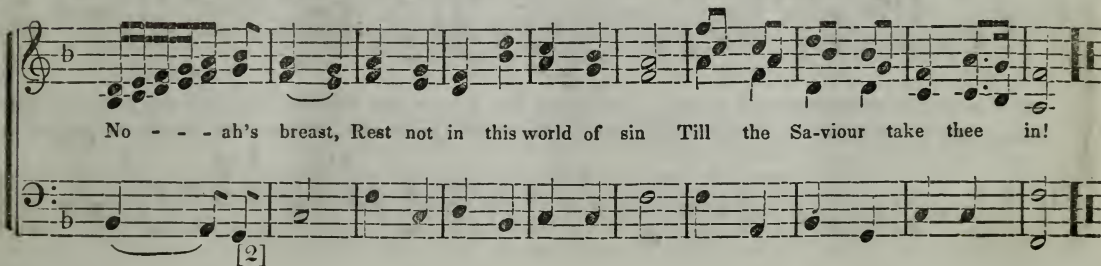


more than play—Grow in wis-dom ev - 'ry day. Like the lark on hov - 'ring wing,

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics continue below the staves.

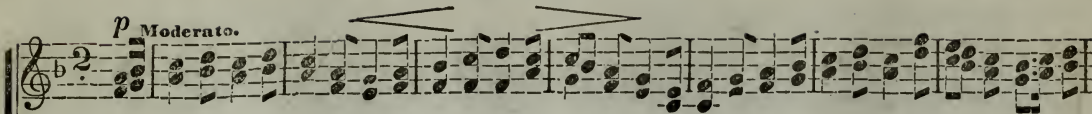


Ear - ly rise and mount and sing; Like the dove that found no rest Till it flew to

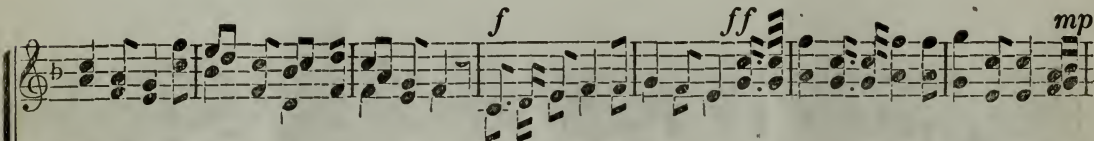
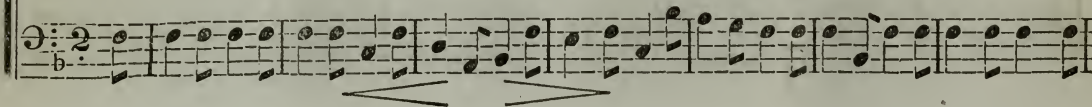


No - - - ah's breast, Rest not in this world of sin Till the Sa-viour take thee in!

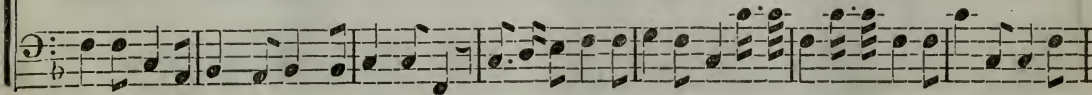
[2]

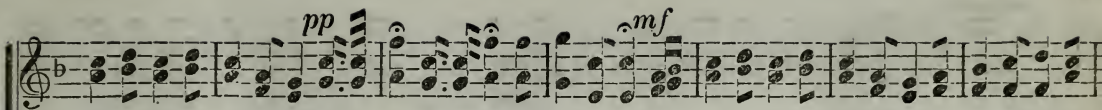


When o'er the silent seas alone, For days and nights we've cheerless gone, Oh! they've who felt it know how sweet Some sunny morn a
 When o'er the ocean's dreary plain, With toil her destined port to gain, Our gallant ship has neared the strand, We claim our own, our

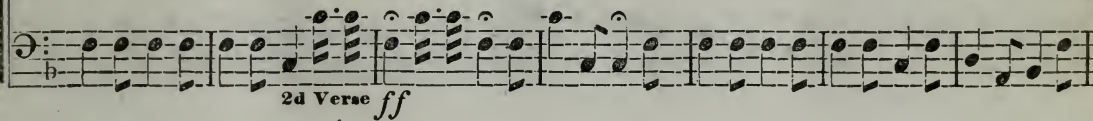


sail to meet, Some sunny morn a sail to meet! Sparkling on deck is every eye, Ship ahoy! ship ahoy! our joy-ful cry When
 native land; We claim our own, our native land; Sweet is the seaman's joyous shout, "Land ahead! land ahead! look out!" A-

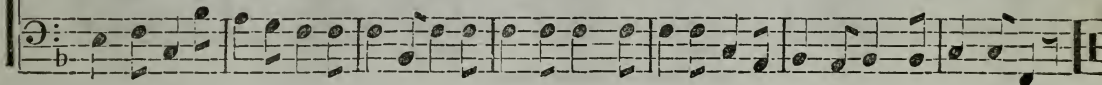


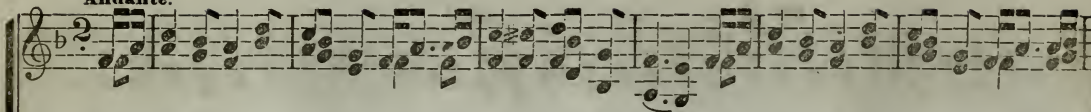


answering back we faintly hear; Ship ahoy! ship ahoy! what cheer! what cheer! Now sails aback we nearer come; Kind words are said of round on deck we gaily fly; "Land ahead! land ahead!" with joy we cry; Yon beacon light directs our way, While grateful vows to

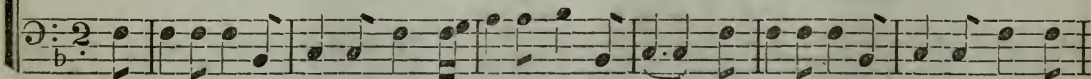


friends and home, But soon, too soon, we part in pain, To sail o'er silent seas again, To sail o'er si-lent seas a-gain. heaven we pay, And soon our long lost joys renew, And bid the boist'rous main adieu. And bid the boist'rous main adieu.

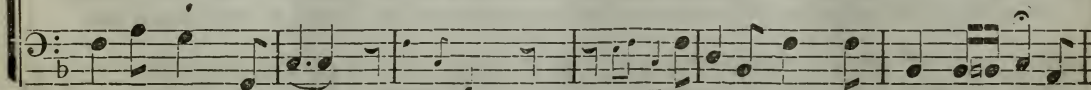


Andante.

1. This world is all a fleet-ing show, for man's il-lu-sion given, This world is all a fleet-ing show, for



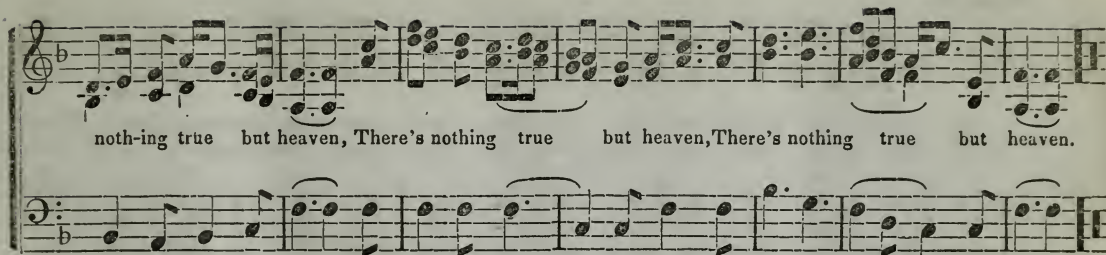
man's il-lu-sion given, The smiles of joy, the tears of wo, Deceitful shine, de- ceit-ful flow; There's



Inst.

Voice.

* By permission from Mr. Shaw



2

And false the light on glory's plume, as fading
hues of even,

And false the light on glory's plume, as fading
hues of even;

And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb;

There's nothing bright but heaven,

There's nothing bright but heaven,

There's nothing bright but heaven

3

Poor wand'ers of a stormy day, from wave to
wave we're driven,

Poor wand'ers of a stormy day, from wave to
wave we're driven;

And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,

Serve but to light the troubled way,

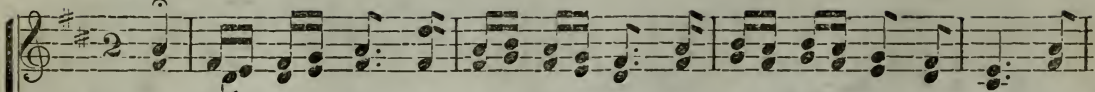
There's nothing calm but heaven,

There's nothing calm but heaven,

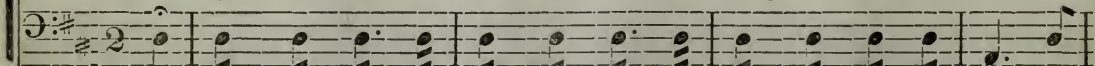
There's nothing calm but heaven

BOAT SONG

Allegretto



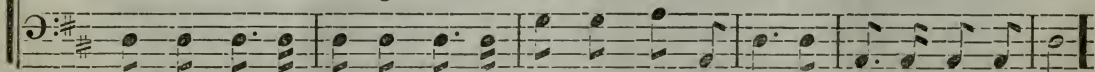
1. O! gent - ly glides our lit - tle boat, As from the shore it parts; While
 2. O! light - ly dips the dash - ing oar, And a-long we slow - ly skim! We



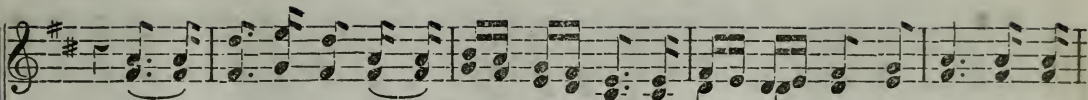
3. List! from the shore the warb - ling birds Sing sweet - ly on each tree; And
 4. 'Tis sweet to me on the wave to be, In a pleas - ant sum - mer day, With



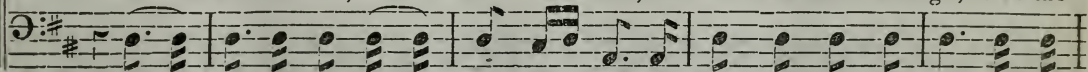
on the wa-ters thus we float, With light and joyous hearts, With light and joyous hearts.
 watch the far re - ceding shore, Seen in the dis-tance dim, Seen in the distance dim.



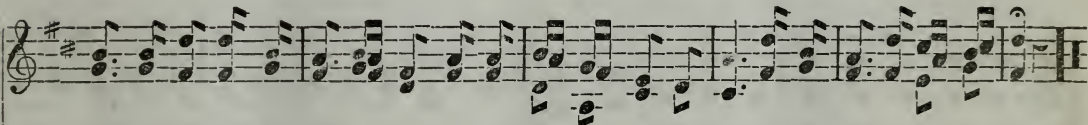
heard the dis-tant low-ing herds, That wan-der o'er the lea, That wander o'er the lea.
 hap - py friends in grate-ful glee, To pass the hours a - way, To pass the hours a - way.



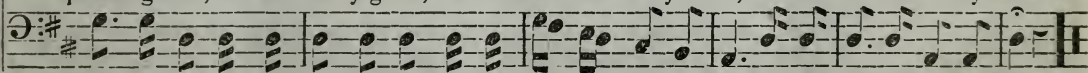
And the oars they beam, In the sun - ny gleam, As o'er the wave we go; O'er the
But its hills of blue, Are full in view, As o'er the wave we go; O'er the



Their mel-low sound Oft breaks a-round, As o'er the wave we go; O'er the
The sky se-rene, To gild the scene, As o'er the wave we go; O'er the



sparkling tide, As we swiftly glide, And the breezes softly blow, And the breezes softly blow.
sparkling tide, As we swiftly glide, And the breezes softly blow, And the breezes softly blow.



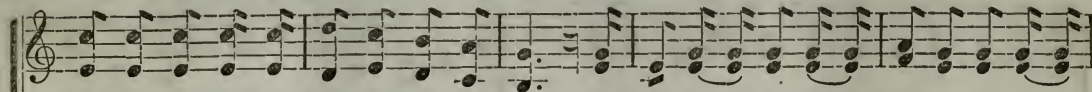
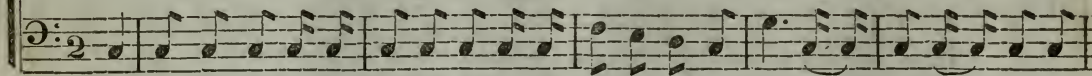
sparkling tide, As we swiftly glide, And the breezes softly blow. And the breezes softly blow.
sparkling tide, As we swiftly glide. And the breezes softly blow, And the breezes softly blow

SONG OF THE SEA.

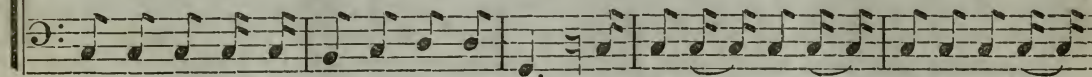
Words by H. W. Stockwell.

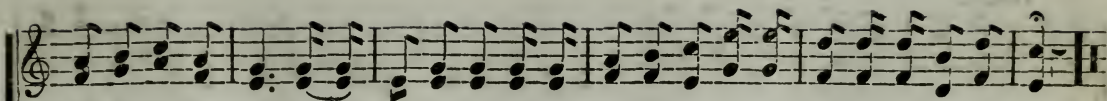
Bold

1. A bold brave crew, and an o - cean blue, And a ship that loves the blast, With a good wind pip - ing

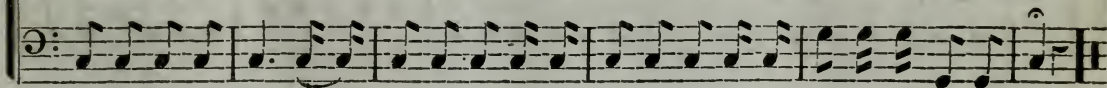


mer - ri - ly, In the tall and gal - lant mast; Ha! ha! my boys, These are the joys, Of the





no-ble and the brave, Who love a life, In the tempest's strife, And a home on the mountain wave!



2

When the driving rain of the hurricane,
 Puts the light of the light-house out;
 And the growling thunder sound its gong,
 On the whirlwind's battle rout;
 Ha! ha! do you think,
 That the valiant shrink?
 No! we are bold and brave,
 And we love to fight
 In the wild midnight,
 With the storm on the mountain wave!

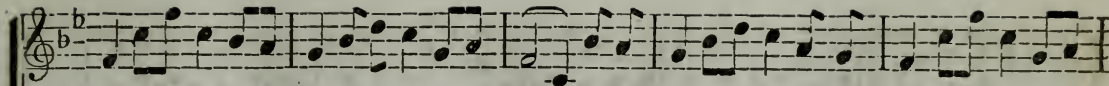
3

Breezes that die where the greenwood sigh,
 To the landsman sweet may be;
 But give to the brave the broad backed wave
 And the tempest's midnight glee!
 Ha! ha! the blast,
 And the rocking mast,
 And the sea-wind brisk and cold,
 And the thunder's jar,
 On the seas afar,
 Are the things that suit the bold!

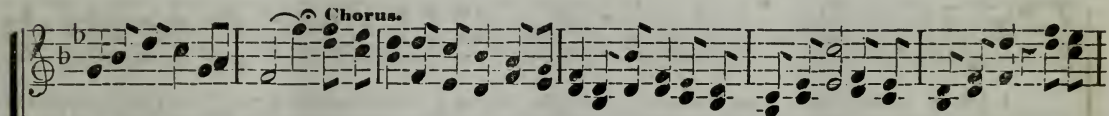
Allegro.

1. In the wild Chamois track, at the breaking of morn, With a hunter's pride, O'er the mountain side, We are
 2. I have cross'd the proud Alps, I have sail'd down the Rhone, And there is no spot Like the simple cot, And the

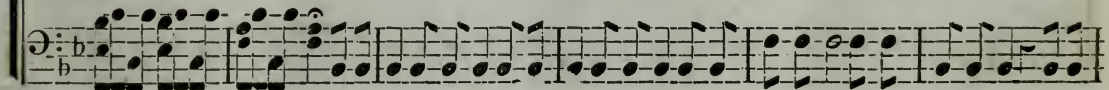
led by the sound of the Alpine horn, Tral la la la, la la, la la la la, O that voice to me is a
 hill and the val-ley I call my own, Tral la la la, la la, la la la la, There the skies are bright, And our



voice of glee, Wher - ev - er my foot-steps roam; And I long to bound when I hear that sound A -
 hearts are light, Our bosoms without a fear; For our toil is play, And on - sport the fray With



gain to my mountain home. In the wild Chamois track, at the breaking of morn, With a hunter's pride, O'er the mountain side, We are
 the mountain Roe, or Deer. In the wild, &c.

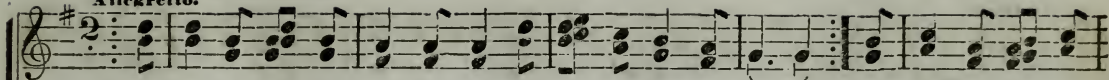


led by the sound of the Alpine horn, Tra la la, la la la, la la la, Tra la la la, la la la, la la la la.

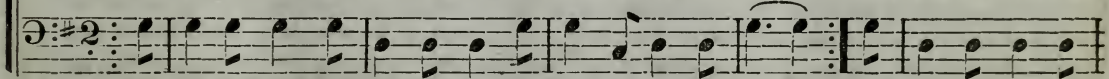
LIFE IS A SPAN.

Words by J. C. Johnson.

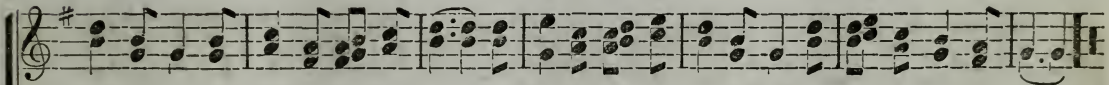
1. Life is a span, a fleeting hour. How soon the vapor flies! Man is a tender transient flower. That ev'n in blooming dies.
 2. The once lov'd form now cold and dead, Each mournful tho't employs; And nature weeps her comforts fled, And wither'd all her joys.
 3. Hope looks beyond the bounds of time, When what we now deplore Shall rise in full immortal prime, And bloom to fade no more.
 4. Cease then fond nature, cease thy tears, Thy Saviour dwells on high; There everlasting spring appears, There 'ovs shall never die.

Allegretto.

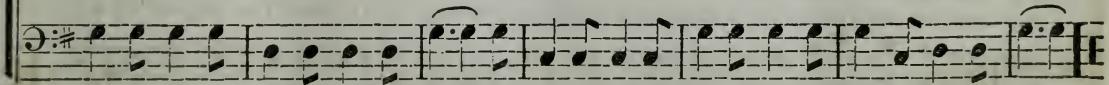
1. See how ma - jes - tic o'er the lake, The king - ly swan sails by! }
 Free as the soul ar-rayed in robes Of spot-less pu - ri - ty. } Thus free - ly, fear-less—



2. Oh, thou whose power hath made us both, Let him my im - age be! }
 Thus, may my soul be ev - er clad In snow-white pu - ri - ty! } Oh, keep me pure, till



by he rides Life's joy-ous hours a - long; At evening dies, and his last breath Is a triumph-al song.

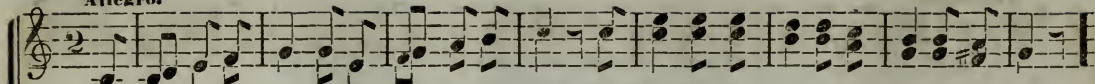


thou shalt end These few and fleeting days! Then may my last faint quivering tones, A hal-le - lu - jah raise

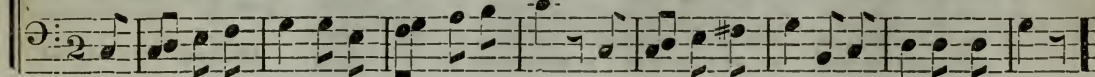
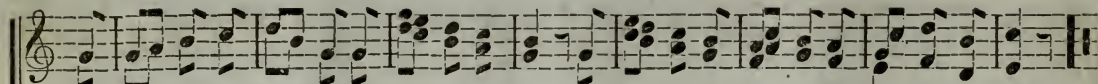
WINTER.

Words by J. C. Johnson.

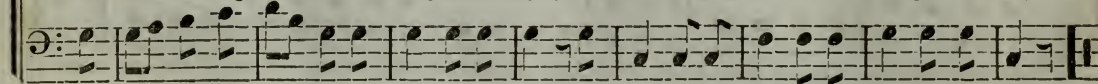
Allegro.



1. Old Winter! he cometh, And veil-eth the ground, And des-o-late frowneth On Na-ture a-round.
 2. He spreads o'er the riv-er His mir-ror-like ice, Its smooth glas-sy surface, Doth skaters en-tice.
 3. While, sunk in deep slumber, The flow-er seeds lie, He sings to his wind-harp, A wild lul-la-by.

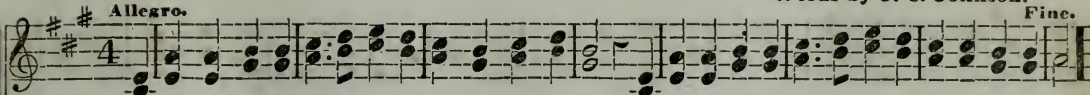
He crusheth the flow-ers, Nor heedeth our grief; And strews in the bow-ers, The ding-y brown leaf.
 O'er road and o'er meadow He sift-eth the snow, And laughs as so swift-ly 'The mer-ry sleighs go.
 He decks the bright fire-side With song and with play; Old Win-ter I love thee! Pray lengthen thy day.



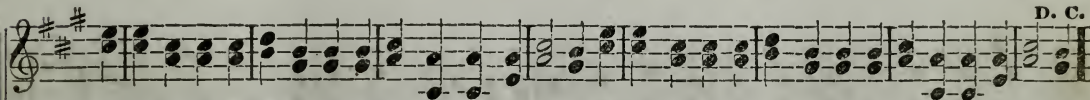
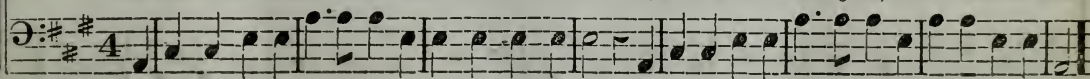
Words by J. C. Johnson.

Fine.

Allegro.

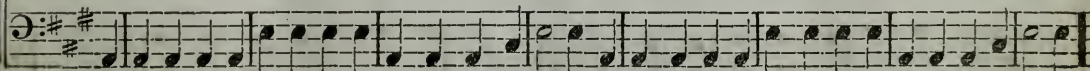


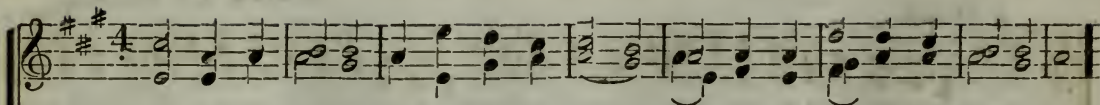
1. Come, brothers, sisters, round the hearth, our house is snug and warm, And tho' the night-wind roars without, we care not for the storm ;
While heart in heart and hand in hand, all pleas-ant - ly we go, Why should a dear and loving one, e'er fear or sorrow know ?
2. So when glad spring adorns the bowers, and melts the ice and snow ; When autumn nips the shrinking flowers, while northern winds do blow
While hand in hand and heart in heart, thus pleas-ant-ly we go, Why should a dear and loving one, e'er fear or sorrow know ?



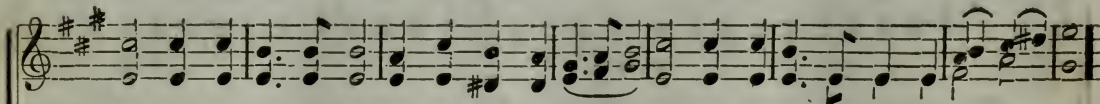
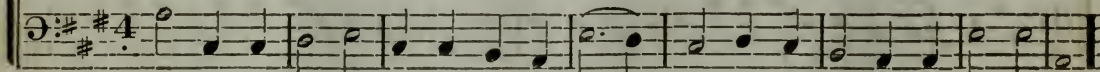
D. C.

Tho' days be spent in toil and care, and skies be sad and dreary, While here our social joys we share, the hours are nev-er wea-ry ;
When sultry summer crisps the air, and fer-vid noon is glow-ing ; We're still and calm as brooklets are, adown the valley flowing.

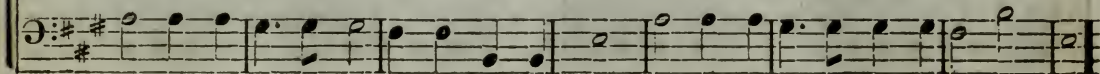


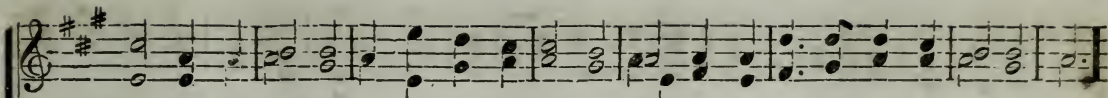


1. Land of our fathers! Wheresoe'er we roam, Our na-tive country is still our home;
2. Tho' oth-er climes may brighter hopes ful-fill, Land of our fathers! we love thee still;

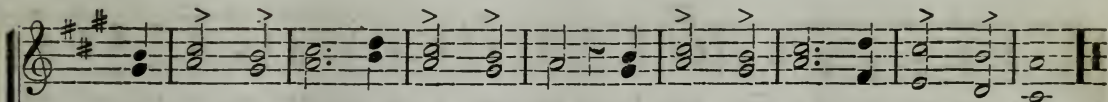
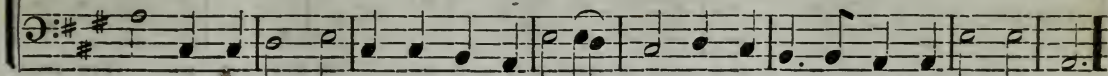


Long may prosper - i - ty on thy sons at-tend, And to pos-ter - i - ty its gifts de-scend.
Heaven shield Amer - i - ca from each hostile band, And peace and plenty crown our native land.

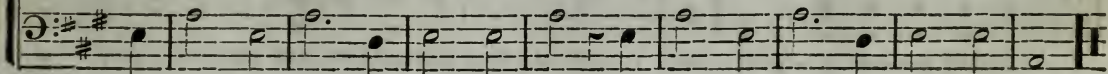


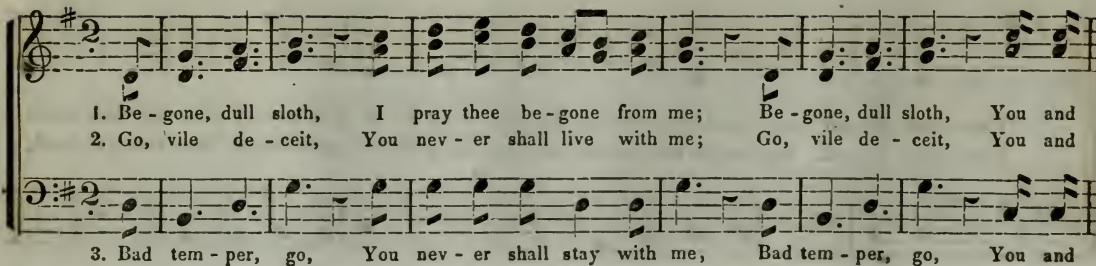


Thus then u - nit - ing hearts and voices join-ing, Sing we in har-mo-ny our na-tive land,
 Thus then u - nit - ing hearts and voices join-ing, Sing we in har-mo-ny our na-tive land,



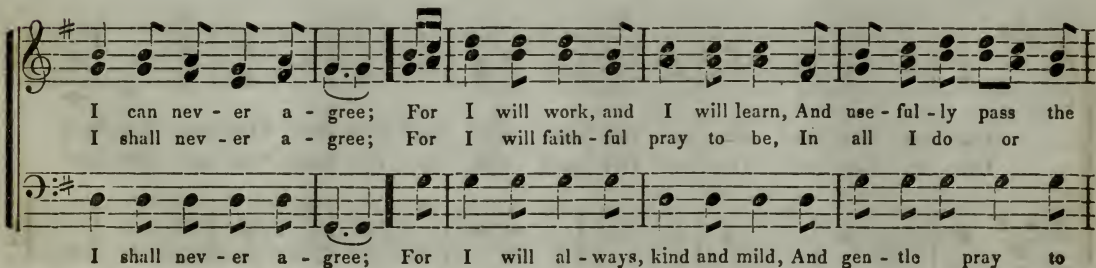
Our na - tive land, Our na - tive land, Our na - tive land, Our na - tive land.
 Our na - tive land, Our na - tive land, Our na - tive land, Our na - tive land





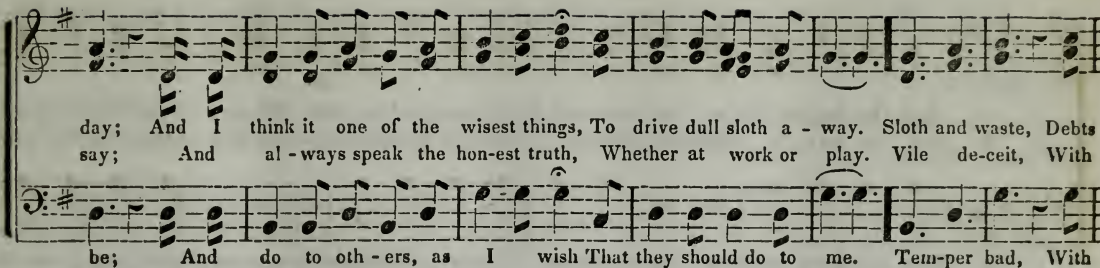
1. Be - gone, dull sloth, I pray thee be - gone from me; Be - gone, dull sloth, You and
 2. Go, vile de - ceit, You nev - er shall live with me; Go, vile de - ceit, You and

3. Bad tem - per, go, You nev - er shall stay with me, Bad tem - per, go, You and

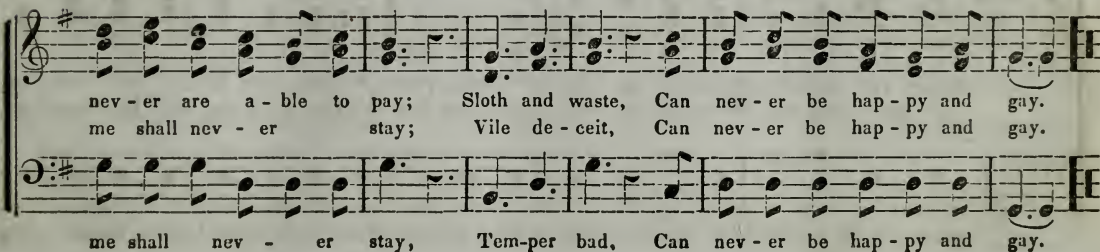


I can nev - er a - gree; For I will work, and I will learn, And use - ful - ly pass the
 I shall nev - er a - gree; For I will faith - ful pray to be, In all I do or

I shall nev - er a - gree; For I will al - ways, kind and mild, And gen - tle pray to

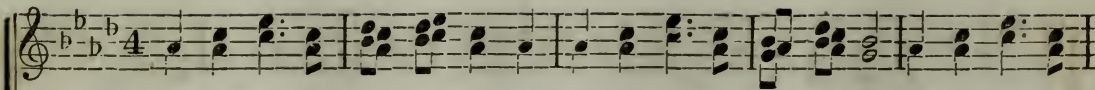


day; And I think it one of the wisest things, To drive dull sloth a - way. Sloth and waste, Debts
say; And al - ways speak the hon-est truth, Whether at work or play. Vile de-keit, With
be; And do to oth - ers, as I wish That they should do to me. Tem-per bad, With

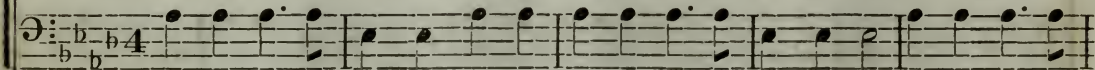


nev - er are a - ble to pay; Sloth and waste, Can nev - er be hap - py and gay.
me shall nev - er stay; Vile de - ceit, Can nev - er be hap - py and gay.
me shall nev - er stay, Tem-per bad, Can nev - er be hap - py and gay.

MORNING IN SPRING.



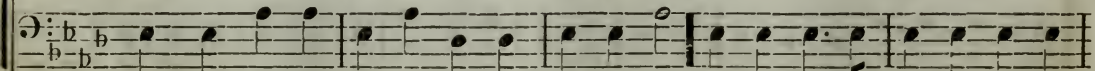
1. Lo! the bright, the ro - sy morning Calls me forth to take the air; Cheerful spring with
2. See the ear - ly blossoms springing; See the jocund lambkins play; Hear the lark and



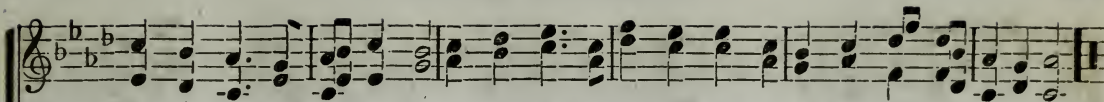
4. Now the kind re-fresh - ing show-ers Wa-ter all the plains around; Springing grass and



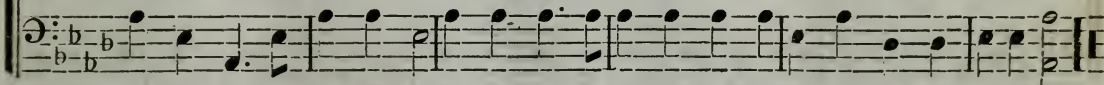
smiles re - turn-ing, Ushers in the new-born year. Nature, now in all her beau-ty,
lin - net sing-ing, Welcome to the new-born day. Vernal mu - sic, soft - ly sounding,



paint - ed flow - ers, In the smil-ing meads abound. Now their vernal dress as-sum - ing

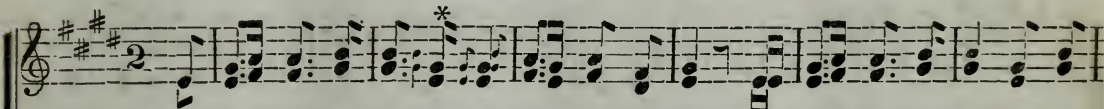


With her gen-tle moving tongue, Prompts me to the pleasing duty Of a grateful morning song.
Echoes thro' the verdant grove: Nature now with life abounding, Swells with harmony and love.

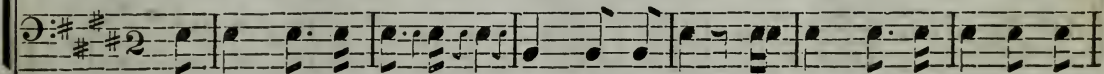


Leafy robes adorn the trees, Odors now the air perfuming, Sweetly swell the gentle breeze.

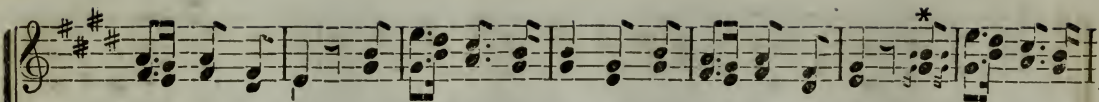
HOME, SWEET HOME.



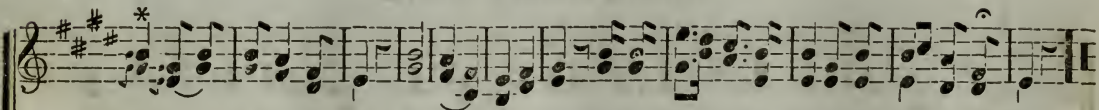
1. 'Mid pleasures and pal - a - ces, tho' we may roam, Be it ev-er so humble there's
2. An ex - ile from home, splendor dazzles in vain; Oh! give me my low-ly thatch'd



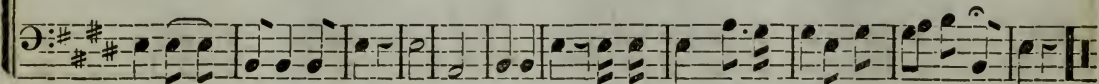
* The small Notes in this measure are to be sung to the second verse.



no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there Which seek thro' the
cottage a-gain. The birds singing gaily, that come at my call, Give me them with the



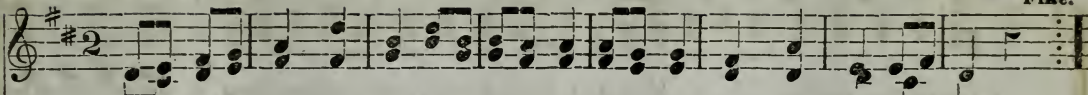
world, is ne'er met with elsewhere, Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
peace of mind, dearer than all. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.



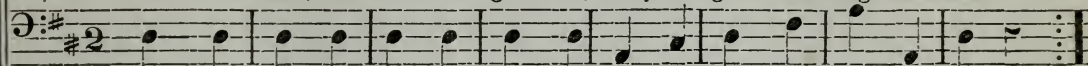
JOY IS SOUNDING.

39

Words by J. C. Johnson. *Fine.*

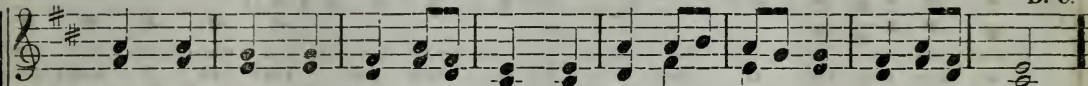


1. Joy is sounding, light-ly bounding, Thro' the free air far and near, }
 Now in fra-grant meadows wand'ring, View we na - ture ev - er fair; }
 Gent - ly rip - ple lim - pid wa - ters, Once with blast of win - ter chilled.
 2. Hum-ming bu - sy hon - ey la - den, Roams the bee from flower to flower, }
 Where bright pe - tals ope in - vit - ing, Sweet-er from the sum-mer shower; }
 Fa-vored man, to whom 'tis giv - en, Let your grate - ful songs as-cend.

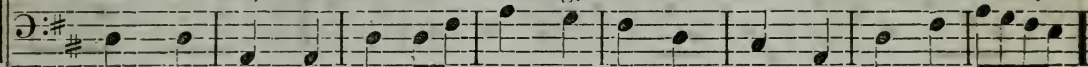


3. Come a - way, then, come a - way, then, Thro' the fra-grant fields we'll go, }
 Where the lin-den and the as - pen, Rus - tle as the breez - es flow; }
 Vine and flow - er sweet-ly twin-ing, Wave be-side the flow-ing stream.

D. C.

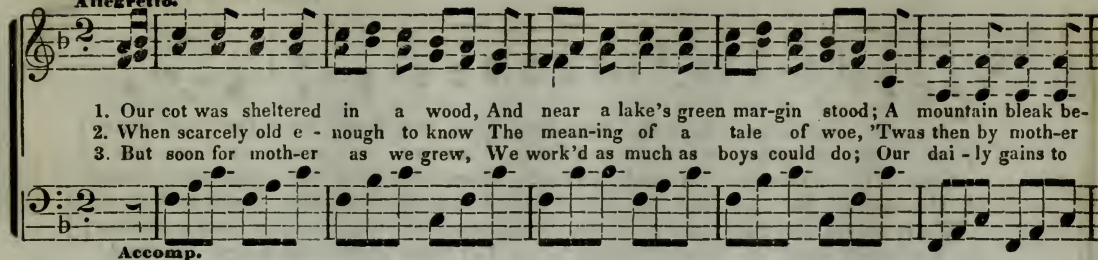


Mild and clear the fair blue heaven, Spreads a - bove the paint - ed field,
 Yes 'tis fair, the earth and smil - ing, Fresh as from its Mak-er's hand;



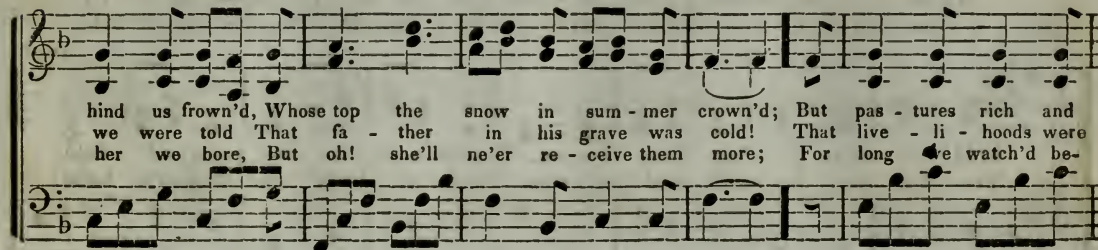
On the riv - er bank re - clin - ing, Watch we where in sun - ny gleam,

TWO ORPHAN BOYS. Duett.

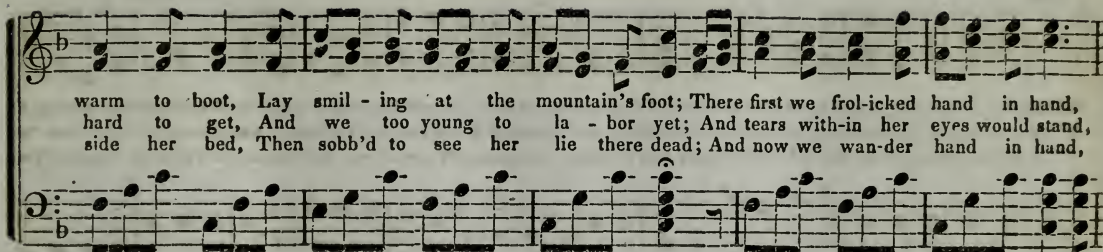
Allegretto.


1. Our cot was sheltered in a wood, And near a lake's green margin stood; A mountain bleak be-
 2. When scarcely old e - nough to know The mean-ing of a tale of woe, 'Twas then by moth-er
 3. But soon for moth-er as we grew, We work'd as much as boys could do; Our dai - ly gains to

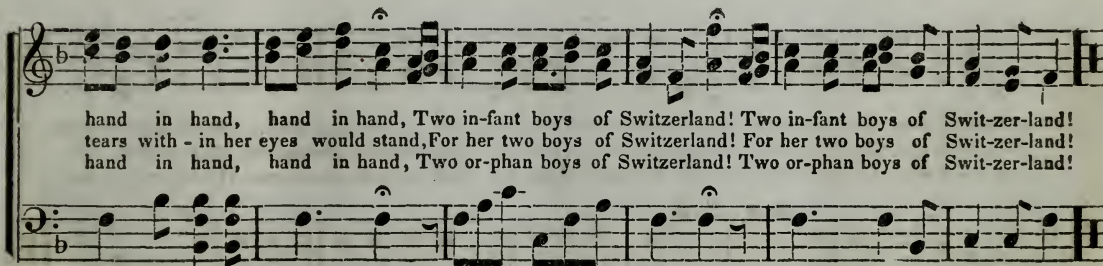
Accomp.



hind us frown'd, Whose top the snow in sum - mer crown'd; But pas - tures rich and
 we were told That fa - ther in his grave was cold! That live - li - hoods were
 her we bore, But oh! she'll ne'er re - ceive them more; For long we watch'd be-

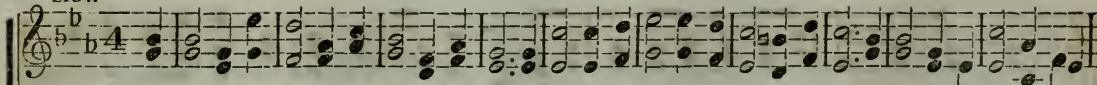


warm to boot, Lay smil - ing at the mountain's foot; There first we frolicked hand in hand,
 hard to get, And we too young to la - bor yet; And tears with-in her eyes would stand,
 side her bed, Then sobb'd to see her lie there dead; And now we wan-der hand in hand,

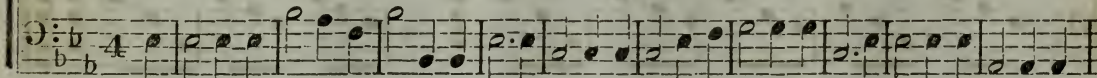


hand in hand, hand in hand, Two in-fant boys of Switzerland! Two in-fant boys of Swit-zer-land!
 tears with - in her eyes would stand, For her two boys of Switzerland! For her two boys of Swit-zer-land!
 hand in hand, hand in hand, Two or-phan boys of Switzerland! Two or-phan boys of Swit-zer-land!

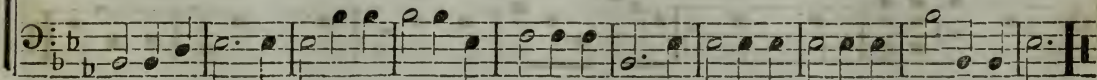
Slow



1. O come, lovely evening, And spread o'er the fields, I love the sweet feeling thy still coming yields, The clouds they are wearing A
 2. All nature is silent, Except the pure breeze, And birds are now warbling Their songs in the trees; Sweet evening I love thee So
 3. O soft be my slumbers When I shall repose, And pleasant my dreams, When my eye lids I close—O Father in Heaven Pro-



rich golden chain, See how the dark shadow Extends o'er the plain, See how the dark shadow Extends o'er the plain.
 tranquil and still, Thou dost with thanksgiving, My heart truly fill, Thou dost with thanksgiving, My heart truly fill.
 tect me, I pray, And raise me to welcome The light of the day, And raise me to welcome The light of the day.



WHEN HOME RETURNING.

43

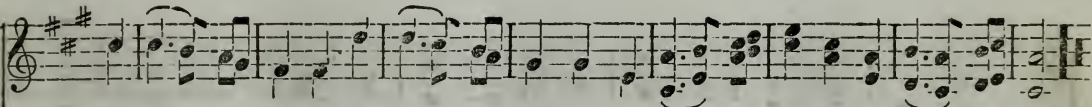
Moderato.



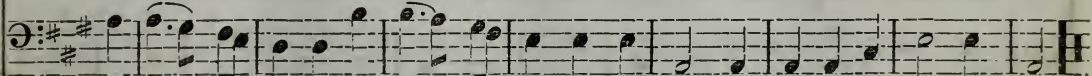
1. When home re - turn - ing, from long so - journing, And wea - ry pin - ing, where strangers dwell;
2. The haunts of childhood, green hills and wild wood, And wa - ters stealing through lone - ly ways;



3. But voi - ces cheering of friends en - dear - ing, O shall they greet us with faith - ful love?
4. Bright home that fades not, There death in - vades not, And friends u - nit - ed, shall nev - er part;



What hope and gladness, What fear and sad - ness, In strange combin - ing, our ho - soms swell.
With mag - ic fleetness, re - call the sweetness, The joy - ous feel - ing of oth - er days.



Or are they sleep - ing, by wil - lows weep - ing, No more to meet us, till met a - bore.
But love un - ceas - ing, and joys in - creas - ing, By noth - ing blight - ed, fill eve - ry heart.

Slow.

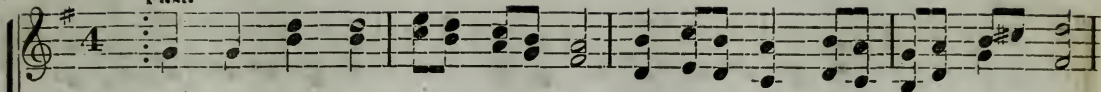
1. Ma - ry to the Sa-viour's tomb, Hast-ed at the ear - ly dawn;

2. For a - while she ling'ring stood, Fill'd with sor-row and sur - prise;

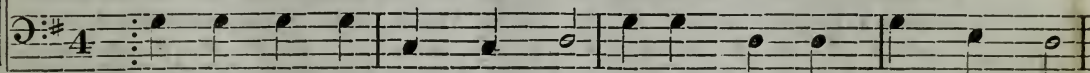
Spice she brought, and sweet per - fume, But the Lord be - lov'd had gone.

Tremb-ling while a crys - tal flood Is - sued from her weep - ing eyes.

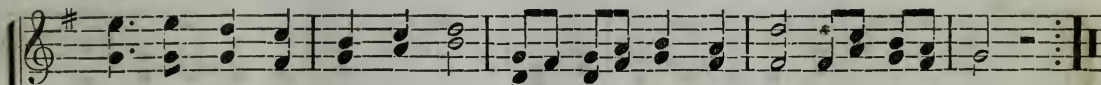
Fast.



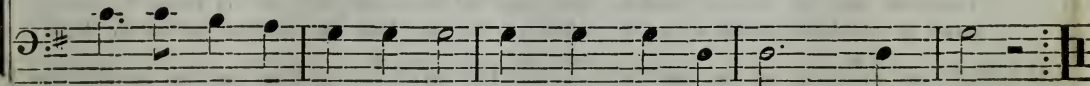
3. But her sor - rows quick - ly fled When she heard his wel - come voice:



4. What a change his word can make; Turning dark-ness in - to day!



Christ is ris - en from the tomb, Now he bids her heart re - joyce.



Ye who weep for Je - sus' sake, He will wipe your tears a - way.

FLOWERS.

Words by J. C. Johnson.

1. Fair-est flow-ers, gen - tle gleams of hea-ven! Sweet per - fum-ing all the sum-mer air,
 2. Childhood, childhood 'mid your light is play-ing, Garlands, garlands for the bri - dal morn,
 3. Bloom a - bove me, peace-ful - ly re - pos-ing, While in death's long dreamless sleep I lie,

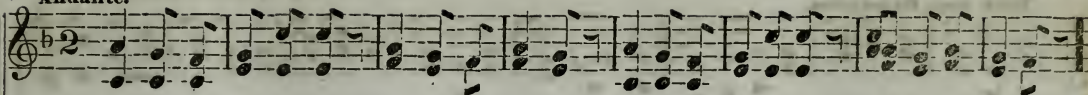
Ev - er ra-diant with that beau-ty giv - ven By the hand that mak-eth all things fair.
 Youth and age a - like are found de - lay - ing, 'Mid the scenes your fai - ry forms a - dorn.
 Sweet re - mind me, ere life's eye is clos-ing, Of the bliss in bright-er realms on high.

GONE FRIEND.

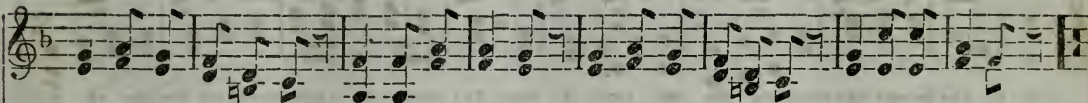
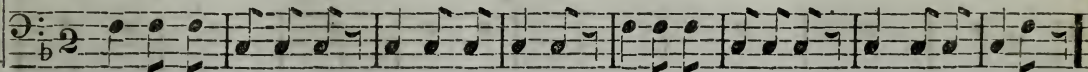
47

Words by Isaac F. Shepard.

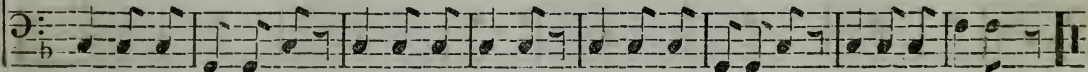
Andante.



1. Lov-er and friend are gone, Sad be the to-ken; Cold be the hearth forlorn, Home ties are broken!
2. Breathe ye but light-ly now, Where she is sleeping; Breathe but a whispered vow, 'Mid thy full weeping;
3. Yea, let the heart rejoice, When goodness sleepeth! Ev-er a spirit's voice Cheers him that weepeth;



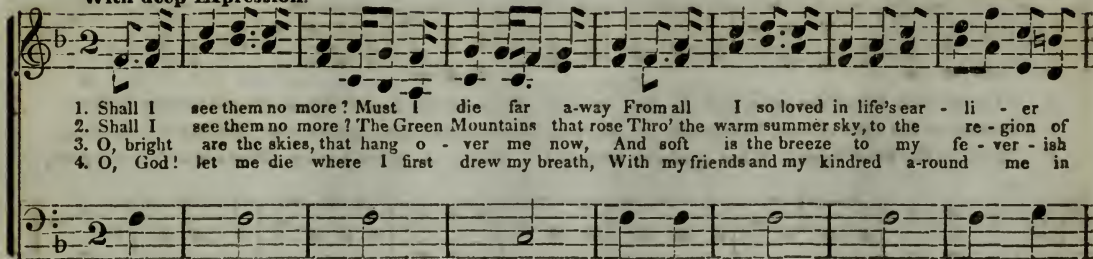
She of the hap-py heart, Cold lies and low-ly; Tears from each eyelid start, Woe-waked and holy.
 Si-lence be - cometh well Sorrow's full gushing, Nor should a moaning tell How grief is rush-ing.
 Dust un-to dust re-turns, Soul di-eth nev-er; Pure and still pure it burns, Heav'n guards it ever



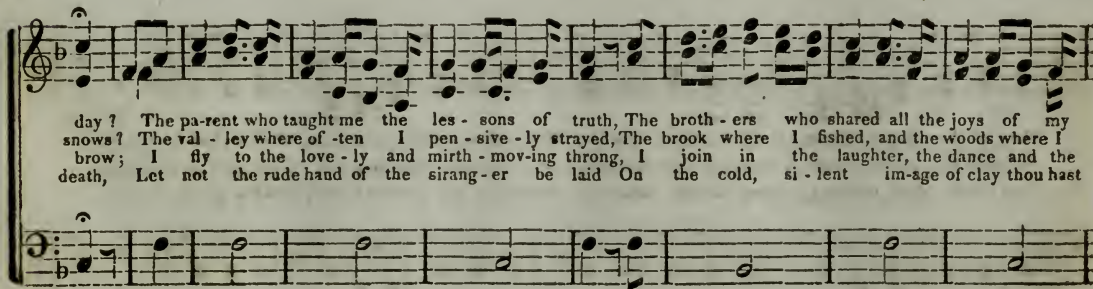
SHALL I SEE THEM NO MORE?

With deep Expression.

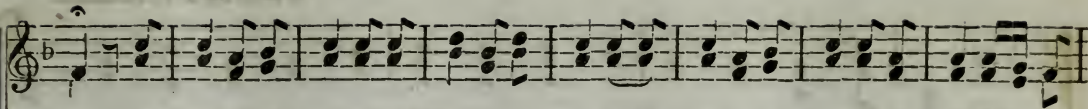
Poetry by Robert Josselyn.



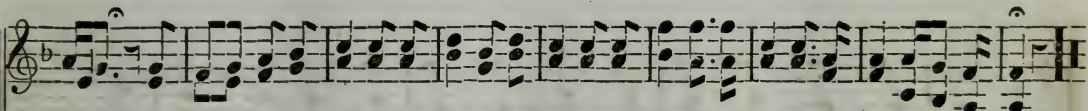
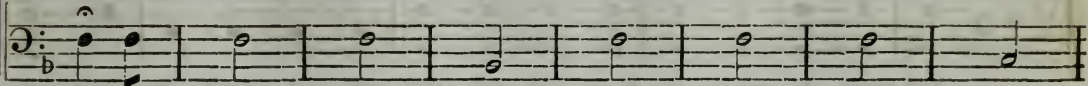
1. Shall I see them no more? Must I die far a-way From all I so loved in life's ear - li - er
 2. Shall I see them no more? The Green Mountains that rose Thro' the warm summer sky, to the re - gion of
 3. O, bright are the skies, that hang o - ver me now, And soft is the breeze to my fe - ver - ish
 4. O, God! let me die where I first drew my breath, With my friends and my kindred a-round me in



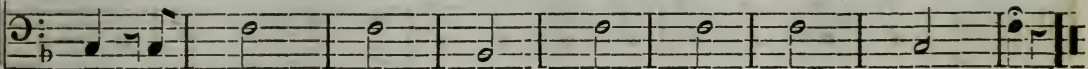
day? The pa-rent who taught me the les - sons of truth, The broth - ers who shared all the joys of my
 snows? The val - ley where of - ten I pen - sive - ly strayed, The brook where I fished, and the woods where I
 brow; I fly to the love - ly and mirth - mov - ing throng, I join in the laughter, the dance and the
 death, Let not the rude hand of the sirang - er be laid On the cold, si - lent im-age of clay thou hast



youth, The one gen-tle sister whose smile could de-destroy All the fan-ci-ful griefs of the pas-sion-ate
 played; The cot-tage that stood by the side of the hill, And the cool spring hard by with its murmur-ing
 song; But, gazing on vis-ions of beau-ty and grace, The shad-ow of sadness steals o-ver my
 made, When my spir-it is gone, let my body repose In its old mountain home where the ev-ergreen



boy. The schoolmates, my playmates, when study was o'er, Shall I see them no more, Shall I see them no more?
 rill; The ap-ple and cherry trees, close by the door, Shall I see them no more, Shall I see them no more?
 face; I sigh for the lost ones 'Time cannot restore, Shall I see them no more, Shall I see them no more?
 grows; There they, who still love me, my loss will deplore, Shall I see them no more, Shall I see them no more?



FAME.

Words by J. C. Johnson.

Fine.

1. I do not growl as oth - ers do, and wish that I was young - er, }
 For I, sirs, when I was a youth, I suf - fered much from hun - ger; }

The first system of music is written on a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The music ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

And such a tribe of boys and girls, they ate a pow'r of bread, sirs.

My sis - ters nine, and broth - ers six, must all be du - ly fed, sirs.

The second system of music is written on a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The music ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

D. C.

2

Now father says to me one day, "I have enough to do, boy,
The younger ones to clothe and feed, without the care of you, boy;
So here's a dollar for your purse; your head's not over hollow;
See, yonder is the road to wealth, which you may straightway follow."

3

The road to wealth lay duly east, and brought me to a city,
In which I thought to stay awhile, and labor, more's the pity;
For there, while strolling down the street, I met a drum and fife,
sirs;
It was the finest tune they played, I'd heard in all my life sirs.

4

A sergeant came to me, and said, "You are a sturdy youth, sir;
And such a brave and martial air I never saw, in truth, sir;
Now if you wish a merry life, and lots of fame and glory,
Just sign this paper, and, my friend, the way is straight before ye."

5

I signed the paper; they began to drill me and to arm me,
And with a crowd of other fools I marched to join the army;
They dressed me in a uniform of red and blue and white, sirs;
We walked all day in heat and dust—slept on the ground at night,
sirs.

6

At length we met a host of men, who seemed much such as we,
sirs;
Folks said it was the enemy; thinks I, "What can that be?" sirs.
They drew up on a level land, according to a plan, sirs;
The enemy began to point their guns at every man, sirs.

7

"Halloa!" cried I, "don't fire this way; this field is full of people!"
But fire they did, and smoke rose up, high as a village steeple.
The bullets whistled past our ears, the small arms made a rattle;
A cannon ball took off my leg, and left me *hors du* battle.

8

The infantry ran over me; behind, a pack of horsemen,
Who rolled me as they'd roll a log; I thought myself a lost man.
But when enough of fame was made, they stopped the agitation,
And sent me to the hospital, to suffer amputation.

9

Now, friend, if e'er the road to wealth lies straight and free before ye,
Keep safe your legs to travel there, and shun the way to glory;
This glory is a famous word for those who love to tattle,
But quite another thing to those who're shot at in a battle.

LIST YE TO THE BELLS.

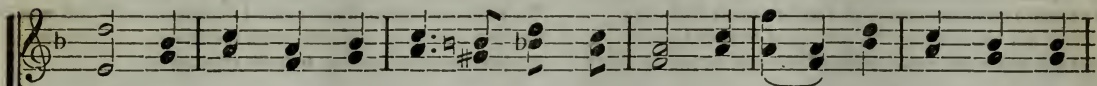
From the New England Glee Book.

Allegretto.

1. List ye to the bells, so mer - ri - ly ring-ing, A thousand hap-py voi - ces
 2. See the flowe-ry ban-ners o - ver us streaming, And see the ro - sy youth with



3 Land of pil-grims live, oh, live ye for - ev - er, Pro-tect us, migh - ty God, pro-



loud are sing-ing, A thou - sand scent-ed groves are up - wards spring-ing, To
 pleasure beam-ing, O hear the thrill - ing strains that mock our dreaming, 'Tis



tect us ev - er; Let cries of wars and e - vil nev - er nev - er, Go

Fine.

ush - er in this free - dom day. Bear the mer - ry sounds, ye
mu - sic meet for free - dom's day. Bear the mer - ry sounds, ye
up to shade our free - dom day. Bear the mer - ry sounds, ye

D. C.

breez - es, bear them, Bear the mer - ry sounds to eve - ry shore.
breez - es, bear them, Bear the mer - ry sounds to eve - ry shore.
breez - es, bear them, Bear the mer - ry sounds to eve - ry shore.

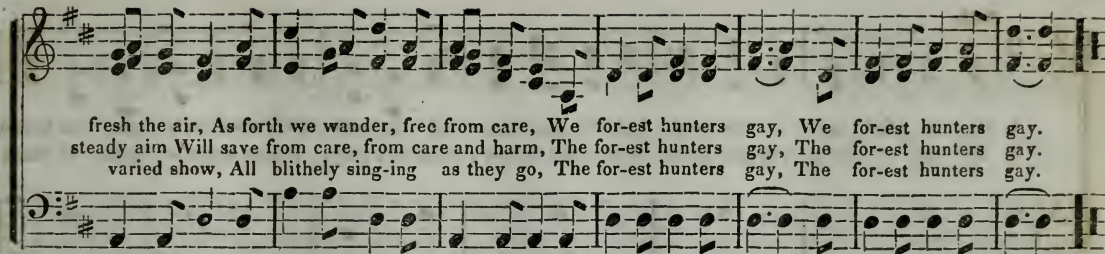
THE FOREST HUNTERS.

Words by J. C. Johnson.

Allegro.

1. Come forth, ye hun-ters blithe and gay, The mer-ry horn is sound-ing, And through the startled
 2. What though a-mid the greenwood tree, We hear the pan-ther howl-ing, What tho' the cou-gar
 3. Now brightly on the prai-rie lea, The pear-ly dew is glow-ing, And 'neath the thick and

woods a-way The deer are swift-ly bound-ing, The deer are swift-ly bounding, The morn is red, and
 drea-ri-ly In darksome glen be prowling, In darksome glen be prowling; A ri-fle true and
 sha-dy tree, Fair crys-tal streams are flow-ing, Fair crys-tal streams are flowing, And moving 'mid the



fresh the air, As forth we wander, free from care, We for-est hunters gay, We for-est hunters gay.
 steady aim Will save from care, from care and harm, The for-est hunters gay, The for-est hunters gay.
 varied show, All blithely sing-ing as they go, The for-est hunters gay, The for-est hunters gay.

THE VILLAGE BELL.

Fine.

Words by J. C. Johnson.
D. C.



- Hearken, hearken, how they swell Echoes from the ringing bell, Welcoming the light of morn When fell darkness' shades are gone
Joyously the echoes swell, From the briskly swinging bell.
- Hearken now, again the tone, "Morning hours forever flown. Rest awhile," we hear the call, "Lab'rer rest awhile from toil!"
Gratefully the echoes swell Round the cheerful village bell.
- Cheerfully we hear it swell, Tho' it rings the daylight's knell. Wand'rer on thy path a-far, Gaze upon the guiding star.
Hasten where sweet echoes swell From the swinging village bell.
- Hark, again, the skies are red—From the tower a summons dread! Raging flames our eyes affright, Roar discordant thro' the night;
'Thus for joy or woe they swell, Echoes from the village bell.

CLOSE OF DAY.

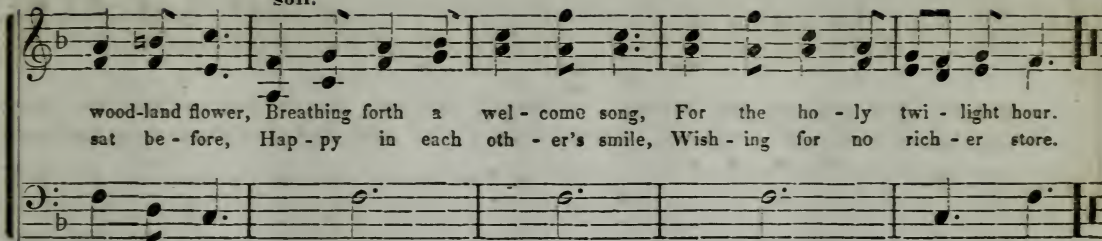
Solo.

1. Day is fad - ing in the west, And the sun's re - ced - ing smile, Gilds the river's pla - cid breast,
 2. By the riv - er's peb - bled brink, Where the for - est's shad - ows play, I have come a - gain to think

Chorus.

Lights a world of woe and guile. Gen - tle gales are borne a - long, O'er the pine and
 Of af - fec - tion's bright - er day. I have come to sit a - while, Where we oft have

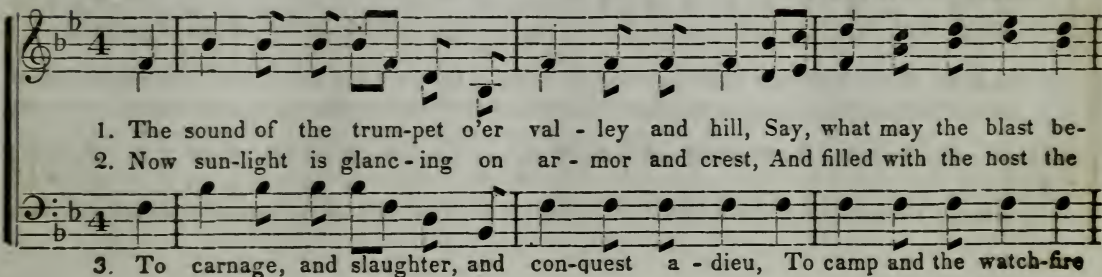
Soli.



wood-land flower, Breathing forth a wel - come song, For the ho - ly twi - light hour.
sat be - fore, Hap - py in each oth - er's smile, Wish - ing for no rich - er store.

PEACE.

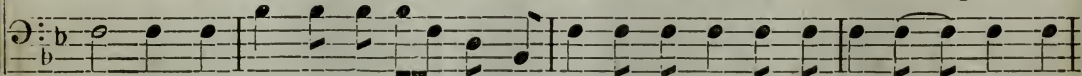
Words by J. C. Johnson.



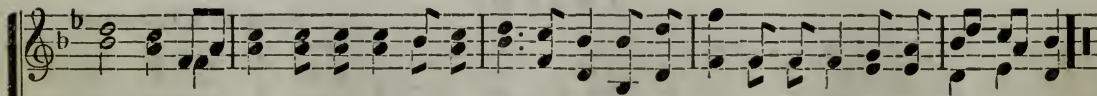
1. The sound of the trum-pet o'er val - ley and hill, Say, what may the blast be-
2. Now sun-light is glanc - ing on ar - mor and crest, And filled with the host the
3. To carnage, and slaughter, and con-quest a - dieu, To camp and the watch-fire



tok-en? Must pen - non and ban-ner be flung to the gale, And the might of the foe be
val - ley; Our warrior's returned for the land is at rest, And their shout rings loud and



drea - ry; For man may no long - er his red hand imbrue, In the blood of the weak and

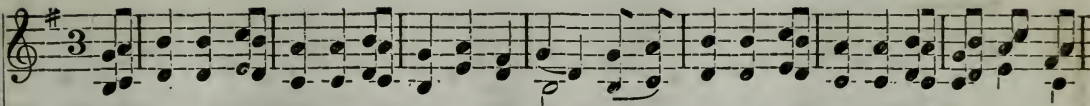


bro-ken? No call for the battle nor martial strain, Is the blast that reechoes c'er mount and plain.
clearly; "All hail!" sing the brave who have ceased to roam, While the mountains respond to the welcome home.

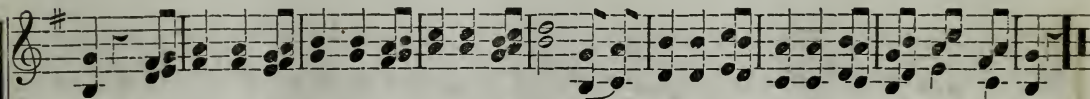
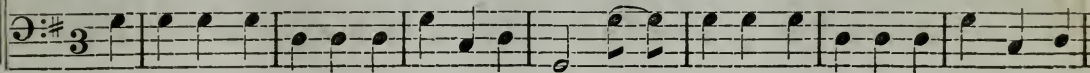


weary; Then let the glad trumpet be heard again, Till loud echoes resound over mount and plain.

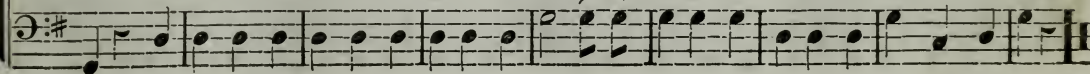
Words by J. C. Johnson



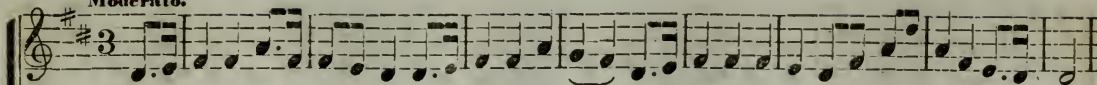
1. Now evening is spreading o'er E-rie's blue sea, And the soft winds are wav-ing a wel-come to
2. This sun-set hath gild-ed the o-ccean I know, And the cot of my fa-ther was bright in the
3. Where Huron's bright waters leap flashing on high, I'll laugh as our ves-sel rides cheer-i-ly



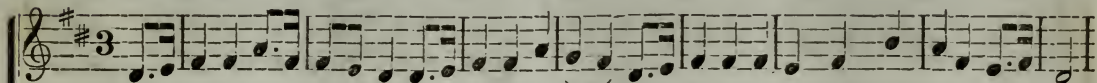
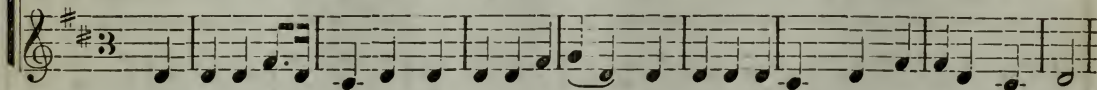
me. Farewell, then, New-England, lov'd land of the east, O'er the prairie the wand'rer seeks dwelling and rest.
 glow; And yonder's the eve-star I used to see there; From here to my birth-place, it can-not be far.
 by. Ah! hap-py and peaceful my home in the west. A - way, then, fond mem'ries, the ex-ile is blest.



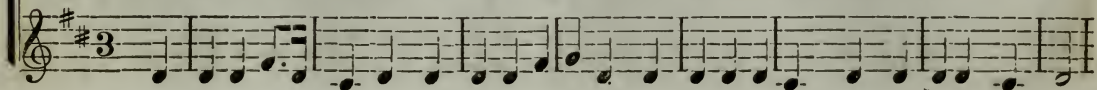
MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

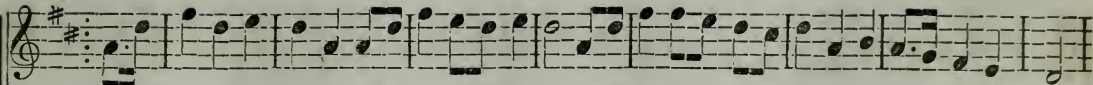
Moderato.

1. My heart's in the highlands, My heart is not here; My heart's in the highlands, a chasing the deer.
2. My heart's in the highlands, My heart is not here; My heart's in the highlands, a chasing the deer.

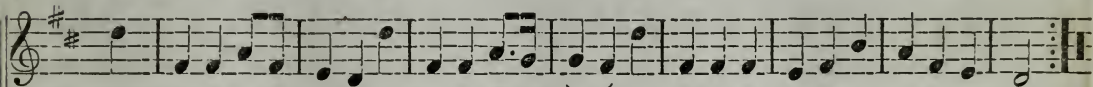
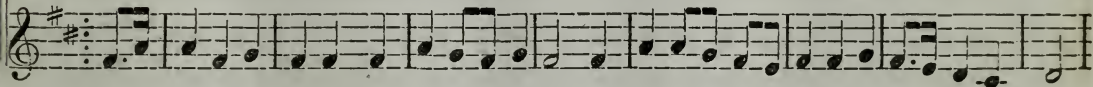


A chasing the wild deer, And following the roe, My heart's in the highlands wherever I go.
A chasing the wild deer, And following the roe, My heart's in the highlands wherever I go.

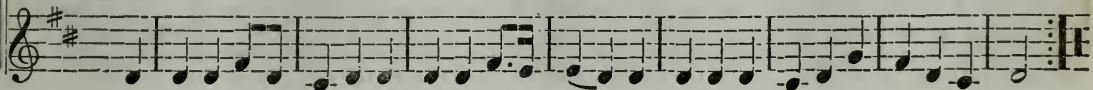




Fare-well to the highlands, farewell to the north, The birth-place of val-or, the country of worth;
 Fare-well to the mountains, high covered with snow; Farewell to the straths and green val-leys be - low;



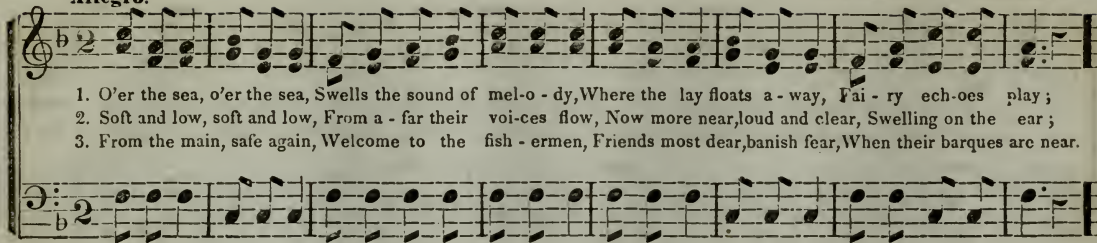
Wher-ev-er I wander, wher - ev-er I rove, The hills and the highlands for-ev-er I'll love.
 Fare-well to the forests and wild-hanging woods, Farewell to the waters and wild-pouring floods.



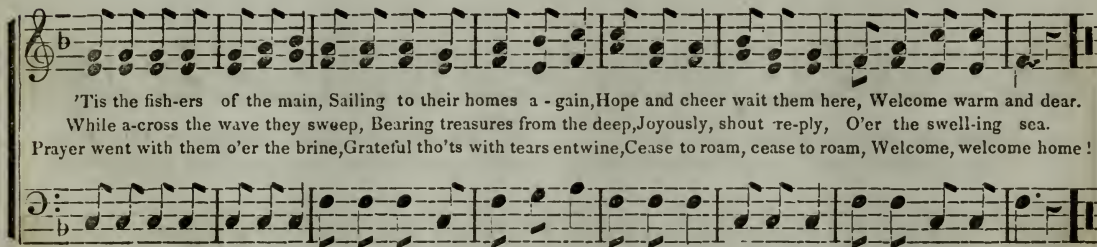
THE FISHERMEN.

Words by J. C. Johnson.

Allegro.



1. O'er the sea, o'er the sea, Swells the sound of mel-o - dy, Where the lay floats a - way, Fai - ry ech-oes play;
 2. Soft and low, soft and low, From a - far their voi-ces flow, Now more near, loud and clear, Swelling on the ear;
 3. From the main, safe again, Welcome to the fish - ermen, Friends most dear, banish fear, When their barques are near.



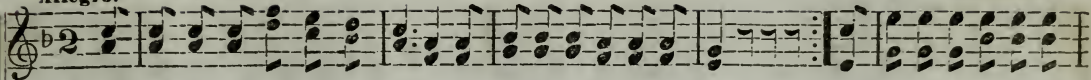
'Tis the fish-ers of the main, Sailing to their homes a - gain, Hope and cheer wait them here, Welcome warm and dear.
 While a-cross the wave they sweep, Bearing treasures from the deep, Joyously, shout re-ply, O'er the swell-ing sea.
 Prayer went with them o'er the brine, Grateful tho'ts with tears entwine, Cease to roam, cease to roam, Welcome, welcome home!

WINTER SONG.

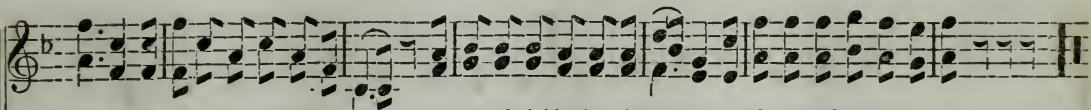
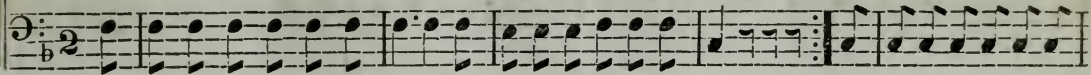
63

Words by J. C. Johnson.

Allegro.



- | | | |
|----|---|------------------------------------|
| 1. | The snow flakes are mer - ri - ly fly-ing, A-down to the grass-covered lawn, } | Farewell, then, to Autumn's bright |
| | And soft-ly the breezes are sighing, Amid the lone boughs of the thorn; } | |
| 2. | A - rise in the cool winter morning, A - way to the toils of the day, } | There's joy in the ice covered |
| | And fear not the chilling cold breeze, Nor wish for the summer's hot ray; } | |
| 3. | The riv - er will soon loose its barrier, The snow-drift dissolve in the blast, } | The sun will have poured its ef- |
| | And eve-ry swift brooklet be swelling The stream which is hurrying past; } | |



pleasures, Cold winter is coming a - gain, And spreadeth his glittering treasures, Afar upon forest and plain.
 riv-er, There's mirth in the wind and the snow, There's beauty when noon-day is beaming, And rest when fair daylight is low
 fulgence On meadow, and forest and hill; Rejoice, then, while winter refreshes, For soon will be loosened the rill.



LO, HOW OUR MOMENTS FLY.

Words by J. C. Johnson.

Moderato.

Lo, how our moments fly, blithe-ly and clear-ly, When every thought is mild as summer air,
Pure as the az-ure sky, ev - er sin-cere - ly, Free - ing from brothers hearts sorrow and care.

The first system of music is written for a treble and bass clef in 4/4 time. The treble staff contains the melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The music concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

While thro' the world we fare, cheer-ful we rove, Hop-ing still, hop - ing still, wel-come a - bove.

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

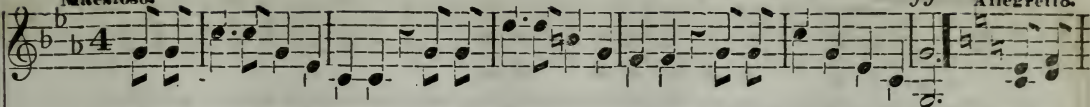
TRUST IN GOD.

65

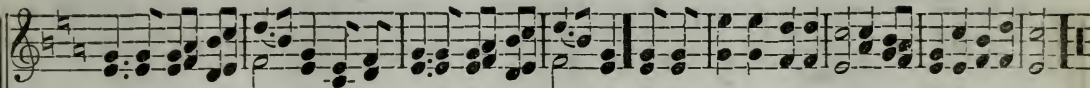
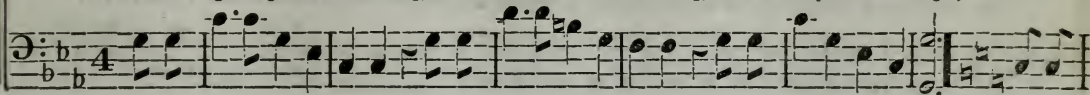
Words by J. C. Johnson. *fff*

Allegretto

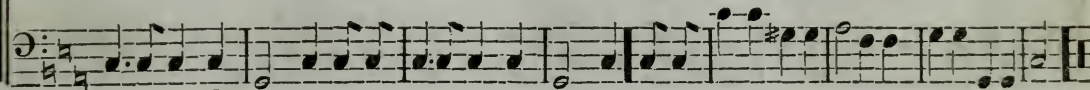
Mucioso.



1. When a-long the stormy ocean, Rush the winds in wild com-mo-tion, And the heavy billows swell ; Still the
2. Now in dusk and gloom appearing, Lo ! the dreadful ice-moun-t nearing ; And destruction rules the night ; Still a
3. When red lightnings thick are falling, So when cloud to cloud is calling, With a trumpet tone on high ; Tho' in



eye that knows no slumber, Marks the waves and has their number, He will guard his children well, He will guard his children well.
father's hand is guiding, And amid the danger riding, Hail we, safe, the morning light, Hail we safe the morning light.
fear our hearts may waver, In the storms of life still ever We've a helper strong on high, We've a helper strong on high.



THE SUNBEAMS ARE GLANCING.

ROSSINI.

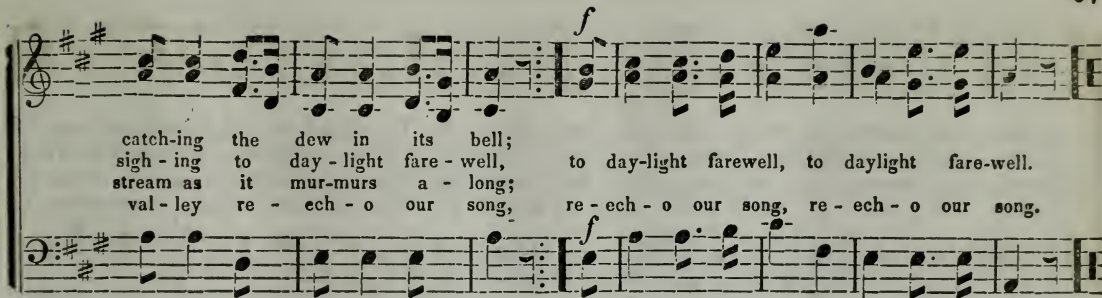
Allegretto. **1st time.**

1. { The sunbeams are glancing o'er forest and mountain, The hill tops are tinged with the last feeble ray;
 { Lets dip in the stream of the bright flowing fountain, And steal its sweet violets and

2. { Lets go to the peak where the last sunbeam lingers, And gaze on the day-god as calm-ly he sinks;
 { The laurel we'll wreath with our own fairy fingers, And rob the night shade of the

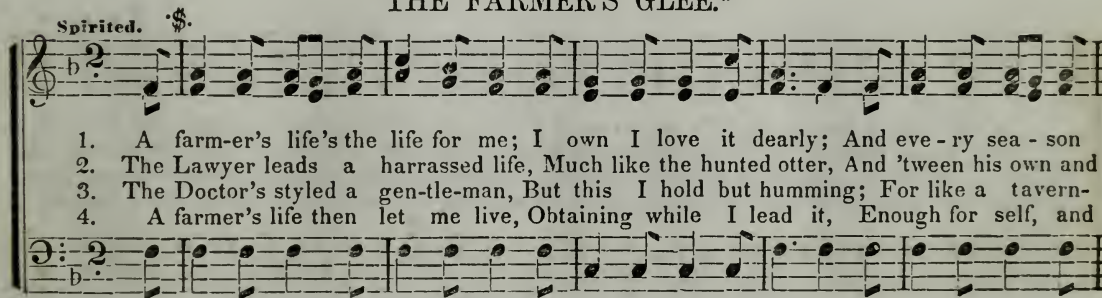
2d time.

lil - ies a-way. } { The wild-rose and myr-tle their soft leaves are closing, The cowslip is
 dew that it drinks. } { The ring-dove and thrush in their nests are re - pos-ing, And young leaves are
 } { Let's go to the val-ley where darkness is wreathing, And mock the cool
 } { Let's count the wild flowers whose o-dors are breathing, And make hill and



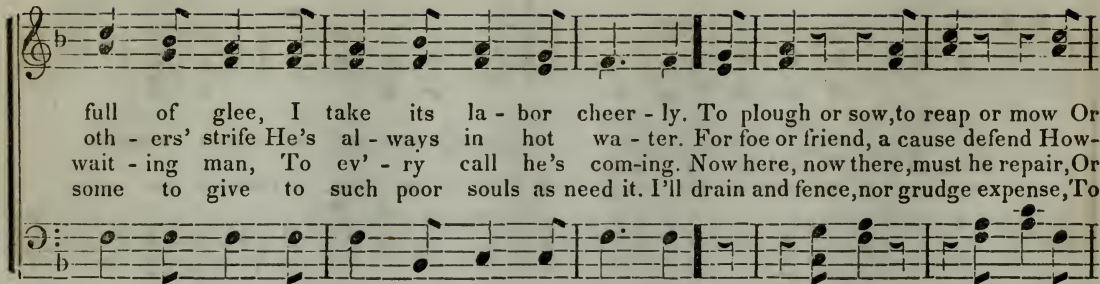
catch-ing the dew in its bell;
 sigh-ing to day-light fare-well, to day-light farewell, to daylight fare-well.
 stream as it mur-murs a-long;
 val-ley re-ech-o our song, re-ech-o our song, re-ech-o our song.

THE FARMER'S GLEE.*

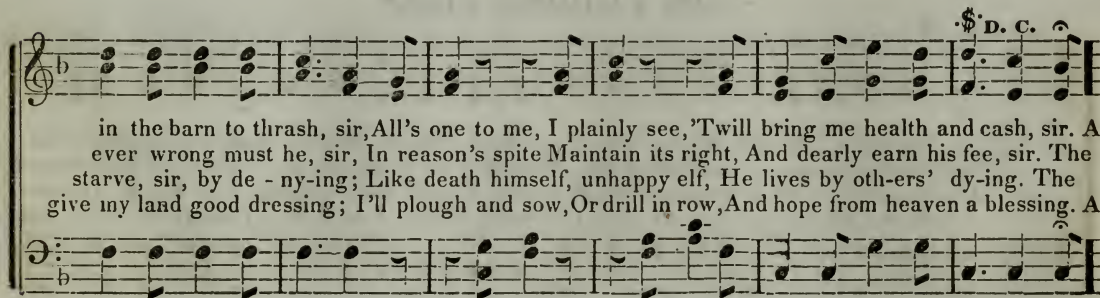
Spirited. 

1. A farm-er's life's the life for me; I own I love it dearly; And eve-ry sea-son
2. The Lawyer leads a harrassed life, Much like the hunted otter, And 'tween his own and
3. The Doctor's styled a gen-tle-man, But this I hold but humming; For like a tavern-
4. A farmer's life then let me live, Obtaining while I lead it, Enough for self, and

* Taken from the New England Glee Book, by permission.



full of glee, I take its la - bor cheer - ly. To plough or sow, to reap or mow Or
oth - ers' strife He's al - ways in hot wa - ter. For foe or friend, a cause defend How -
wait - ing man, 'To ev' - ry call he's com - ing. Now here, now there, must he repair, Or
some to give to such poor souls as need it. I'll drain and fence, nor grudge expense, 'To



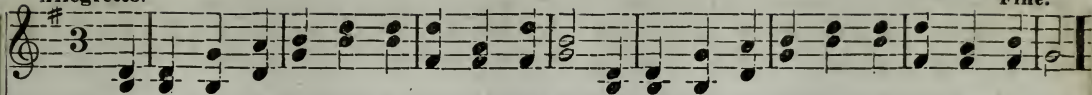
in the barn to thrash, sir, All's one to me, I plainly see, 'Twill bring me health and cash, sir. A
ever wrong must he, sir, In reason's spite Maintain its right, And dearly earn his fee, sir. The
starve, sir, by de - ny - ing; Like death himself, unhappy elf, He lives by oth - ers' dy - ing. The
give my land good dressing; I'll plough and sow, Or drill in row, And hope from heaven a blessing. A

THE SUMMER'S DEPARTED.

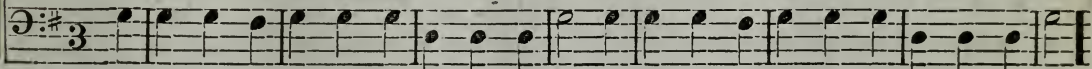
69

Allegretto.

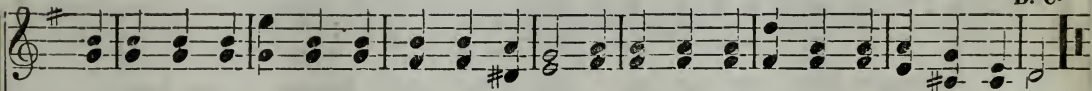
Fine.



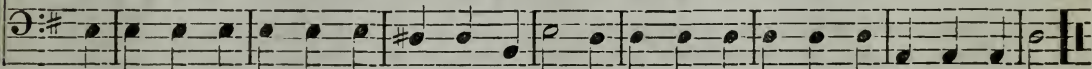
1. The summer's de-part-ed, so gentle and brief, The autumn is come with its dry yellow leaf;
2. In red and in purple, the leaves seem to bloom, But winter, cold winter, hath spoken their doom,
- 3 Yet, sad as the whispers of sorrow, its breath, And touching its hues as the garments of death;



D. C.



Its breath in the valley, its voice in the breeze, A rich-colored hue is spread o-ver the trees.
And those that may seem with the rubies to vie, They tell us that beauty blooms only to die.
Still autumn, tho' sad and tho' mournful it be, With fruits and with flowers, is welcome to me.



ALP SONG.

Words by J. C. Johnson.

Allegro.

1. How clearly from the mountain height The Alp-horn peals its song; And woody vale and
 2. The Alpine shepherds hear the note, They hear a loud re - ply; Far up the steep the

3. With deaf'ning roar the torrents fall, While round them rainbows play; But thro' them strikes the
 4. Ye mountain dwellers, bend the knee, The Good and Great a-dore; So tones his voice in

cliff delight The mu - sic to pro - long— pro - long— pro - long.
 glad tones float, And vanish in the sky—the sky—the sky—the sky.

bugle call, Which echo bears away— a - way— a - way— a - way.
 mel - o - dy, A - midst life's tem - pest roar— its roar— its roar.

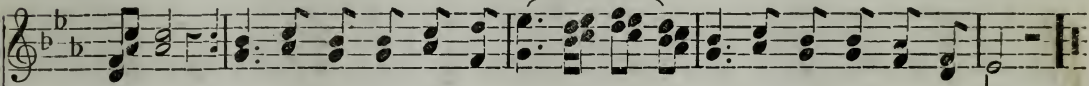
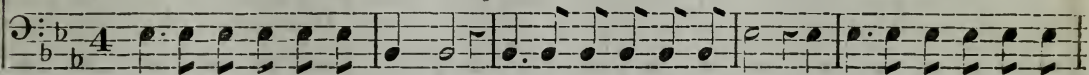
SWITZER'S SONG OF HOME.

MOSCHELLES. 71

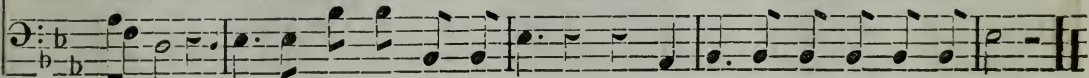
Andante.



1. "Why, ah! why my heart this sadness? Why, 'mid scenes like these decline? Were all, tho' strange is joy and
2. All that's dear to me is wanting, Lone and cheerless here I am, 'The stranger's joys howe'er en-
3. Give me those, I ask no oth-er, 'Those that bless the humble dome Where dwell my Father and my



glad-ness, Say, what wish can yet be thine? Oh! say, what wish can yet be thine?
 chanting, To me can nev-er be like home, To me can nev-er be like home.
 Moth-er, Give, oh! give me back my home, My own, my own dear na-tive home.



OVER THE MOUNTAIN WAVE.

Music by E. L. White.

Written by George Lunt, Esq., and sung at the celebration of the Second Centennial Anniversary of the settlement of the ancient town of Newbury, May 26, 1835.

Soli.

1. O - ver the moun-tain wave, See where they come; Storm cloud and win - try wind,
 2. England hath sun - ny dales, Dear-ly they bloom; Sco-tia hath heath - er hills,
 3. Dim grew the for - est path, On - ward they trod; Firm beat their no - ble hearts,
 4. Not theirs the glo - ry wreath, Torn by the blást; Heavenward their ho-ly steps,

Wel-come them home; Yet where the sound-ing gale, Howls to the sea,
 Sweet their per - fume; Yet through the wil - der-ness, Cheer-ful we stray,
 Trust - ing in God! Gray men and bloom-ing maids, High rose their song,
 Heavenward they past; Green be their mos - sy graves! Ours be their fame,

Chorus.

There their song, peals a - long, Deep-toned and free; Pil-grims and wan-der - ers,
 Na - tive land, na - tive land, Home far a - way! Pil-grims and wan-der - ers,
 Hear it sweep, Clear and deep, Ev - er a - long; Pil-grims and wan-der - ers,
 While their song, peals a - long, Ev - er the same; Pil-grims and wan-der - ers,

Hith - er we come; Where the free dare to be, This is our home!
 Hith - er we come; Where the free dare to be, This is our home!
 Hith - er we come; Where the free dare to be, This is our home!
 Hith - er we come; Where the free dare to be, This is our home!

THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

Allegro. f *p* *f*

1. Come! come! come! O'er the hills free from care, In my home true pleasure share; Blossoms sweet
 2. Come! come! come! Not a sigh, not a tear, E'er is found in sadness here, Mu-sic soft
 3. Come! come! come! When the day's gently gone, Evening shadows coming on, Then, by love,

p

flow'rs most rare, Come where joys are found! Here the sparkling dews of morn: Tree and shrub with
 breathing near, Charms away each care! Birds in joy-ous hours a-mong, Hill and dell, with
 kind-ly won, Truest bliss be thine! Ne'er was found a bliss so pure, Nev-er joys so

f *p*

gems a-dorn, Jew-els bright, gai-ly worn, Beau-ty all a-round! Tra la la la,
 grate-ful song, Dearest strains here prolong, Vo-cal all the air! Tra la la la,
 long en-dure; Who would not love secure? Who would joys de-cline? Tra la la la,

f

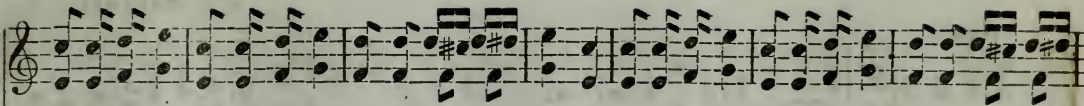
tra la la, Tra la la la, tra la la. Jewels bright, gaily worn, Beauty all a-round.
 tra la la, Tra la la la, tra la la. Dearest strains here prolong, Vocal all the air.
 tra la la, Tra la la la, tra la la. Who would not love secure? Who would joys decline?

THE SAILOR BOY'S CAROL.

Allegro.

1. There's joy up-on the sparkling sea, sparkling sea, For blithe and gay the sai - lor tells Of merry hours where
 2. Tho' tempests move the boundless main, boundless main, His song is heard a - mid the gale, That swells the vessel's
 3. Come, then, to the sparkling sea, sparkling sea, Where pleasure dwells without a care, Where skies are bright and

pleas-ure dwells: Who so hap-py, who so free! Hur-ra! Hur-ra! Hur-ra! Hur-ra!
 grace-ful sail: Dear the feel-ing, sweet the strain! Hur-ra! Hur-ra! Hur-ra! Hur-ra!
 winds are fair, For the joy-ous and the free! Hur-ra! Hur-ra! Hur-ra! Hur-ra!



List to the note, list to the song Mark'd with gayest measure, Tho'ts of his home, thoughts of his friends, Bring their truest

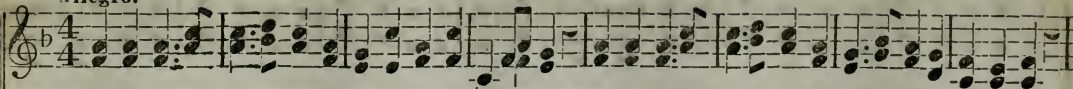


pp

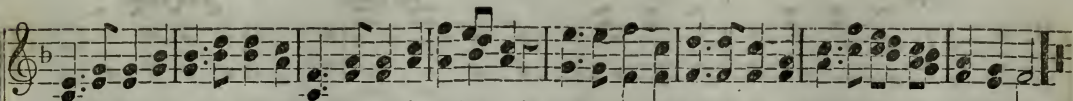
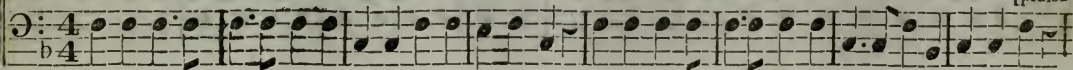
pleasure. La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

MORNING SONG.

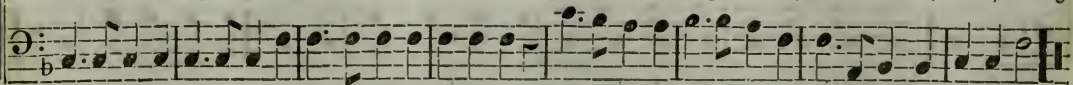
S. S. WARDWELL.

Allegro.

1. Morning wakes ~~ten thousand voices~~ To salute the ris-ing day—All the freshen'd earth rejoices, All the balmy air is gay ;
 2. Yes, we'll sing, and sing with gladness, Grateful hearts the song shall raise; Can our life be mute in sadness, When our Maker calls for
 [praise]



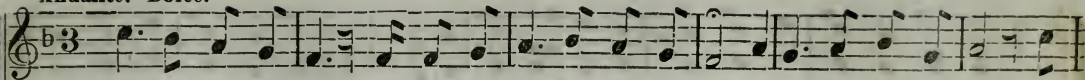
Birds their songs are chanting near us, Bees are humming on the wing, Children's merry accents cheer us, Join the chorus, friends,
 [and sing.]
 While the feeblest thing in nature Seem their joyful thanks to bring, To the earth, benign Creator, Join the chorus, friends, and sing



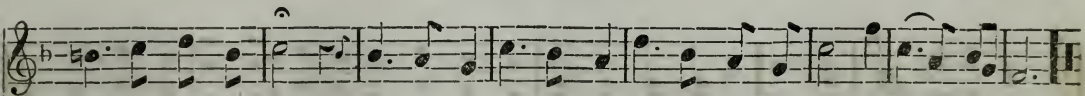
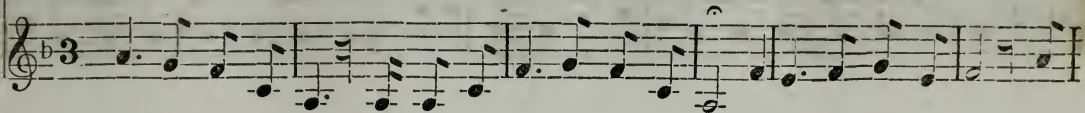
OH! THE QUIET DAYS.

79

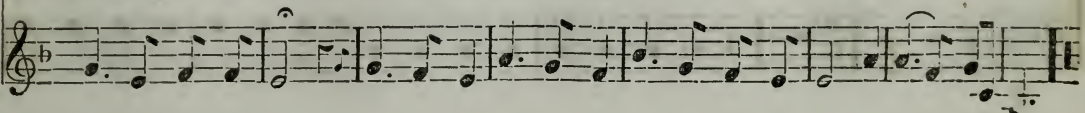
Andante. Dolce.

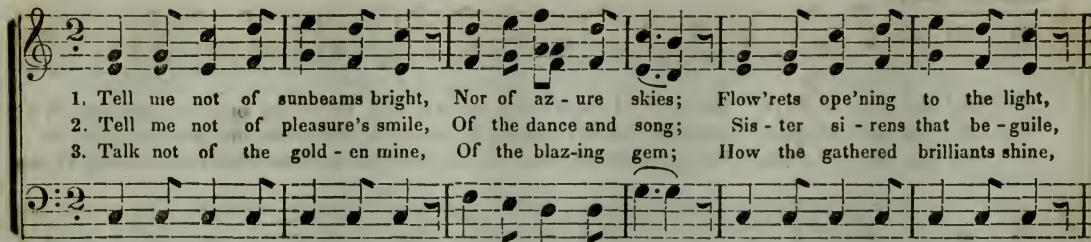


1. Oh! the qui-et days, the qui-et days when we are old, When by our own fire-side We
2. Oh! the qui-et days, the qui-et days when we are old, When on our placid view So
3. Oh! the qui-et days, the quiet days when we are old, The welcome hour draw near, When

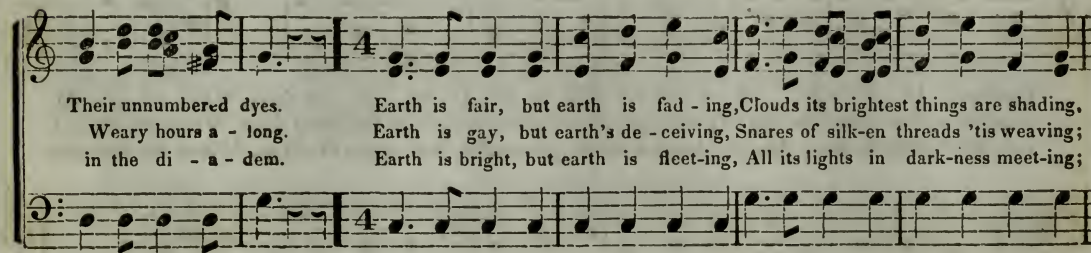


tran-quil-ly a-bide, None can be calm as we, In the qui-et days, When we are old.
 heav'nly and so true, The soul's pure light Dawn more bright, In the quiet days, When we are old.
 love shall banish fear, And the tomb cast no gloom, On the qui-et days, When we are old.

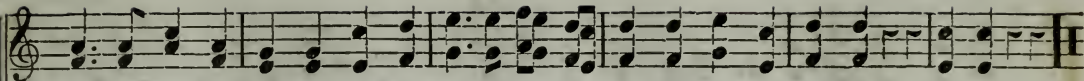




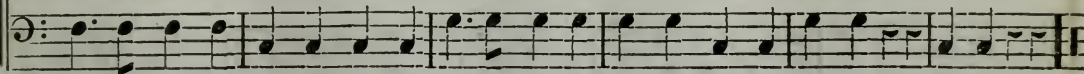
1. Tell me not of sunbeams bright, Nor of az - ure skies; Flow'rets ope'ning to the light,
 2. Tell me not of pleasure's smile, Of the dance and song; Sis - ter si - rens that be - guile,
 3. Talk not of the gold - en mine, Of the blaz - ing gem; How the gathered brilliants shine,



Their unnumbered dyes. Earth is fair, but earth is fad - ing, Clouds its brightest things are shading,
 Weary hours a - long. Earth is gay, but earth's de - ceiving, Snares of silk - en threads 'tis weaving;
 in the di - a - dem. Earth is bright, but earth is fleet - ing, All its lights in dark - ness meet - ing;



But the world to which we're tending, Blooms in beauty nev - er end - ing, Nev - er, nev - er.
 But the world to which we're hast'ning, Of-fers pleasures ev - er - last - ing; Ev - er, ev - er
 But the world that lies be - fore us, Shines in splendor ev - er glorious; Ev - er, ev - er



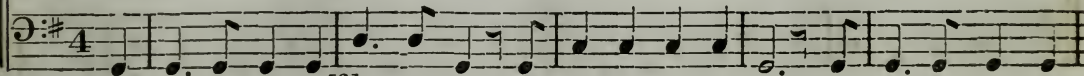
THE PILOT.

S. NELSON.

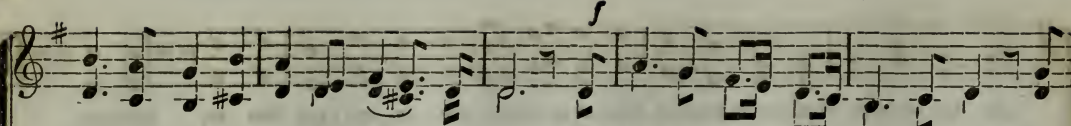
p Andante.



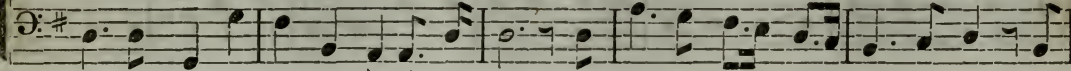
1. Oh, pi - lot! 'tis a fear - ful night, There's danger on the deep; I'll come and pace the
 2. On such a night the sea engulfed My fath-er's life-less form; My on - ly brother's



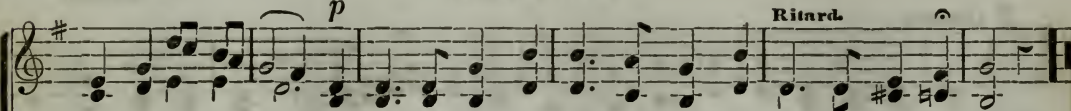
f



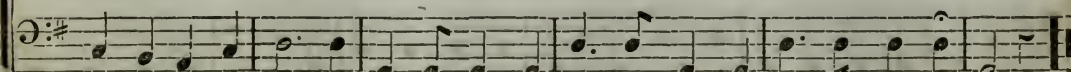
deck with thee, I do not dare to sleep. Go down! the sail- or cries, go down! This
boat went down, In just so wild a storm. And such, per- haps, may be my fate, But



p *Ritard.*

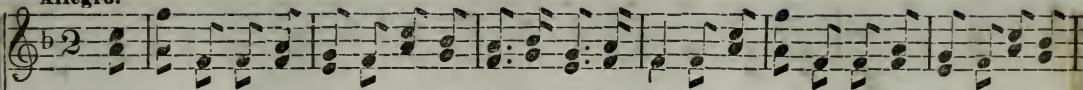


is no place for thee; Fear not! but trust in Prov - i - dence, Wherev - er thou may'st be.
still I say to thee, Fear not! but trust in Prov - i - dence, Wherev - er thou may'st be.

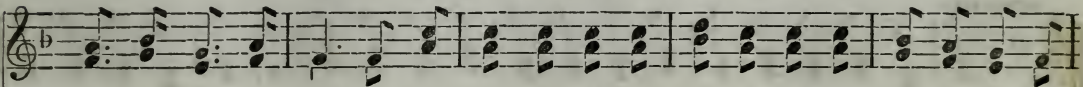
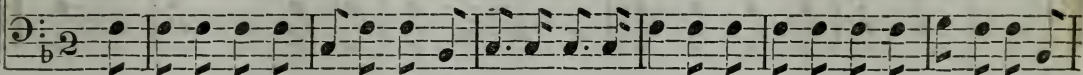


SPORTING SONG.

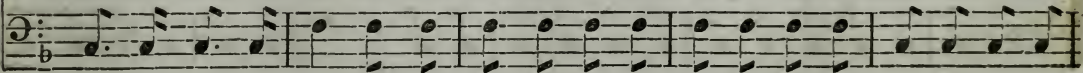
83

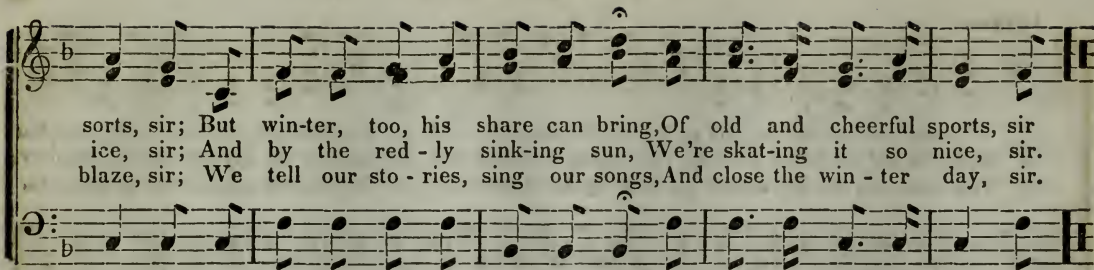
Allegro.

1. O come with me, and we will go And try the winter's cold, sir; It freezes now, and soon 'twill snow, But
2. With sled and satchel off we start, The smoking breakfast thro', sir; And thro' the day with book and chart We
3. Then come with me, and we will go And try the winter's cold, sir; Nor fear the ice, nor fear the snow, For



we are tough and bold, sir; We've had some mer - ry games in spring, Of ball and oth - er
 have e - nough to do, sir; But, when our dai - ly les - sons done, Oh, then we're on the
 we are tough and bold, sir; And then at eve - ning, sit - ting round The crackling, cheer - ful

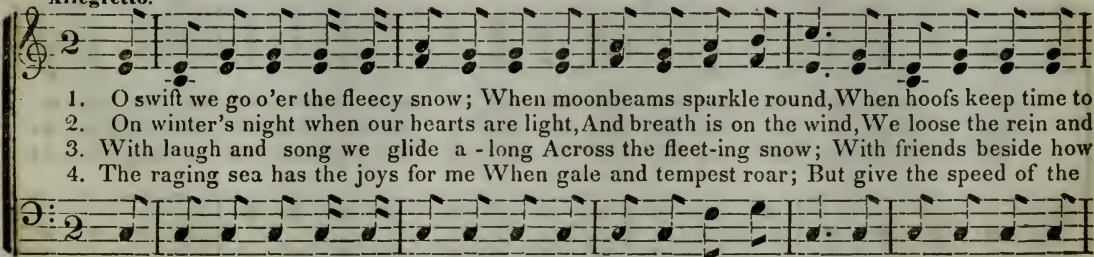




sorts, sir; But win-ter, too, his share can bring, Of old and cheerful sports, sir
 ice, sir; And by the red - ly sink-ing sun, We're skat-ing it so nice, sir.
 blaze, sir; We tell our sto - ries, sing our songs, And close the win - ter day, sir.

OH! SWIFT WE GO.*

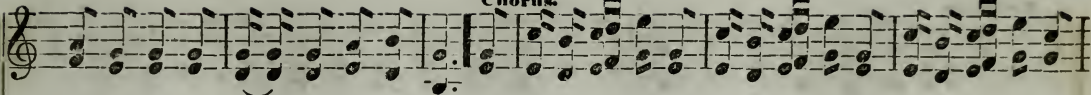
Allegretto.



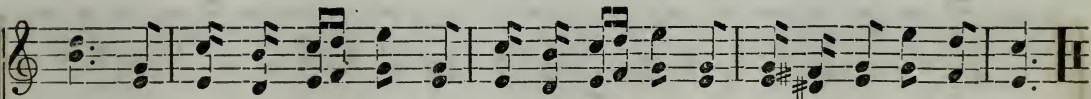
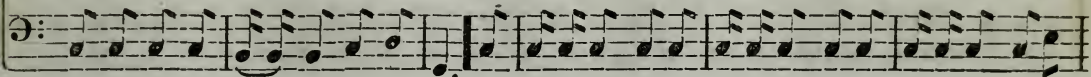
1. O swift we go o'er the fleecy snow; When moonbeams sparkle round, When hoofs keep time to
 2. On winter's night when our hearts are light, And breath is on the wind, We loose the rein and
 3. With laugh and song we glide a - long Across the fleet-ing snow; With friends beside how
 4. The raging sea has the joys for me When gale and tempest roar; But give the speed of the

* Taken from the New England Glee Book—by permission.

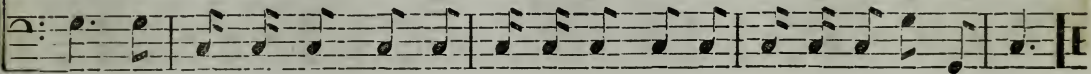
Chorus.



music's chime, as merrily on we bound, As mer-ri-ly on, as mer-ri-ly on, as mer-ri-ly on we
sweep the plain, And leave our cares behind: As mer-ri-ly on, as mer-ri-ly on, as mer-ri-ly on we
swift we'll ride The beautiful track below; As mer-ri-ly on, as mer-ri-ly on, as mer-ri-ly on we
foaming steed, And I'll ask for waves no more; As merrily on, as mer-ri-ly on, as mer-ri-ly on we

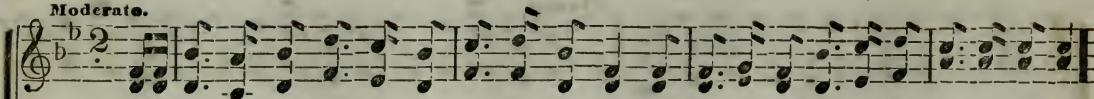


bound, As mer-ri-ly on, as mer-ri-ly on, as mer-ri-ly on we bound.
bound, As mer-ri-ly on, as mer-ri-ly on, as mer-ri-ly on we bound.
bound, As mer-ri-ly on, as mer-ri-ly on, as mer-ri-ly on we bound.
bound, As mer-ri-ly on, as mer-ri-ly on, as mer-ri-ly on we bound.

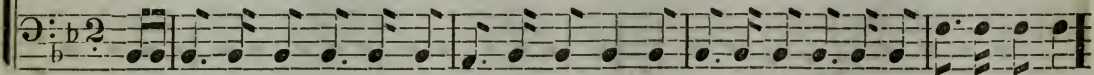


SUMMER EVENING.

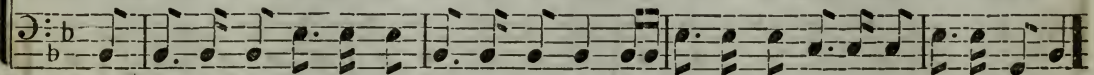
Moderate.

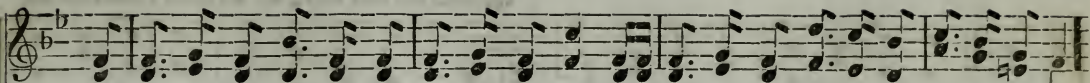


1. The clouds were dispersed, and the tem-pest was o'er, The crimson of eve-ning il - lumined the sky,
2. Be - side me the ro - ses and lil - ies were spread, The pink and carna-tion of del - i - cate vest,
3. To the main, to the mountains, with love-blooming eye, Re-joicing I turned, and their looks were as calm

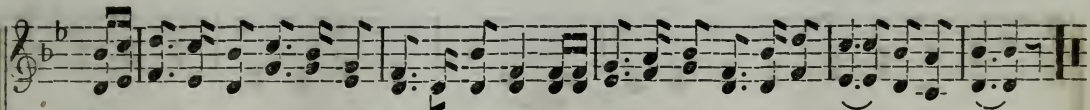


And the soft heav-ing waves as they rip-pled ashore, Gleam'd bright with the tint of its mag-i - cal dye.
 The co - lum-bine lift - ed the pride of its head, And the dial of the sun-flower was turned to the west.
 As the beau - ti - ful arch of that deep azure sky, Whose as-pect was ho-ly, whose zephyr was balm.

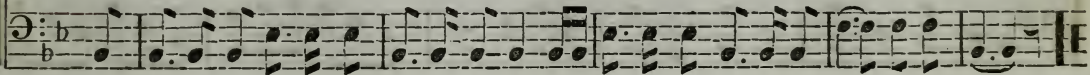




The swallows are sweeping the fields of the air, The blackbird sang forth from its leaf-y re-treat,
The but-ter-fly wantoned on wings of delight, While the bee, on her er-rand of in-dus-try bent,
Oh! thus, ere the days of this pil-grim-age cease, May the sun-set of life be as plac-id and mild,

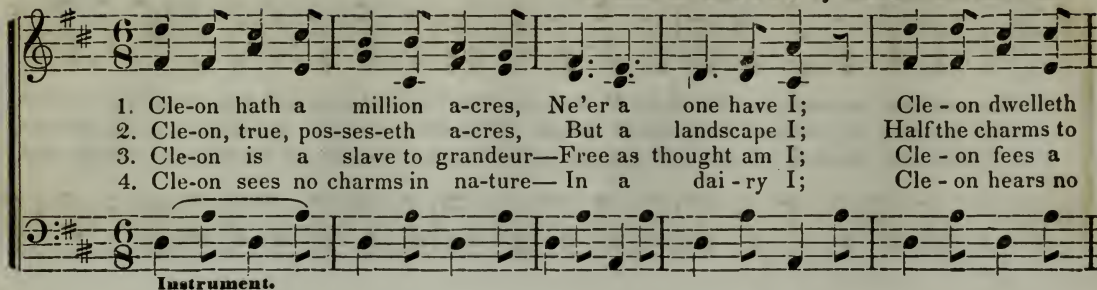


And the flowers renewed in their bloom, smiled as fair As the long-promised land at the Israelites' feet.
Was ri-ling the bloom, at the fall of the night, For a noonday of tempest in i-dle-ness spent.
The storms of ad-ver-si-ty stilled in-to peace, All passion be calmed, and all sor-row ex-iled!



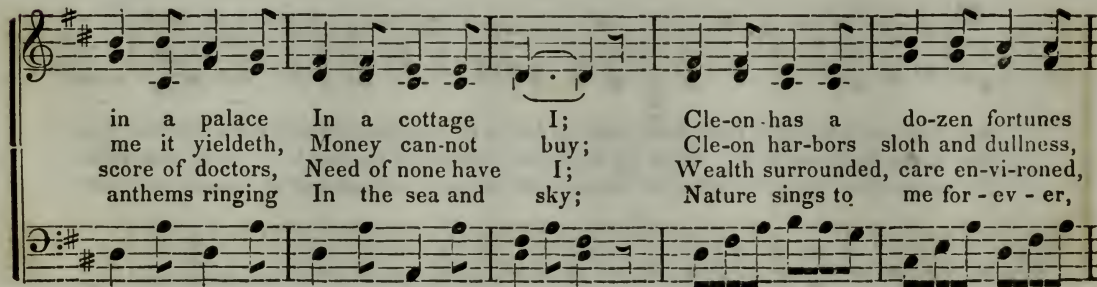
CLEON AND I.

Written for this work by Edward Bohuszewicz.



1. Cle-on hath a million a-cres, Ne'er a one have I; Cle - on dwelleth
 2. Cle-on, true, pos-ses-eth a-cres, But a landscape I; Half the charms to
 3. Cle-on is a slave to grandeur—Free as thought am I; Cle - on fees a
 4. Cle-on sees no charms in na-ture—In a dai - ry I; Cle - on hears no

Instrument.



in a palace In a cottage I; Cle-on has a do-zen fortunes
 me it yieldeth, Money can-not buy; Cle-on har-bors sloth and dullness,
 score of doctors, Need of none have I; Wealth surrounded, care en-vi-roned,
 anthems ringing In the sea and sky; Nature sings to me for - ev - er,

ritard.

Tempo 1 mo.

Not a penny I; But the poorer of the twain is Cleon, and not
 Fresh'ning vigor I; He in vel-vet, I in fustian, Richer man am
 Cle-on fears to die; Death may come, he'll find me read-y Happier man am
 Earnest listener I; State for state with all attendants, Who would change? Not

mf

HOME.

Written for this work, by Edward Bohuzewicz.

mf *p* *mf*

1 The dear - est spot of earth to me, is home, sweet home! The
 2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home! I've

The first system of the musical score for 'HOME.' It features a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff. The first measure is marked *mf*. The second measure is marked *p*. The third measure is marked *mf*. The lyrics are written below the staff, with two verses. The first verse is '1 The dear - est spot of earth to me, is home, sweet home! The' and the second verse is '2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home! I've'. The bottom staff is empty.

p *Cres.*

fai - ry land I long to see, Is home, sweet home! There, how
 learnt to look with lov - er's eyes, On home, sweet home! There, where

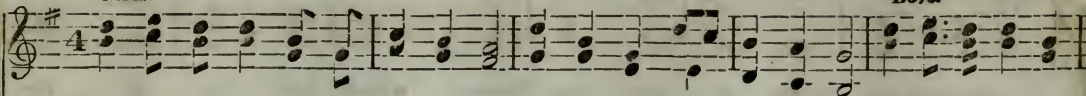
The second system of the musical score for 'HOME.' It features a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff. The first measure is marked *p*. The second measure is marked *Cres.*. The lyrics are written below the staff, with two verses. The first verse is 'fai - ry land I long to see, Is home, sweet home! There, how' and the second verse is 'learnt to look with lov - er's eyes, On home, sweet home! There, where'. The bottom staff is empty.

charmed the sense of hear - ing, There, where love is so en-
vows are tru - ly plight - ed, There, where hearts are so u-

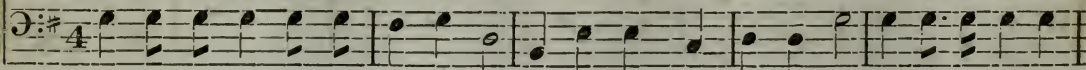
dear-ing!— All the world is not so cheering, As home, sweet home!
nit - ed!— All the world be - sides, I've slight-ed, For home, sweet home!

Girls.

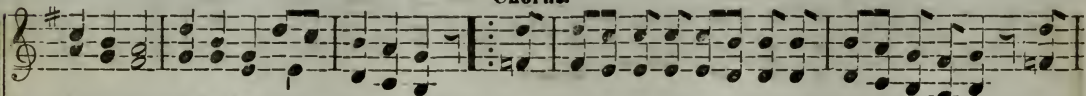
Boys.



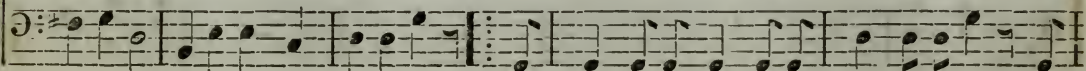
1. See brothers, see, how the night comes on, Slow-ly sinks the set - ting sun ; Hark, how the solemn
 2. See how the tints of day - light die, Soon we'll hear the ten - der sigh ; For when the toil of

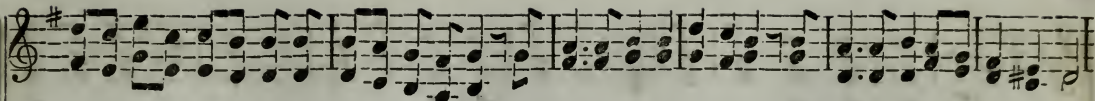


Chorus.

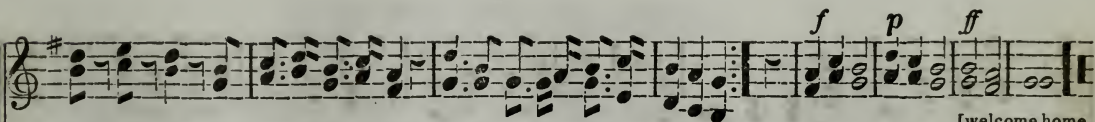
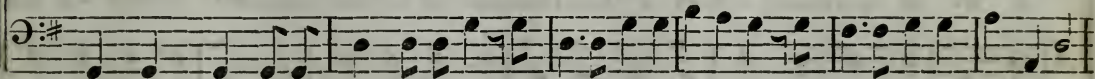


vespers clear, Sweetly falls up - on the ear ; Then haste, let us work till the daylight is o'er, And
 labor's o'er, We shall meet our friends on shore ; Then haste, let us work till the daylight is o'er, And





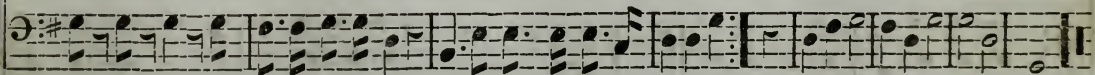
fold our nets as we row to the shore, Our toil and labor being done, How sweet the boatman's welcome home.
fold our nets as we row to the shore, Our toil and labor being done, How sweet the boatman's welcome home



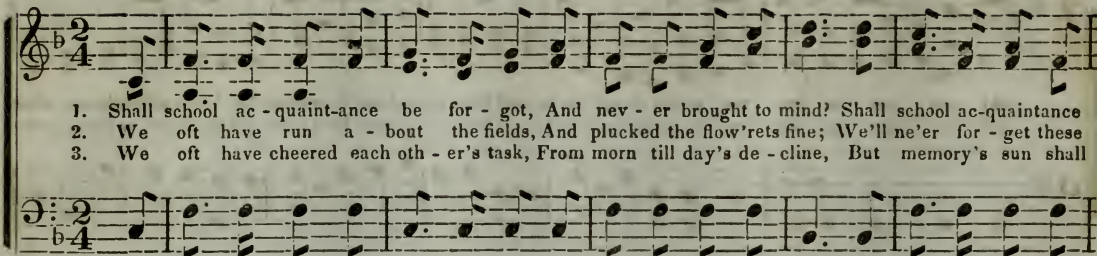
[welcome home.

Home, home, home, The Boatman's welcome home. Sweet, oh sweet the boatman's welcome home ; Welcome home, welcome home,
Home, home, home. The Boatman's welcome home, Sweet, oh sweet the boatman's welcome home ; Welcome home, welcome home,

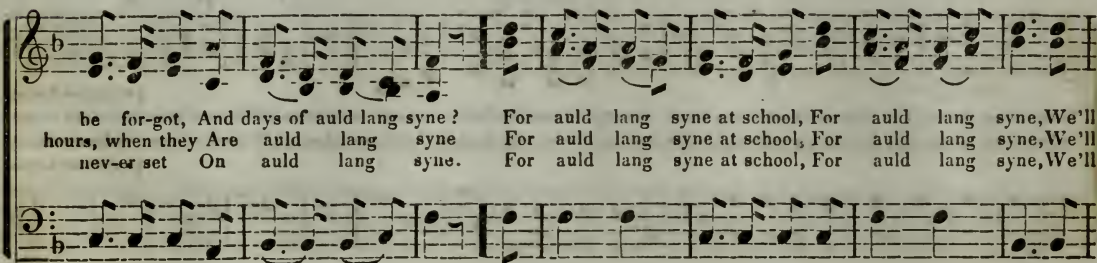
[welcome home.



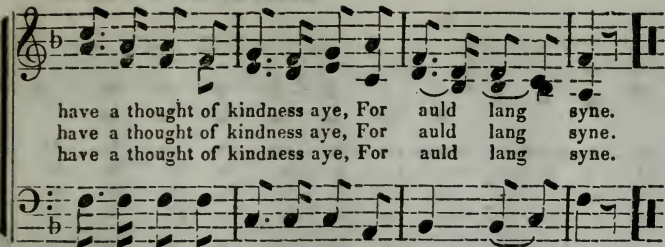
AULD LANG SYNE.



1. Shall school ac - quaint-ance be for - got, And nev - er brought to mind? Shall school ac-quaintance
 2. We oft have run a - bout the fields, And plucked the flow'rets fine; We'll ne'er for - get these
 3. We oft have cheered each oth - er's task, From morn till day's de - cline, But memory's sun shall



be for-got, And days of auld lang syne? For auld lang syne at school, For auld lang syne, We'll
 hours, when they Are auld lang syne For auld lang syne at school, For auld lang syne, We'll
 nev-er set On auld lang syne. For auld lang syne at school, For auld lang syne, We'll



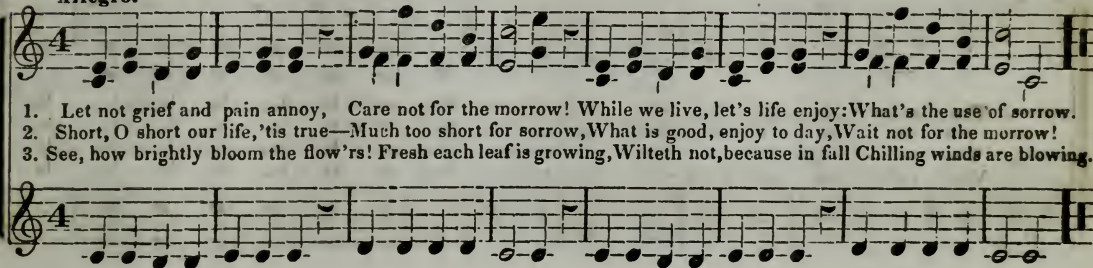
have a thought of kindness aye, For auld lang syne.
 have a thought of kindness aye, For auld lang syne.
 have a thought of kindness aye, For auld lang syne.

4
 No change of outward circumstance
 May Providence assign,
 To overshadow these happy days,
 When auld lang syne.
 For auld lang syne, &c.

5
 Then take the hand that now is warm,
 Within a hand of thine;
 No distant day shall loose the grasp
 Of auld lang syne. For auld lang syne, &c.

CARE NOT FOR TO-MORROW.

Allegro.



1. Let not grief and pain annoy, Care not for the morrow! While we live, let's life enjoy: What's the use of sorrow.
 2. Short, O short our life, 'tis true—Much too short for sorrow, What is good, enjoy to day, Wait not for the morrow!
 3. See, how brightly bloom the flow'rs! Fresh each leaf is growing, Wilteth not, because in fall Chilling winds are blowing.

THE STUDENT'S SONG.

Words by W. E. Hickson.

p

1. A - wake the song of mer - ry greet-ing, Sing tra - la - la, la, la, la, la.
 2. 'Tis well for thought to find a sea-son, Sing tra - la - la, la, la, la, la.
 3. And if the day we give to la - bor, Sing tra - la - la, la, la, la, la.
 4. 'Tho' care will come, or trib - u - la - tion, Sing tra - la - la, la, la, la, la.

f *p*

The notes in - spir - ing, joy re - peat-ing, Sing tra - la - la, la, la, la, la.
 For stu - dy al - ways there's no rea-son, Sing tra - la - la, la, la, la, la.
 The eve - ning's due to friend and neighbor, Sing tra - la - la, la, la, la, la.
 We'll sigh not in th'an - ti - ci - pa-tion, Sing tra - la - la, la, la, la, la.

f

Let mirth to wis - dom trib - ute pay, But yet be mer - ry while you say.
 We gath - er knowledge from the past, To make life hap - py while it last.
 When na - ture need - ful rest de - signed, To strength - en bo - dy and the sound.
 For joy will soon each grief dis - pel, From hearts where love and friend - ship dwell.

p *m* *f*

Sing tra - la - la, la, la, la, la, Sing tra - la - la, la, la, la, la, Sing tra - la - la, la, la, la, la.

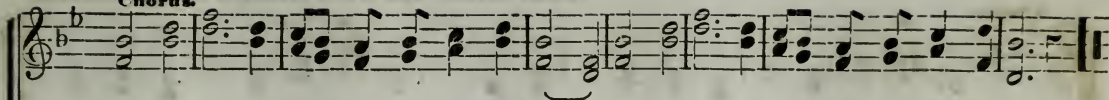
[7]

Solo.

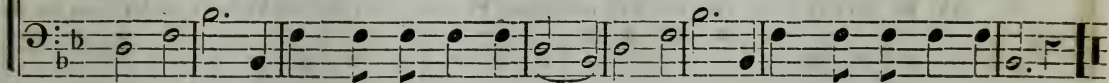
1. A ro - sy crown we twine for thee, Of Flo - ra's rich - est treas - ure; We

lead thee on with joy and glee, A - mid our youth - ful plea - sure.

Chorus.



Take, oh take the ro - sy, the ro - sy crown, Take, oh take the ro-sy, the ro - sy crown.



2

We bade the fairest flowers that blow,
 Their varied tribute render ;
 To shine above that brow of snow,
 With soft and lovely splendor.

Take, oh take, &c.

3

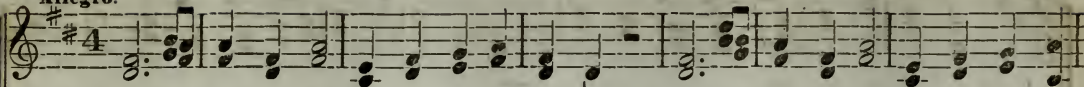
Then deign to wear the wreath we twine
 Thy beauteous ringlets shading ;
 And be its charms a type of thine
 In all except in fading.

Take, oh take, &c.

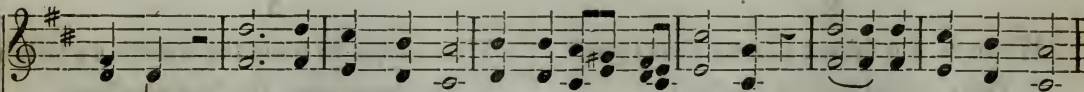
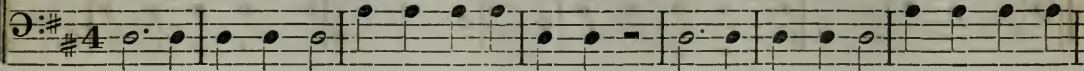
COME, YE FARIES ALL.

Words written, and Music arranged by J. C. Johnson.

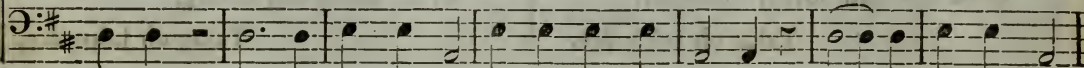
Allegro.

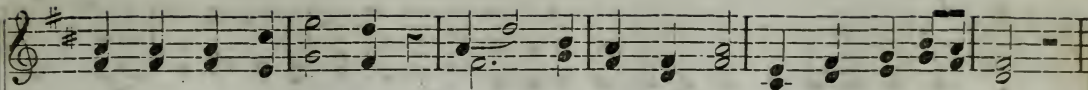


1. Come, ye fa-ries all, Fold each brilliant feather, List our mer-ry call, Let's rejoice to-
2. Birds at morn soar free, Bees in summer weather; Hearts in har-mo-ny May rejoice to-
3. Ah, no fai-ry crew Led no airy measure; Friends, the voice we knew, Thanks, then, for the



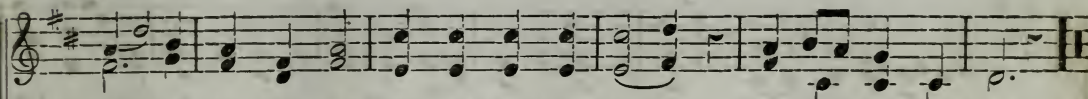
gether. In the glow-ing west, Tinged with hue of ros-es, Emblem of peaceful rest,
 gether. Now the fai-ry ring, Faint and dis-ap-pear-ing; Sing, good mortals, sing,
 pleasure. Come, then, one and all, Swell the mer-ry cho-rus; Gladen the reaper's hall,





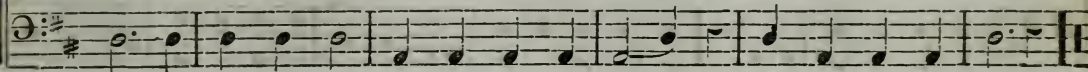
Ve - nus sweet re-pos - es.
Na - ture, spir - its cheering.
While the stars shine o'er us.

Come, ye fa - ries all, Clothed in gen - tle light,
Aye, with bird and bee, Will we glad u - nite;
An - gels ev - er fair, Come on wings of light.



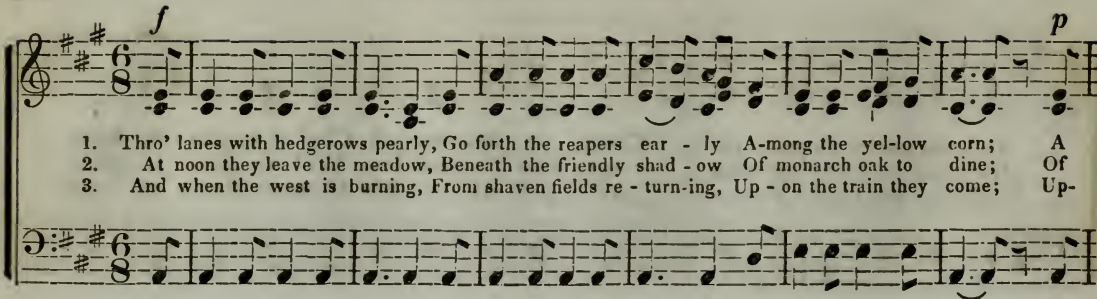
Glad the reap-ers' hall, With your presence bright,
Hearts in har - mo - ny, Breathing with de - light,
Guard with gen - tle care, Thro' the dus - ky night,

With your presence bright.
Breath-ing with de - light.
Through the dus-ky night.



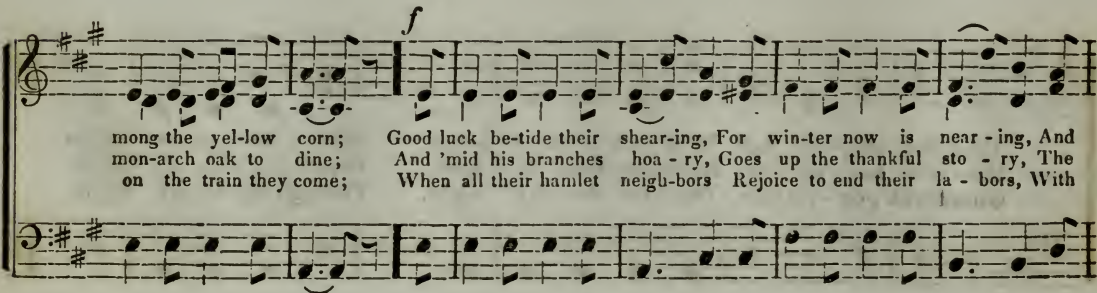
THE HARVEST TIME.

f *p*



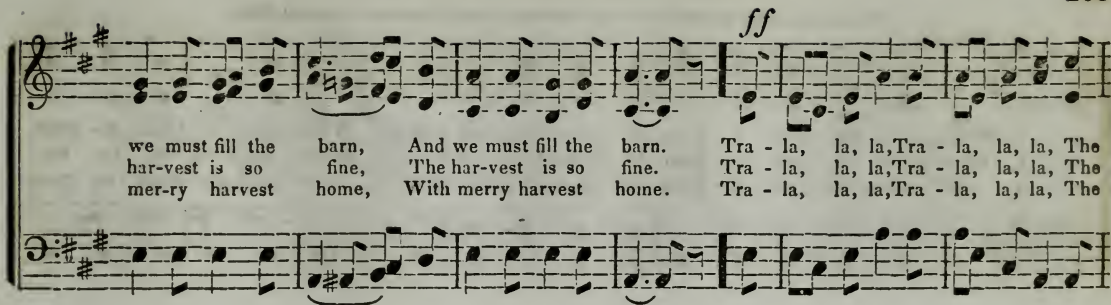
1. Thro' lanes with hedgerows pearly, Go forth the reapers ear - ly A-mong the yel-low corn; A
 2. At noon they leave the meadow, Beneath the friendly shad - ow Of monarch oak to dine; Of
 3. And when the west is burning, From shaven fields re - turn-ing, Up - on the train they come; Up-

f

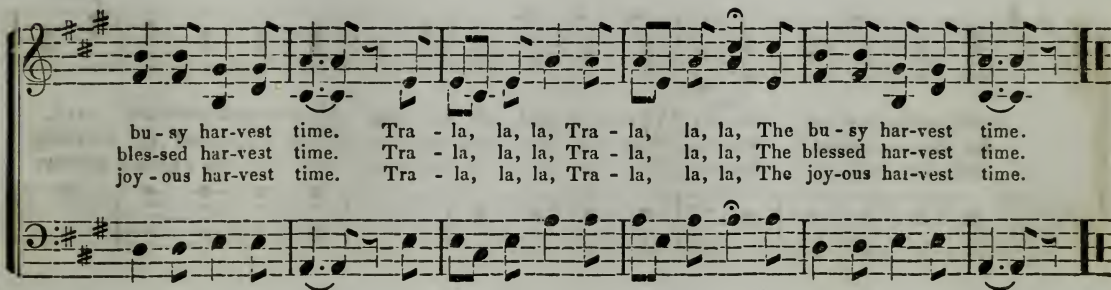


mong the yel-low corn; Good luck be-tide their shear-ing, For win-ter now is near-ing, And
 mon-arch oak to dine; And 'mid his branches ho - ry, Goes up the thankful sto - ry, The
 on the train they come; When all their hamlet neigh-bors Rejoice to end their la - bors, With

ff



we must fill the barn, And we must fill the barn. Tra - la, la, la, Tra - la, la, la, The
 har-vest is so fine, The har-vest is so fine. Tra - la, la, la, Tra - la, la, la, The
 mer-ry harvest home, With merry harvest home. Tra - la, la, la, Tra - la, la, la, The

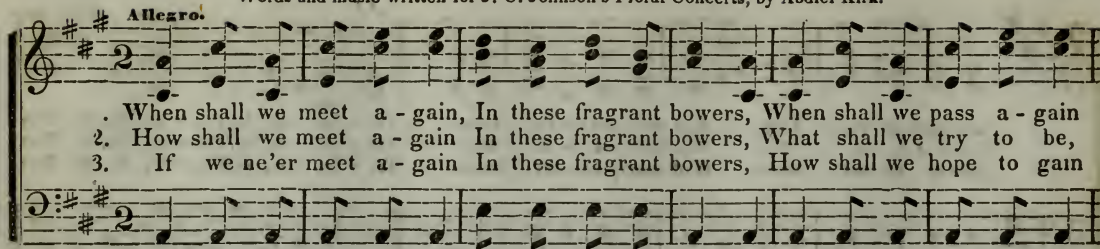


bu - sy har-vest time. Tra - la, la, la, Tra - la, la, la, The bu - sy har-vest time.
 bles-sed har-vest time. Tra - la, la, la, Tra - la, la, la, The blessed har-vest time.
 joy - ous har-vest time. Tra - la, la, la, Tra - la, la, la, The joy-ous har-vest time.

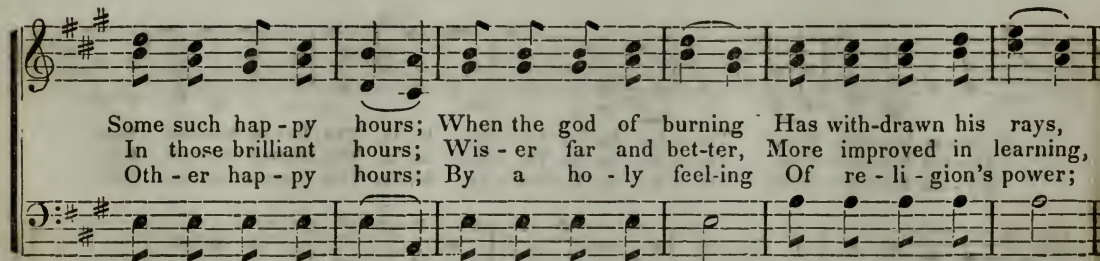
THE PERSPECTIVE.

Words and music written for J. C. Johnson's Floral Concerts, by Abdiel Kirk.

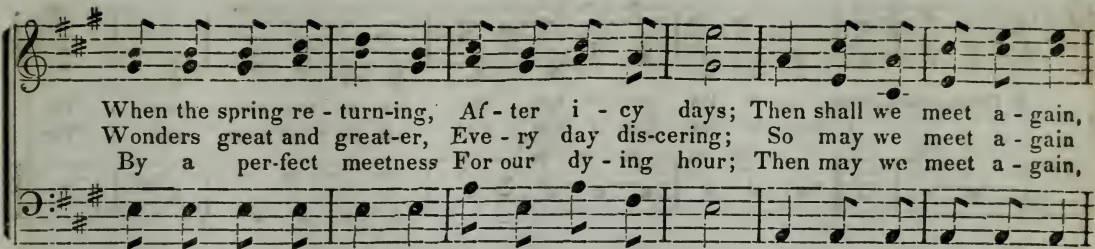
Allegro.



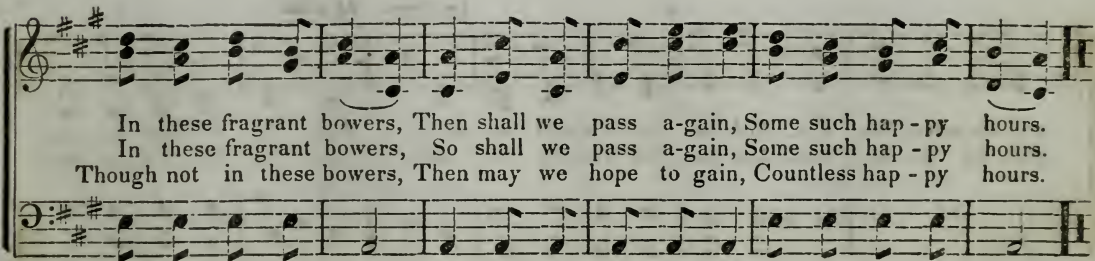
1. When shall we meet a - gain, In these fragrant bowers, When shall we pass a - gain
 2. How shall we meet a - gain In these fragrant bowers, What shall we try to be,
 3. If we ne'er meet a - gain In these fragrant bowers, How shall we hope to gain



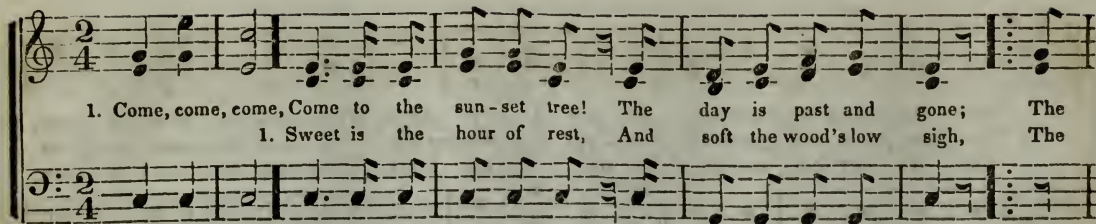
Some such hap - py hours; When the god of burning Has with-drawn his rays,
 In those brilliant hours; Wis - er far and bet-ter, More improved in learning,
 Oth - er hap - py hours; By a ho - ly feel-ing Of re - li - gion's power;



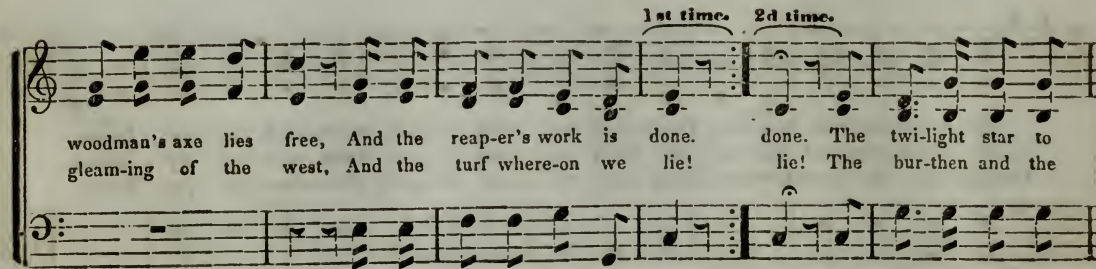
When the spring re - turn-ing, Af - ter i - cy days; Then shall we meet a - gain,
Wonders great and great-er, Eve - ry day dis-cer-ing; So may we meet a - gain
By a per-fect meetness For our dy - ing hour; Then may we meet a - gain,



In these fragrant bowers, Then shall we pass a-gain, Some such hap - py hours.
In these fragrant bowers, So shall we pass a-gain, Some such hap - py hours.
Though not in these bowers, Then may we hope to gain, Countless hap - py hours.



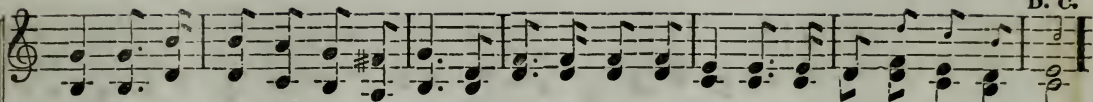
1. Come, come, come, Come to the sun-set tree! The day is past and gone; The
 1. Sweet is the hour of rest, And soft the wood's low sigh, The



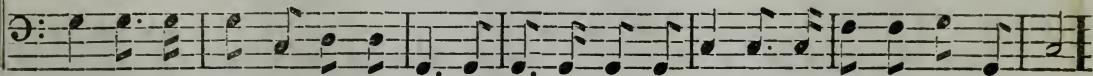
1st time. 2d time.

woodman's axe lies free, And the reap-er's work is done. done. The twi-light star to
 gleam-ing of the west, And the turf where-on we lie! lie! The bur-then and the

D. C.



heav'n, And the sum-mer dew to flow'rs, And rest to us is given, By the cool, soft, eve-ning showers.
 heat Of the la-b'rer's task are o'er, And kind-ly voi-ces greet The tired one at the door.



3

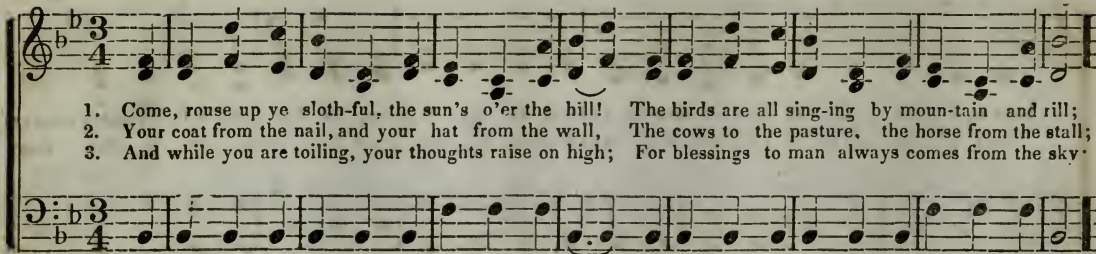
Soft is the tuneful sound
 That dwells in whispering boughs,
 A welcome freshness round,
 And the gale that fans our brows.
 But rest more sweet and still,
 Than the nightfall ever gave,
 Our yearning hearts shall fill,
 In the world beyond the grave.
 Come, come, come, &c.

4

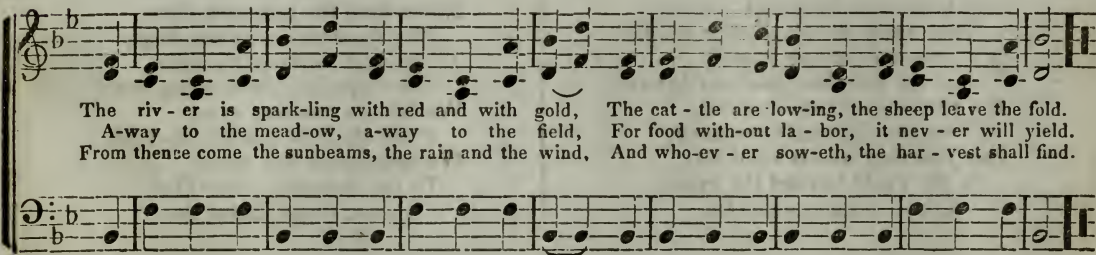
Ne'er shall the tempests blow,
 Nor scorching noontide heat;
 There shall be no more snow,
 Nor the weary, wandering feet:
 We lift our trusting eyes,
 From the hills our fathers trod,
 We look above the skies,
 To the Sabbath of our God.
 Come, come, come, &c.

THE FARMER'S CALL.

Words by J. C. Johnson.



1. Come, rouse up ye sloth-ful, the sun's o'er the hill! The birds are all sing-ing by moun-tain and rill;
 2. Your coat from the nail, and your hat from the wall, The cows to the pasture, the horse from the stall;
 3. And while you are toiling, your thoughts raise on high; For blessings to man always comes from the sky.



The riv - er is spark-ling with red and with gold, The cat - tle are low-ing, the sheep leave the fold.
 A-way to the mead-ow, a-way to the field, For food with-out la - bor, it nev - er will yield.
 From thence come the sunbeams, the rain and the wind, And who-ev - er sow-eth, the har - vest shall find.

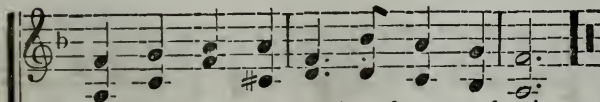
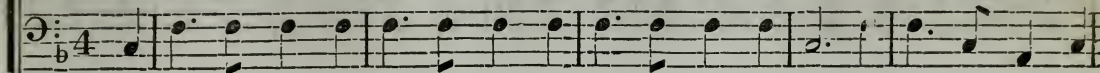
SONG FOR THE CLOSING YEAR.

109

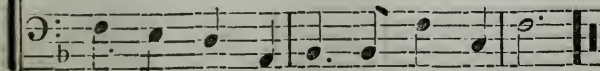
Words and Music by J. C. Johnson.



1. Now, comrades, that the year hath passed, What lessons may we gain, From night and day, from
2. Let those who trust in beauty's glow, Remember youth must fade; Our sum-mer ro - ses,
3. Let all, in life's bright spring-time, sow Good seed of love and grace; Old age with au-tumn



flower and frost, From mirth and care and pain.
withered now, They dwell a-mong the dead.
tints shall glow, And kindly suns shall bless.



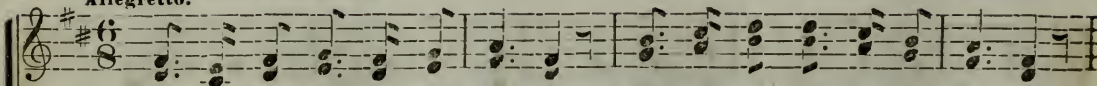
4

"Let those who sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come,
They shall confess their sheaves are great
And shout the harvest-home."

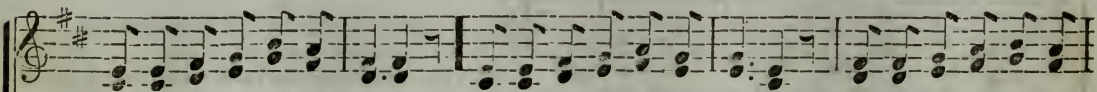
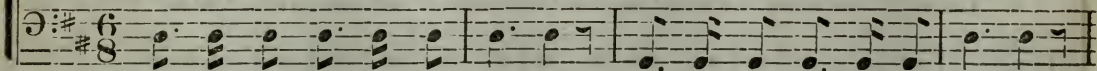
5

The Lord is great, and good to all—
His bounty floweth free,
And love, his tribute every hour,
In earth and heaven shall be.

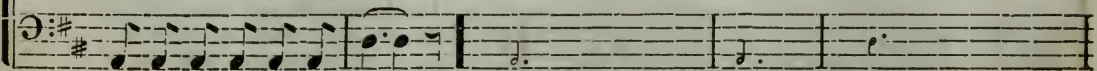
COME, WITH THY LUTE, TO THE FOUNTAIN.

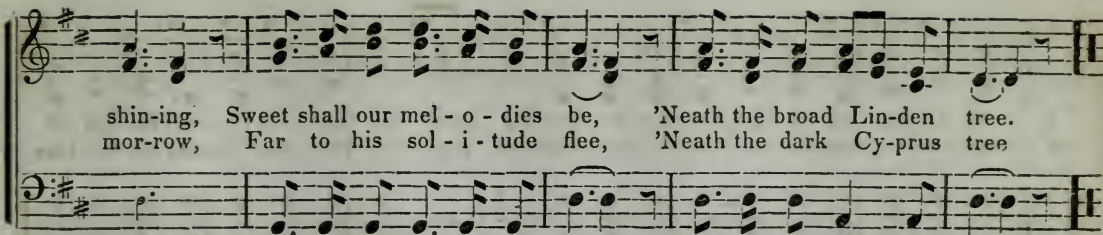
Allegretto.

1. Come, with thy lute to the foun-tain, Sing me a song of the moun-tain,
2. Come, where the zephyrs are stray-ing; Where, 'mid the flow - er buds, play-ing,



Sing of the happy and free; There, while the ray is declining, While its last roses are
 Rambles the blithe summer bee; Let the lone churl, in his sorrow, He who despairs of the

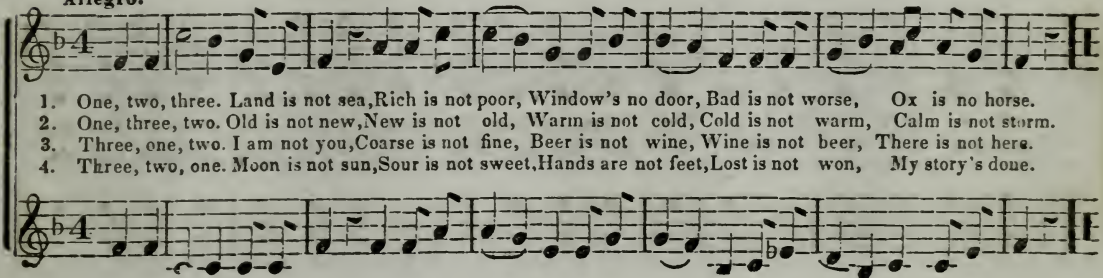




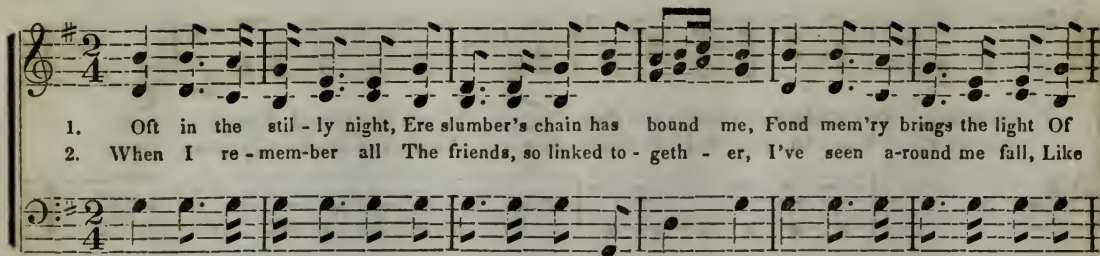
shin-ing, Sweet shall our mel - o - dies be, 'Neath the broad Lin-den tree.
mor-row, Far to his sol-i-tude flee, 'Neath the dark Cy-prus tree

CONTRARIES.

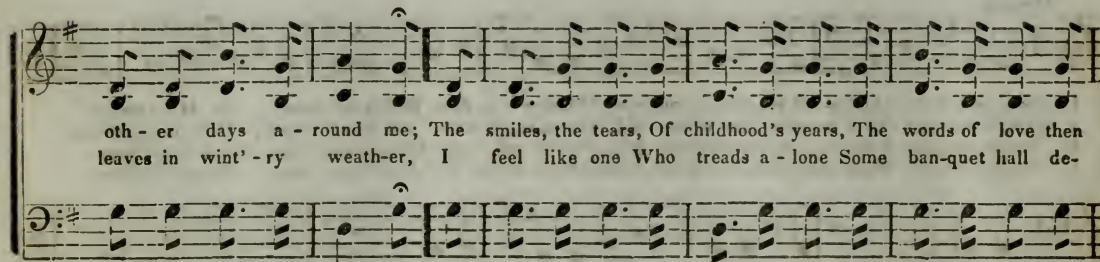
Allegro.



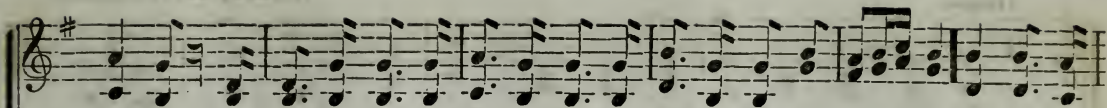
1. One, two, three. Land is not sea, Rich is not poor, Window's no door, Bad is not worse, Ox is no horse.
2. One, three, two. Old is not new, New is not old, Warm is not cold, Cold is not warm, Calm is not storm.
3. Three, one, two. I am not you, Coarse is not fine, Beer is not wine, Wine is not beer, There is not here.
4. Three, two, one. Moon is not sun, Sour is not sweet, Hands are not feet, Lost is not won, My story's done.



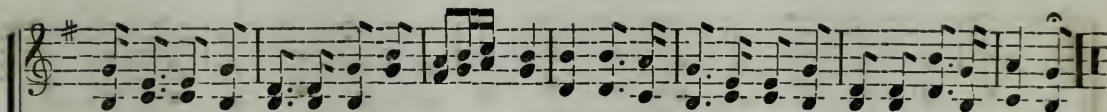
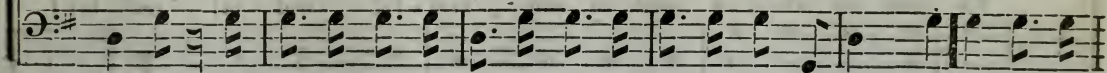
1. Oft in the stil - ly night, Ere slumber's chain has bound me, Fond mem'ry brings the light Of
2. When I re - mem - ber all The friends, so linked to - geth - er, I've seen a-round me fall, Like



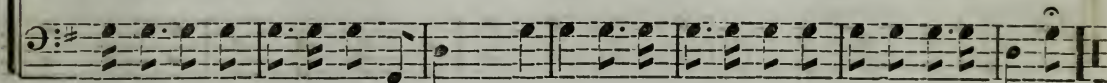
oth - er days a - round me; The smiles, the tears, Of childhood's years, The words of love then
leaves in wint' - ry weath - er, I feel like one Who treads a - lone Some ban-quet hall de-



spo - ken, The eyes that shone, Now dimm'd and gone, The cheerful hearts now bro - ken: Thus, in the
 sert - ed, Whose lights are fled, Whose garlands dead, And all but he de - part - ed. Thus, in the



stil - ly night, Ere slumber's chain has bound me, Sad mem'ry brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me.
 stil - ly night, Ere slumber's chain has bound me, Sad mem'ry brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me.



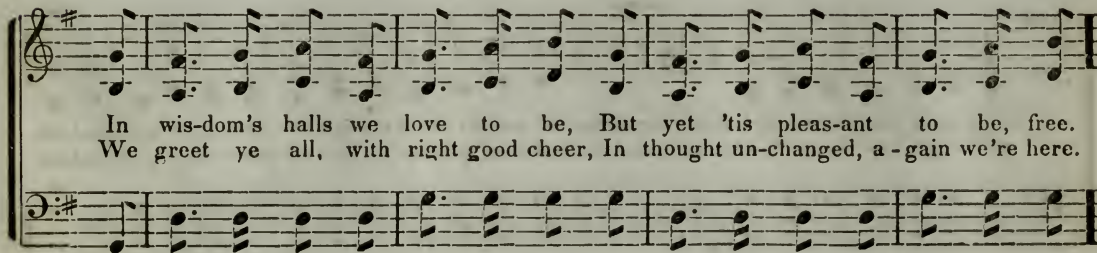
HO, HO, VACATION DAYS ARE HERE.

Words by J. C. Johnson.

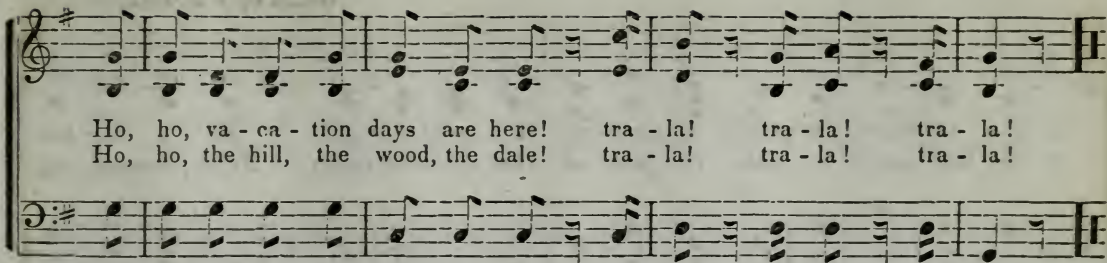
Allegro.



1. Ho, ho, va - ca - tion days are here, Tral - la! tral - la! tral - la! }
 We welcome them with right good cheer, Tral - la! tral - la! tral - la! }
 2. Ho, ho, the hill, the wood, the dale, Tral - la! tral - la! tral - la! }
 The lake on which we used to sail, Tral - la! tral - la! tral - la! }



In wis-dom's halls we love to be, But yet 'tis pleas-ant to be, free.
 We greet ye all, with right good cheer, In thought un-changed, a - gain we're here.



Ho, ho, va - ca - tion days are here! tra - la! tra - la! tra - la!
 Ho, ho, the hill, the wood, the dale! tra - la! tra - la! tra - la!

3

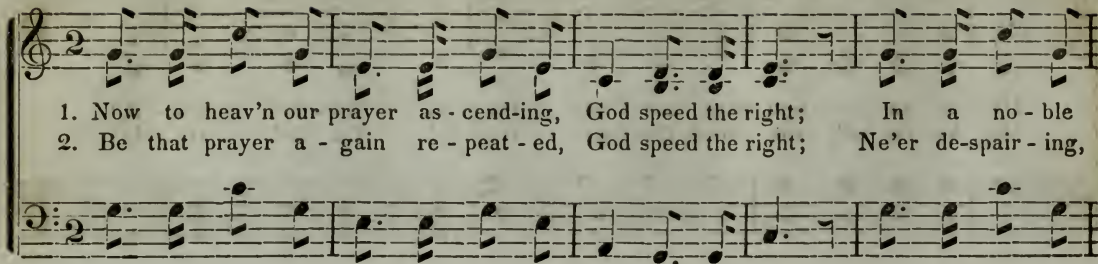
Ho, ho, ye songsters of the shade,
 A merry troop your haunts invade;
 Beware, our songs of merry glee,
 Shall fright ye from the green-wood tree.
 Ho, ho, ye songsters, &c.

4

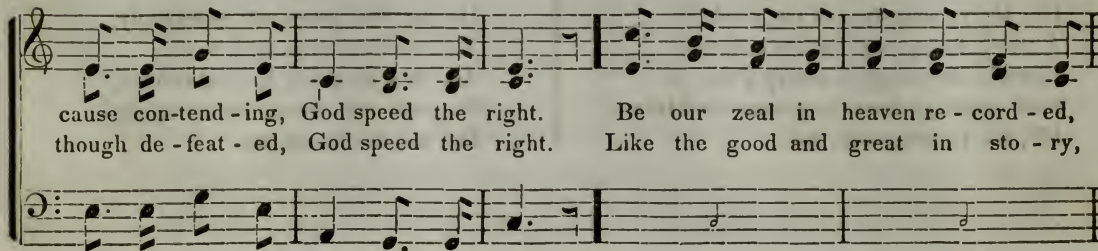
Ho, ho, the hours will quickly fly,
 And soon vacation time be by;
 Ah, then we'll all, in glad refrain,
 Sing welcome to our school again.
 Ho, ho, the hours, &c.

GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

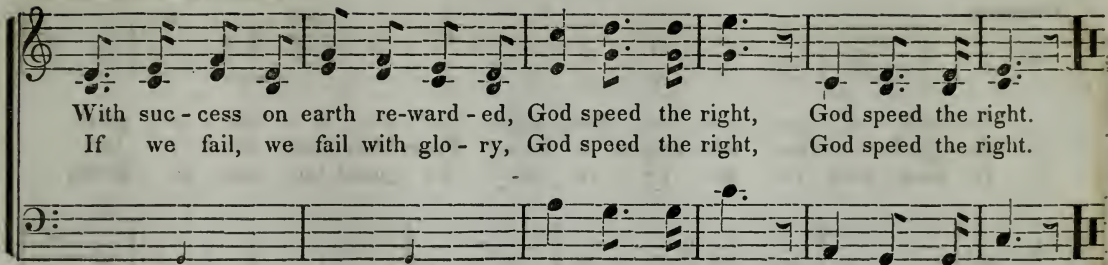
Words by J. E. Hickson.



1. Now to heav'n our prayer as - cend - ing, God speed the right; In a no - ble
 2. Be that prayer a - gain re - peat - ed, God speed the right; Ne'er de - spair - ing,



cause con - tend - ing, God speed the right. Be our zeal in heaven re - cord - ed,
 though de - feat - ed, God speed the right. Like the good and great in sto - ry,



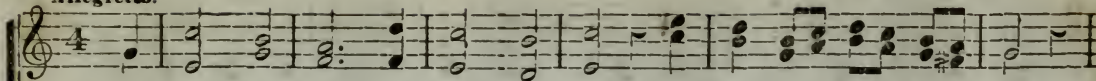
With suc - cess on earth re - ward - ed, God speed the right, God speed the right.
 If we fail, we fail with glo - ry, God speed the right, God speed the right.

3

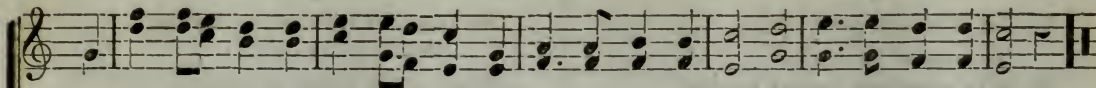
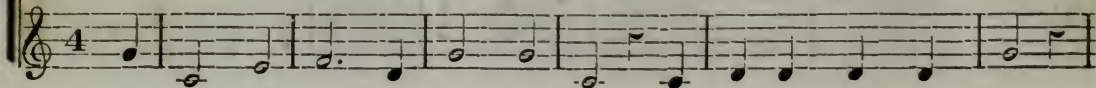
Patient, firm and persevering;
 God speed the right;
 Ne'er th'event nor danger fearing;
 God speed the right.
 Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
 And in heaven's time succeeding;
 God speed the right.

4

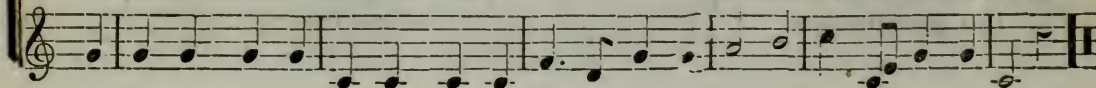
Still our onward course pursuing;
 God speed the right;
 Every foe at length subduing;
 God speed the right.
 Truth our cause, whate'er delay it,
 There's no power on earth can stay it
 God speed the right.

Allegretto.

1. Now end - ed are our stu - dious hours; Let's sing a mer - ry glee!
2. How good the One who reigns a - bove! From Him come eve - ry joy.
3. In kind - ness is he ev - er near, To guard the ones he loves;



'Twill give us strength and will to work, As sounds our melo dy, As sounds our melo - dy.
 He gives us mirth and cheerful song; Let praise our tongues employ, Let praise our tongues employ!
 Nor can each loved one faint or fall, Where'er, or how he roves, Where'er, or how he roves.

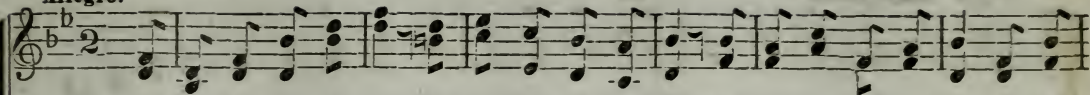


THE SNOW

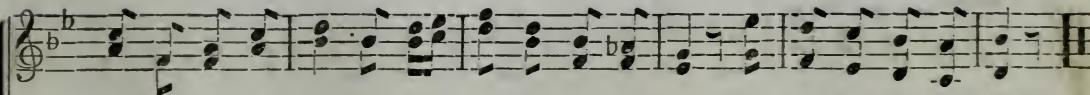
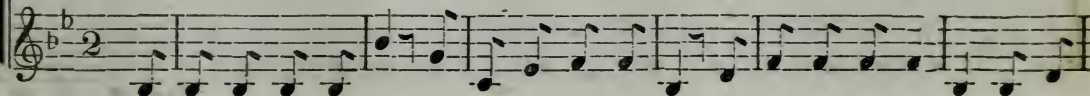
119

Words by J. C. Johnson.

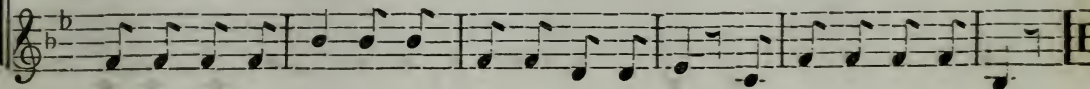
Allegro.



1. I - o! I - o! I - o! How beautiful the snow! What purer than its whiteness? What
2. I - o! I - o! I - o! We love the light, white snow! Now wintry winds are blowing, How
3. I - o! I - o! I - o! How smooth the swift sleighs go! The moon so bright y shining, The



brighter than its brightness, Il - lumed in sun-set's glow? We love the pure white snow.
thick and fast its snowing! Well, let the wild winds blow; We love them, and the snow!
pure blue sky is climbing, The earth so white below— 'Tis pure, 'tis fair—the snow!



FORTH WHERE PURE BREEZES.

Words by J. C. Johnson.

Allegro. Semi-Chorus.

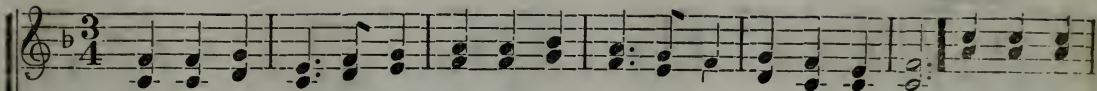
1. Forth where pure breezes breathe on the field! Love-li - est az-ure spreads o'er the world.
 2. Forth to cool shad-ow, haste to the wood! Love-li - est flow-ers bloom in the wood.
 3. Here 'tis so love - ly, come ye and sing, Through all the woodland, let mu-sic ring!

Chorus.

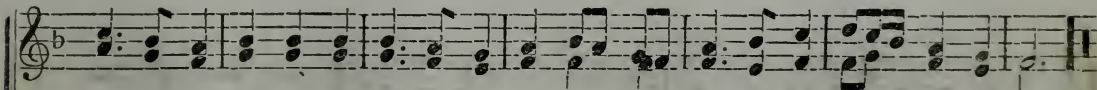
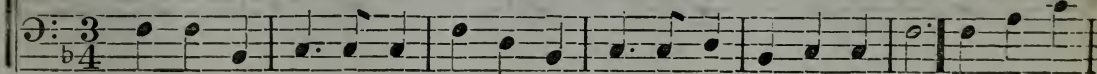
"Yes, un-der heav-en 'tis ev - er fair, Lis-ten! what mu - sic fill - eth the air."
 "Yes, in cool shadow love we to roam, There dwell sweet songsters, melo - dy's home."
 "Yes, let our chorus sweet - ly a - rise, Ri - val the birds that sing in the skies."

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

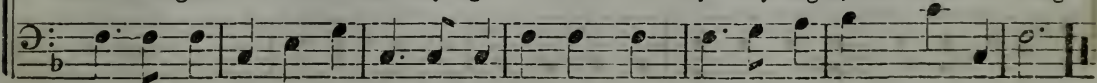
121

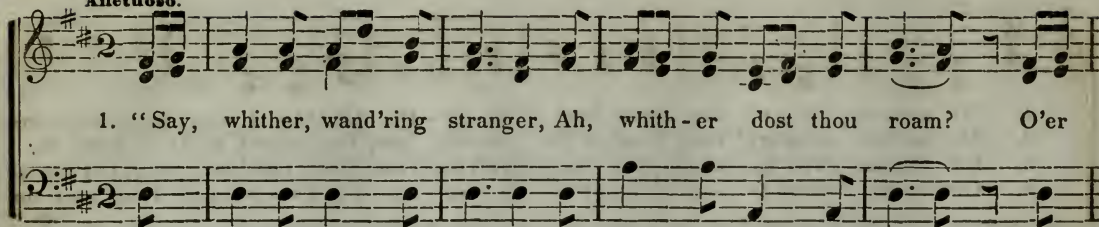


1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na-tive coun-try! thee, Land of the no-ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
4. Our fa-thers' God! to thee, Au-thor of lib - er - ty! To Thee we sing; Long may our

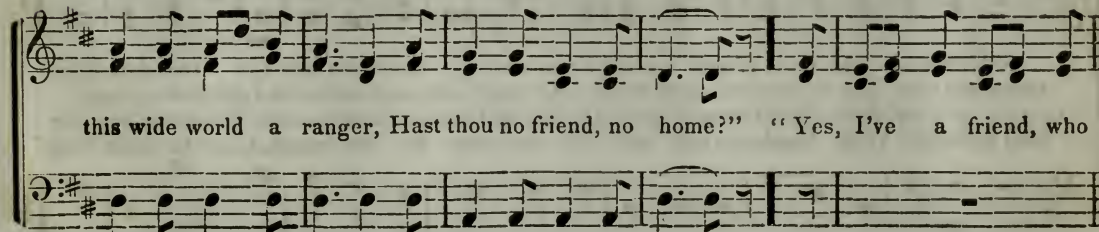


fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From eve-ry mountain side Let free-dom ring.
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a-bove.
 tongues a-wake, Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
 land be bright With freedom's holy light; Pro-tect us by thy might, Great God our King:

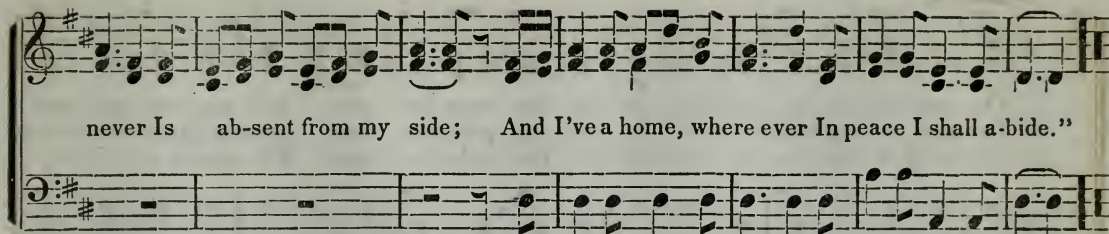


Affettuoso.

1. "Say, whither, wand'ring stranger, Ah, whith-er dost thou roam? O'er



this wide world a ranger, Hast thou no friend, no home?" "Yes, I've a friend, who



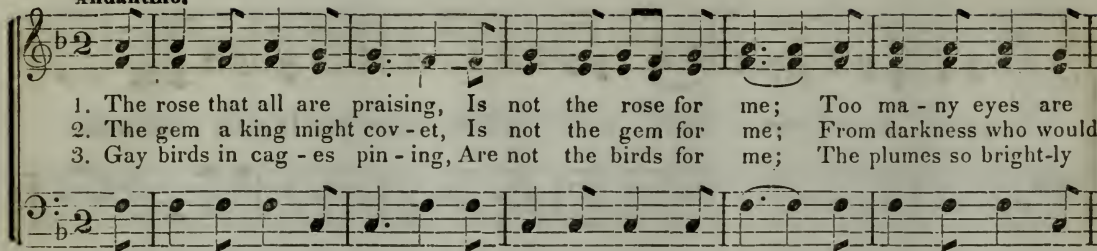
2

"But want and woe have driven
 The roses from thy cheek,
 And garments rent and riven,
 Thy poverty bespeak."
 "I've food with which the angels
 Would all delighted be;
 And robes of dazzling brightness
 Are now awaiting me.

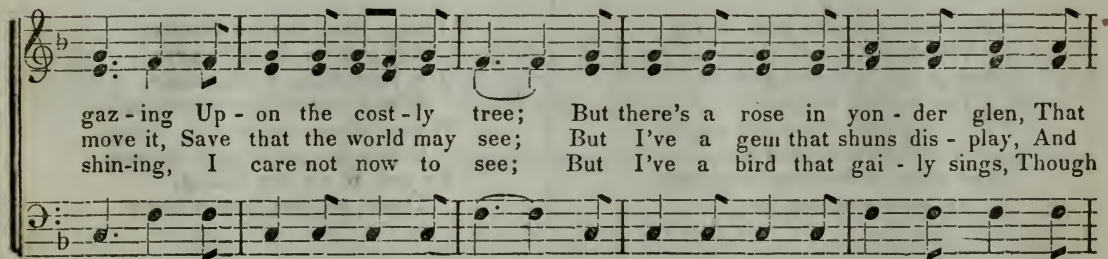
3

"Come, then, benign inquirer,
 And join me on my way;
 I'm journeying to a country,
 Where beams an endless day.
 Where saints and angels, falling
 Before the great white throne,
 To you, to me are calling,
 Haste, pilgrim, hasten home.

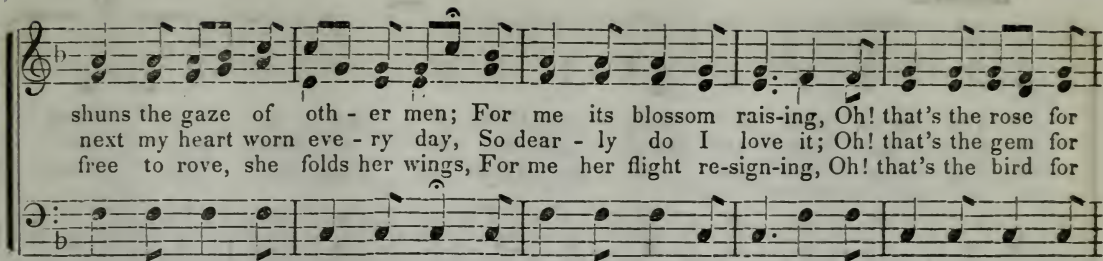
THE ROSE THAT ALL ARE PRAISING.

Andantino.


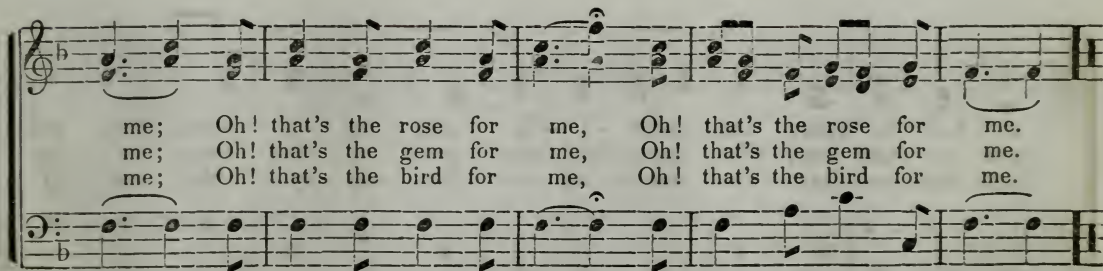
1. The rose that all are praising, Is not the rose for me; Too ma - ny eyes are
 2. The gem a king might cov - et, Is not the gem for me; From darkness who would
 3. Gay birds in cag - es pin - ing, Are not the birds for me; The plumes so bright-ly



gaz - ing Up - on the cost - ly tree; But there's a rose in yon - der glen, That
 move it, Save that the world may see; But I've a gem that shuns dis - play, And
 shin-ing, I care not now to see; But I've a bird that gai - ly sings, Though



shuns the gaze of oth - er men; For me its blossom rais-ing, Oh! that's the rose for
 next my heart worn eve - ry day, So dear - ly do I love it; Oh! that's the gem for
 free to rove, she folds her wings, For me her flight re-sign-ing, Oh! that's the bird for



me; Oh! that's the rose for me, Oh! that's the rose for me.
 me; Oh! that's the gem for me, Oh! that's the gem for me.
 me; Oh! that's the bird for me, Oh! that's the bird for me.

THE SWEET BIRDS ARE SINGING.

Allegretto.

p

1. The sweet birds are wing - ing, From ar - bor to spray From
 2. Our sis - ters to meet us Are now on their way, Are
 3. The cat - tle are low - ing, Come up from your hay, Come

ar - bor to spray, And cheer - i - ly sing - ing Of spring - time and
 now on their way, With gar - lands to greet us, And songs of the
 up from your hay; The morn - ing is May, mer - ry May, mer - ry

f

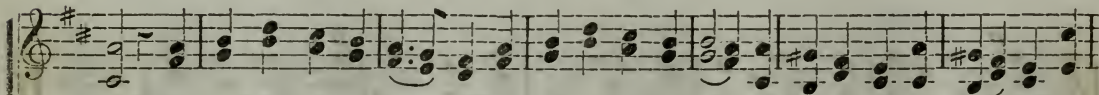
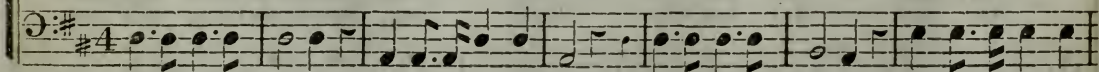
May, mer - ry May! mer - ry May! Sing, Shepherds! sing with me,
 May, mer - ry May! mer - ry May! Sing, Shepherds! sing with me,
 May, mer - ry May! mer - ry May! Sing, Shepherds! sing with me,

p *f* *p*

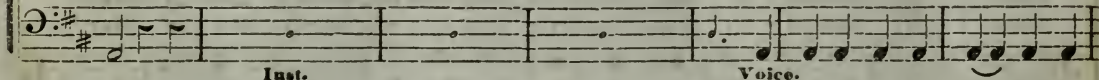
cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly, Sing, Shepherds! sing with me, mer - ry, mer - ry May!
 cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly, Sing, Shepherds! sing with me, mer - ry, mer - ry May!
 cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly, Sing, Shepherds! sing with me, mer - ry, mer - ry May!



1. List! 'tis music steal-ing O-ver the rip-pling sea; Bright yon moon is beaming O-ver each tow'r and
 2. Music sounds the sweetest When on the moonlit sea; We sail our bark, the fleetest, To a sweet mel-o-



tree. The waves seem listening to the sound, As si-lent-ly they flow, O'er co-ral groves and fairy ground, And
 dy. Then, as we're gent-ly sail-ing, We'll sing that plaintive strain Which mem'ry makes en-dear-ing, And



Inst.

Voice.

mf *p* *f*

sparkling caves be-low. List! 'tis mu-sic steal-ing, O-ver the rip-pling sea, Bright yon moon is beaming,
home re-calls a-gain. List! 'tis mu-sic steal-ing, O-ver the rip-pling sea, Bright yon moon is beaming,

p *pp* *mp* *pp* *mp*

O-ver each tow'r and tree. List! List! List to the Convent bells; List! List! List to the Convent bells.
O-ver each tow'r and tree. List! List! List to the Convent bells; List! List! List to the Convent bells.

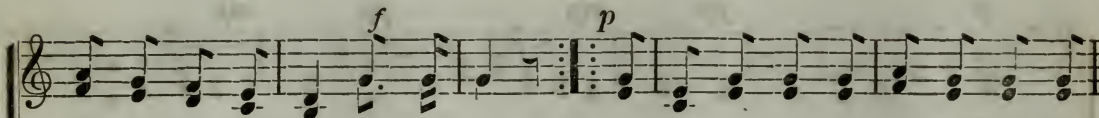
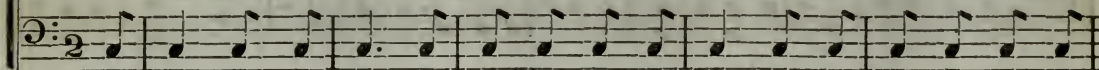
[9]

OH, COME, COME AWAY.

Words by W. E. Hickson.



1. Oh, come, come a - way, from la - bor now re - pos - ing, Let bu - sy care A -
 2. From toil, and the cares on which the day is clos - ing, The hour of eve Brings



while for-bear, Oh, come, come a - way. Come, come our so - cial joys re - new, And
 sweet re-prieve, Oh, come, come a - way Oh, come where love will smile on thee, And



there, where love and friendship grew, Let true hearts welcome you, Oh, come, come a - way.
 round its hearth will glad-ness be, And time fly mer - ri - ly— Oh, come, come a - way.

3

While sweet Philomel, the weary traveller cheer-
 ing,

With evening songs,

Her note prolongs,

Oh, come, come away.

In answering song of sympathy,

We'll sing in tuneful harmony,

Of hope, joy, liberty,

Oh, come, come away.

4

The bright day is gone, the moon and stars ap-
 pearing,

With silver light,

Illuminate the night,

Oh, come, come away.

We'll join in grateful songs of praise,

To Him who crowns our peaceful days,

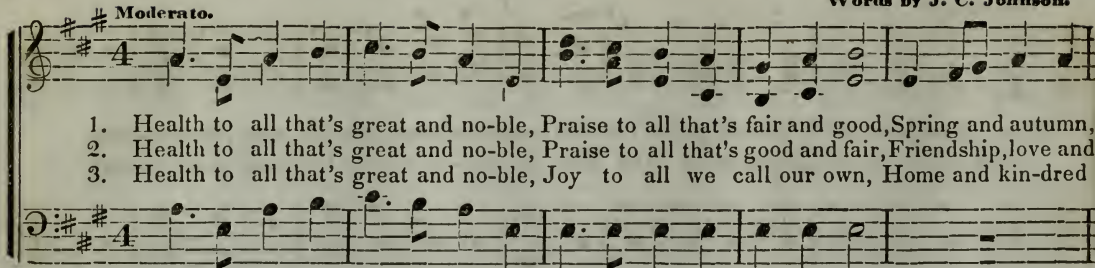
With health, hope, happiness;

Oh, come, come away.

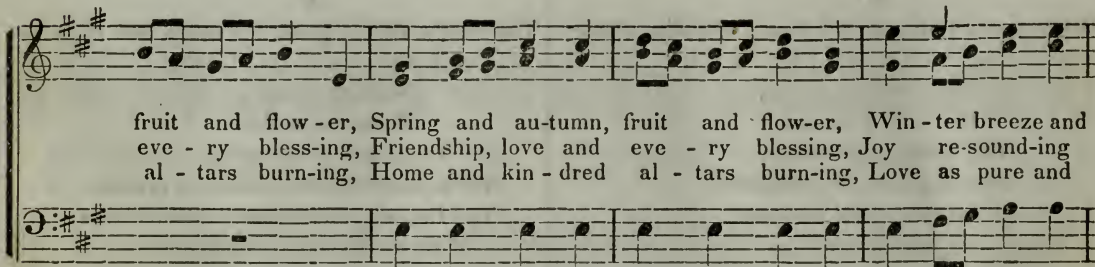
HEALTH TO ALL THAT'S GREAT AND NOBLE.*

Words by J. C. Johnson.

Moderato.

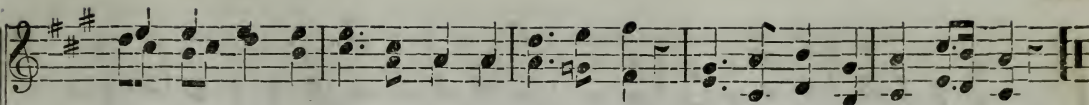


1. Health to all that's great and no-ble, Praise to all that's fair and good, Spring and autumn,
 2. Health to all that's great and no-ble, Praise to all that's good and fair, Friendship, love and
 3. Health to all that's great and no-ble, Joy to all we call our own, Home and kin-dred

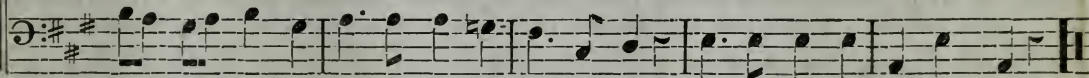


fruit and flow-er, Spring and au-tumn, fruit and flow-er, Win-ter breeze and
 eve-ry bless-ing, Friendship, love and eve-ry blessing, Joy re-sound-ing
 al-tars burn-ing, Home and kin-dred al-tars burn-ing, Love as pure and

* From the Boston Musical Gazette—by permission.



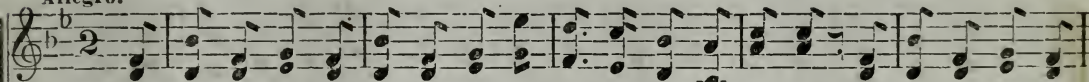
sum-mer show-ers, Pear-ly stream and verdant wood, Pearly stream and verdant wood.
 nev - er ceas-ing, Hearts as free as mountain air, Hearts as free as moun-tain air.
 fresh as morn-ing, Joy to all we call our own, Joy to all we call our own



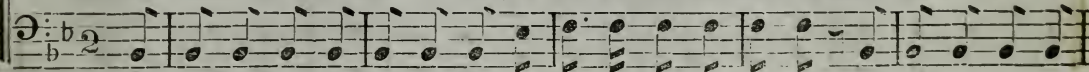
PHILOSOPHY.

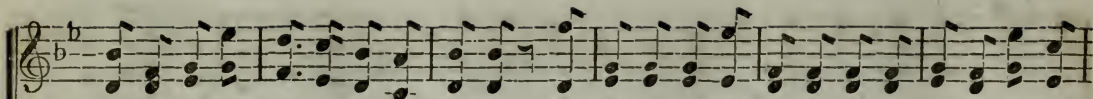
W. TILLINGHAST.

Allegro.

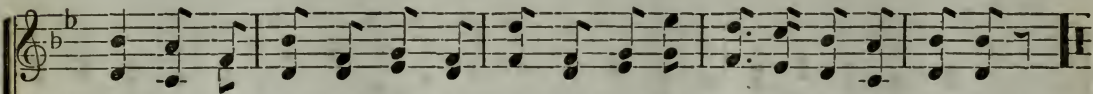
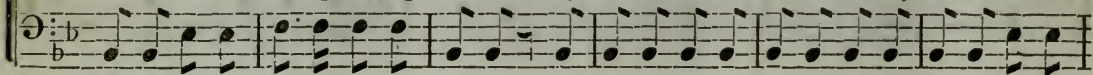


1. Let those who will, repine at fate, And drop their heads in sorrow, I laugh when cares up-
2. I've seen some elves who called themselves My friends in summer weather, Blown far away in
3. I've seen some rich in worldly gear, E - ter - nal - ly re-pin - ing, Their hearts a prey to
4. And still as sor-rows come to me, (As sorrows sometimes will come,) I find the way to

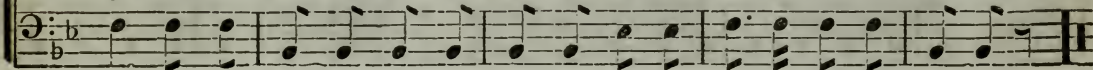




on me wait, I know they'll leave to-morrow. My purse is light, but what of that? My heart is light to
sorrow's day, As winds would blow a feather, I never grieve to see them go; The rascals! who would
every fear, With gladness never shining. I would not change my blithesome heart For all their gold and
make them flee Is, bidding them right welcome. They cannot brook a cheerful look; They're use-^d to sobs and



match it; And if I tear my on - ly coat, I laugh the while I patch it.
heed them? For what's the use of hav-ing friends, If false when most you need them?
sor - row; For that's a thing that all their wealth Can neither buy nor bor-row.
sigh - ing; And he who meets them with a smile, Is sure to see them fly - ing.

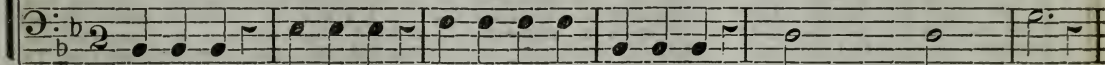


GOOD NIGHT.

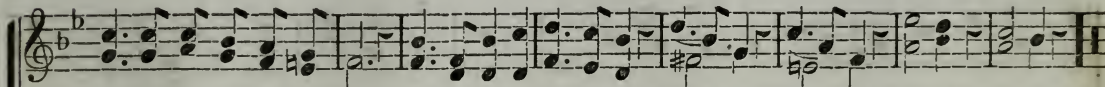
S. S. WARDWELL. 135



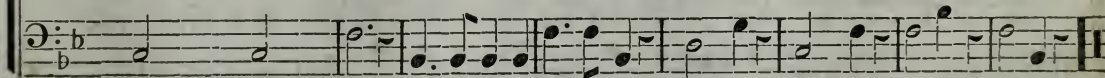
1. Day is past! day is past, Stars have set their watch at last, Founts that thro' the deep woods flow;
2. Go to rest! go to rest! Sleep sit dovelike on thy breast, If with - in that se-cret cell,



3. Joy be thine! joy be thine! Kind looks on thy slumbers shine! An-gels watch around thy bed,



Make sweet sounds unheard till now, Flowers have shut till morning light, Good night, good night, good night, good night.
One dark form of memory dwell, Be it mantled from thy sight, Good night, good night, good night, good night.



God his blessing on thee shed, Meet at last in worlds of light, Good night, good night, good night, good night.

WHERE DWELL THE NOBLE FREE?

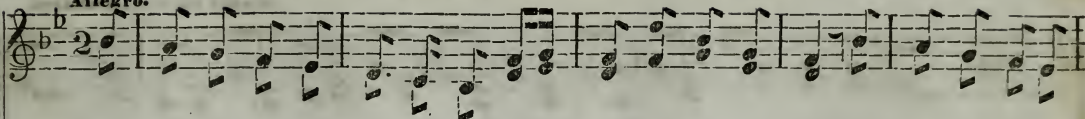
From the Boston Musical Gazette, by permission.

Words by J. C. Johnson.

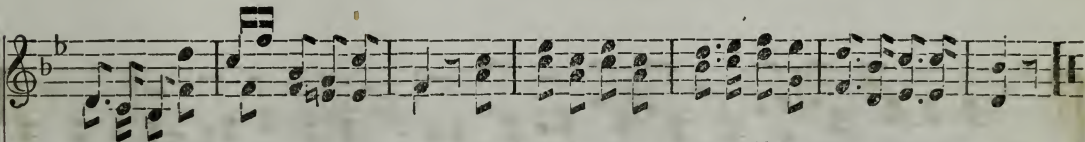
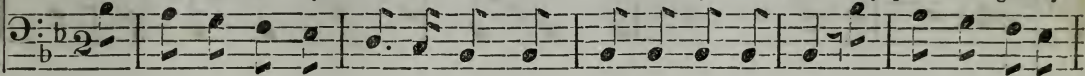
1. Where dwell the no - ble free? Hark! now, in wild com - motion, Re - sounds o'er land and o - cean, The
 2. Where dwell the no - ble free? List to the trum - pets calling, And hosts and kingdoms fall - ing, And
 3. Joy for the no - ble free? Soon, soon in splen - dor dawning, A - rose a nation's morn - ing, And
 4. Where dwell the no - ble free? O - ceans its shores are lav - ing, And ban - ners o'er it wav - ing, Our
 5. Shout ye o'er land and sea! Light in the east is breaking, And dis - tant climes are wak - ing, To

cry of lib - er - ty, Where dwell the no - ble free? Where dwell the no - ble free?
 monarchs bend the knee, There strive the no - ble free, There strive the no - ble free.
 wild winds rang in glee— Joy for the no - ble free, Joy for the no - ble free.
 land, the great, the free; There dwell the no - ble free, There dwell the no - ble free.
 life and lib - er - ty. Shout ye o'er land and sea! Shout for the no - ble free.

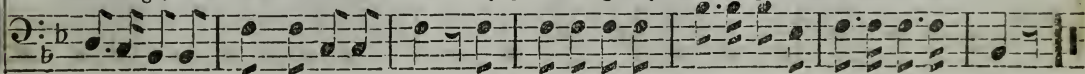
Allegro.



1. Drive on, thou stur-dy farm-er, Drive cheer-ly o'er the field; The pleas-ures of a
2. Thou risest with the morn-ing sun, To till the fruit-ful earth; And when thy dai-ly
3. Thou lovest not the gau-dy town, With its tu-mul-tuous roar; Plen-ty and peace thy
4. Mon-archs, with robes in crimson dyed, Are low, com-pared with thee; They are the pampered
5. Go on, thou stur-dy farm-er, 'Tread thank-ful-ly the sod; 'Thy proud and good-ly

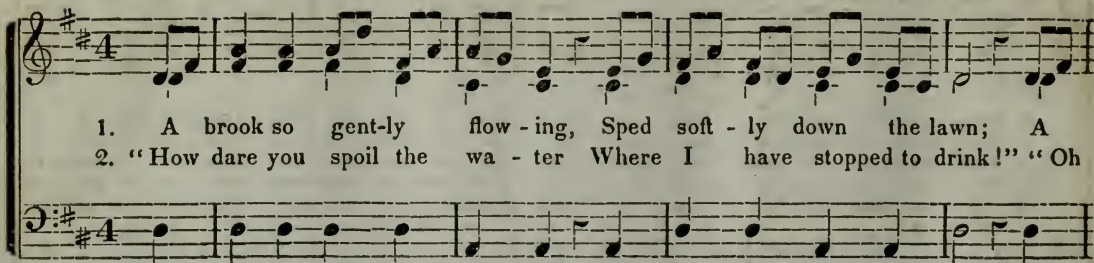


farmer's life No oth-er life can yield, The pleasures of a farmer's life No oth-er life can yield.
 task is done, Thou seek'st thy peaceful hearth, And when thy daily task is done, Thou seek'st thy peaceful hearth.
 fireside crown, And thou dost ask no more, Plen-ty and peace thy fireside crown, And thou dost ask no more.
 sons of pride; Thou'rt God's nobil-i-ty, They are the pampered sons of pride; Thou'rt God's nobil-i-ty.
 her-i-tage, Thou cho-sen man of God. Thy proud and goodly her-i-tage, Thou chosen man of God.

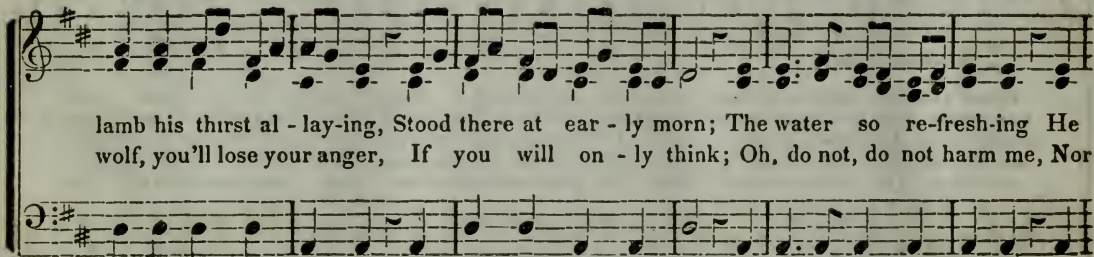


A BROOK SO GENTLY FLOWING.

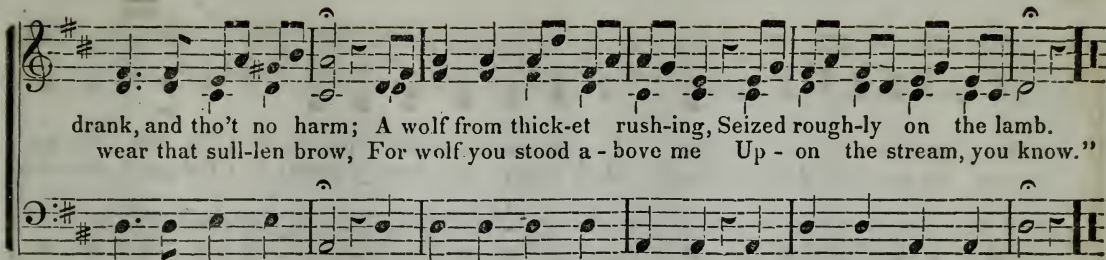
Words by J. C. Johnson



1. A brook so gent-ly flow-ing, Sped soft-ly down the lawn; A
2. "How dare you spoil the wa-ter Where I have stopped to drink!" "Oh



lamb his thirst al-lay-ing, Stood there at ear-ly morn; The water so re-fresh-ing He
wolf, you'll lose your anger, If you will on-ly think; Oh, do not, do not harm me, Nor



3

"Well, lamb, if I'm in error,
 I know you've done me wrong;
 A sland'rous tale last winter,
 I suffered from it long;
 And when I made inquiry,
 Found you the lie had told—"
 "Why, wolf, a lie last winter,—
 I'm only four weeks old!"

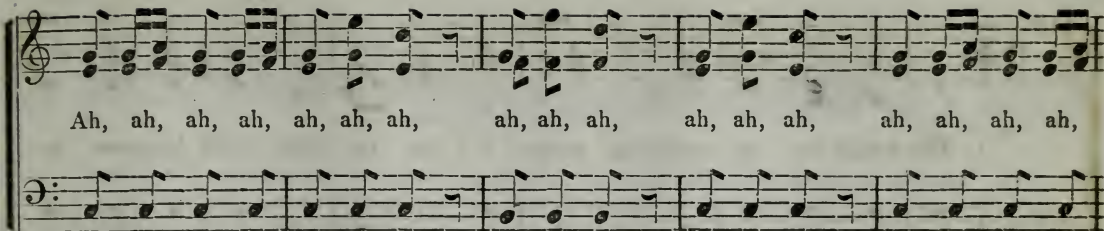
4

The lamb, so mild replying,
 He proved the wolf was wrong.
 But, ah! the the lamb so lovely,
 Was weak, the wolf was strong;
 He cried, "It was your father,
 And you his guilt must share,"
 Nor waiting for an answer,
 Began the lamb to tear.

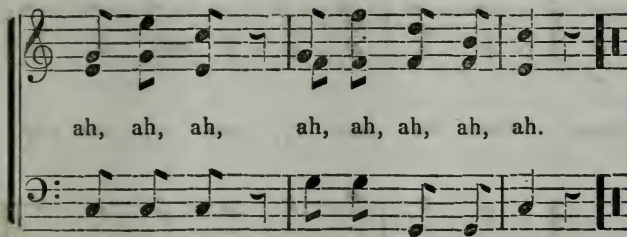
WHEN THE DAY WITH ROSY LIGHT.

1. When the day with ro - sy light, In the morning glad appears, } { Up the sun-ny
And the dus - ky shades of night, Melt a-way in dew-y tears; } { Bid good mor-row

hills I roam, }
to the flowers, } Wak-en, in their highland home, The minstrels of the bowers.



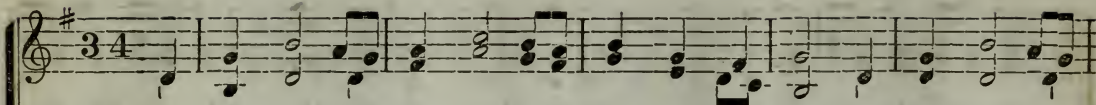
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah,



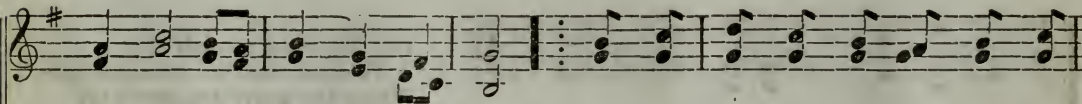
ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah.

2
 Oh! 'tis sweet at early day,
 Then to climb the mountain side,
 Where the merry songster's lay
 Sweetly echoes far and wide;
 Noon may have its sunny glare,
 Eve its twilight and its dew;
 Night, its soft and cooling air,
 But give me morning blue.

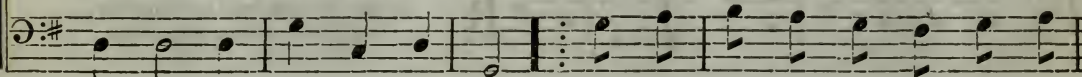
THE BRIGHT ROSY MORNING.

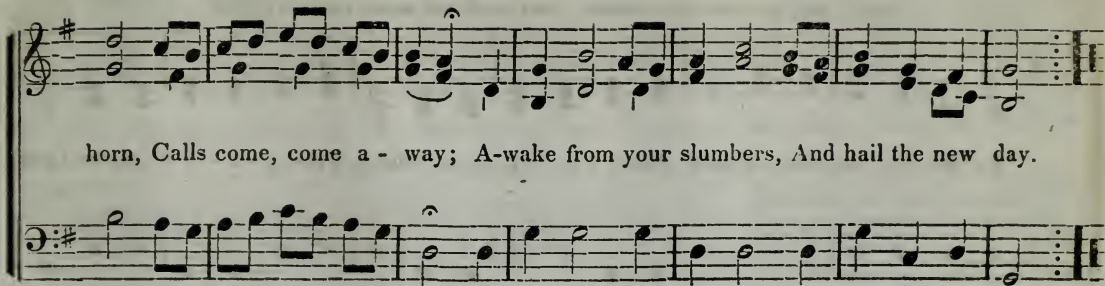


1. The bright ro - sy morn-ing, peeps o - ver the hills, With blush-es a-



dorn - ing the mead-ows and fields. While the mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry





2

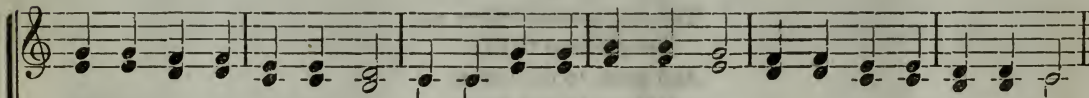
The stag roused before us,
 Away seems to fly,
 And pants to the chorus
 Of hounds in full cry;
 Then follow, follow, follow, follow
 The musical chase,
 Where pleasure and vigor,
 And health all embrace.

SONG OF THE MONTHS.

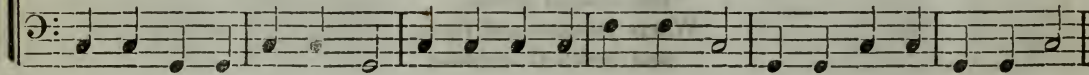
Words by J. C. Johnson.

May be sung by twelve small scholars, joining hands, and moving round in a circle.

As we cir - cle with our song, Jan - u - a - ry comes a-long, Feb - ru - a - ry bright and gay,



March, with winds in bu - sy play, A - pril, with its smiles and showers, Pastures green, and verdant bowers;



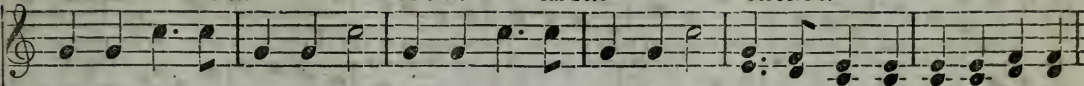
1st Solo.

2d Solo.

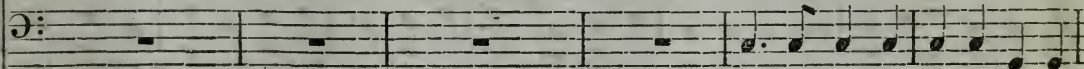
3d Solo.

4th Solo

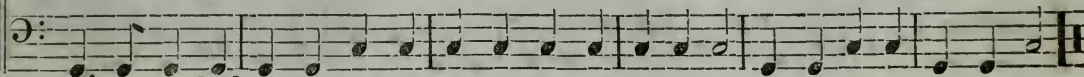
CHORUS.



I'm bright May, and June am I, I'm Ju - ly, and Au-gust I; Here comes pale and wan Sep-tem-ber,



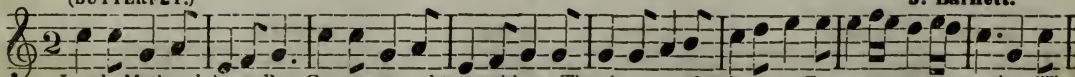
Bright Oc - to - ber, cold No - vem-ber, Last De-cem-ber, old and gray, Her-alds in the Win-ter's day.



THE BUTTERFLY, MOTH AND BEE.

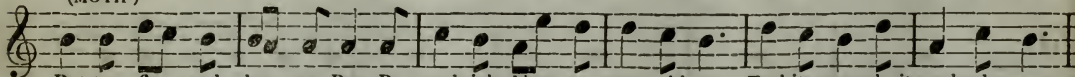
(BUTTERFLY.)

J. Barnett.



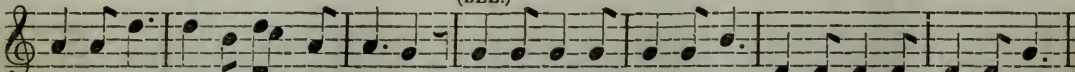
Lovely Moth and bu-sy Bee, Come away and taste with me, The pleasures of vari - e - ty, For - ev - er, ev - er ranging, 'Tis
sweet on buoyant air to move, O'er garden, valley, field and grove, to flirt, to tri - fle and to rise, For - ev - er, ev - er changing.

(MOTH)



But - ter - fly and bu - sy Bee, By yon bright blaze go sport with me, Feel its warmth, its splendor see,
Near it gent - ly playing; Mark its rays as round we go, We need not touch the flame you know, At pleasure's call our

(BEE.)

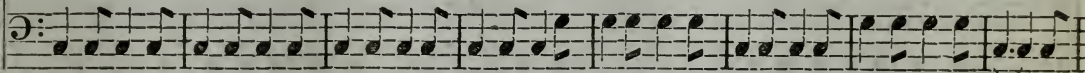


bosoms glow, Haste, her call o - bey - ing. But - ter - fly and Moth so fair, sil - ly, i - dle, thoughtless pair,
Stay and know the deepest snare As - sumes the form of pleasure; Some dai - ly du - ty seek, like me, For
ah! be sure that in du - ty To eve - ry one a - like will be, A safeguard and a treasure.

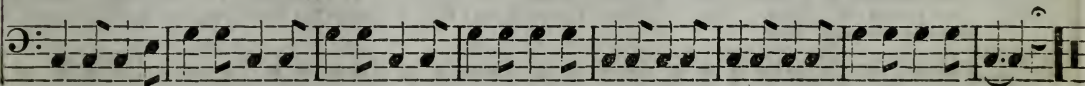
CHORUS.



See, ah see yon cru - el boy, The gau-dy Butter - fly destroy, And victim to de - lusive joy, The Moth expires in flame ; The



Bee still cheerful. busy, gay, Resumes its toil from day to day, 'Tis industry that points the way, To virtue and to fame.



THE AUTUMN TIME. (Responsive.)

(In a school of boys and girls, the latter may sing the first semi-chorus.)

By J. C. Johnson

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a time signature of 2/4. It contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, mostly beamed in pairs. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing similar beamed eighth and sixteenth notes.

Chorus. 1. All hail, the glorious autumn time, The autumn time, the autumn time ; We'll sing its praise in merry chime, The
1st semi-cho. 2. We've gathered fruits of the choicest kinds, Of color, rare and taste refined ; We'll make a feast for us alone, Aye,
2d sem-cho. 3. We cannot share with ev-e-ry drone, The feast we've spread for us alone ; Go forth and gather, there's plenteous store, For

Chorus. 4. All hail, the glorious autumn time, The autumn time, the autumn time ; We'll sing its praise in merry chime, The

The second system of musical notation also consists of two staves in the same key signature and time signature. The top staff features a series of musical phrases, some of which are repeated. Below the staves, there are four columns of lyrics corresponding to the musical phrases. The bottom staff continues the musical notation with beamed eighth and sixteenth notes.

1st Semi-Chorus. 2d Semi-Chorus. 1st Semi-Chorus. 2d Sem-Cho. As at commencement.

pleasant au-tumn time. Ha, ha, ha ! Ha, ha, ha ! Ha, ha, ha ! Ha, ha, ha ! We'll sing its praise in
for ourselves a - lone. You and I ! You and I ! You and I ! You and I ! We'll make a feast, &c.
you and ma - ny more. Run a - long ! Yes we'll run ! Run a - long ! Yes we'll run ! Go forth and gather, &c.
pleasant au-tumn time.

Fine. 2d Semi-Chorus.

1st Semi-Chorus.

merry chime, The pleasant autumn time. 2d verse. Give me a share! No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
3d " And as we go, To the fields we will mer-ri-ly

2d Semi-Chorus.

1st Semi-Chorus.

2d Semi-Chorus.

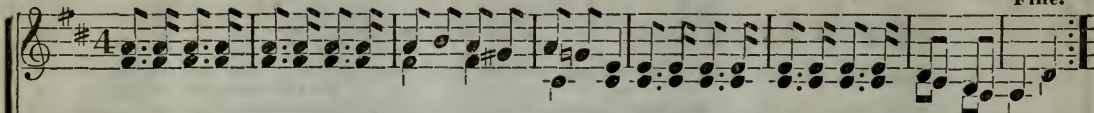
no. Give me a share! No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no! Oh what is the use of the
sing. And as we go To the fields we will mer-ri-ly sing! And autumn shall give us as

autumn time, if we cannot enjoy the fruits of her growing, That taste so deliciously, smile ah so lusciously, it is not fair!
well as you, of all the good things, the fruits of her growing, That taste so deliciously, smile ah so lusciously, in morning air!

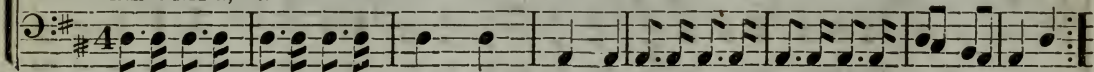
COUNT RUDOLF.

Words by J. C. Johnson.

Fine.



1. Warder on the tur-ret old, now lift thy voice right merrily, Rudolf from the Holy Land comes riding homeward cheerily. }
 Noble heart and mighty hand have won him meed of glory, Hoary minstrels sung his name, and kings rehearsed the story. }
 Hail, to Rudolf true and brave from forest glade advancing, Brightly in the morning rays his azure shield is glancing, }
 Followed by his trusty men whose arms like fire are beaming; Shout ye till the echoes wide awoken from their dreaming. }
 2. Never hath a tru-er knight borne crest or gentle to-ken, Never hath his given word been ill or lightly broken, }
 Often hath the orphan's wrong by valiant arm been righted, Often hath the poor man's smile by generous hand been lighted. }
 Hail to Rudolf, &c.



D. C.



Haste then to meet him, Eve - ry re - tain - er, Fling to the winds Our time honored banner.
 Haste then, &c.

ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.

CHAPTER I.

MUSICAL sounds have three essential properties, viz. LENGTH, PITCH, and POWER; consequently there are three distinctions in the nature of musical sounds; or musical sounds differ in three respects.

1. Long or Short,
2. High or Low,
3. Soft or Loud.

Each of these distinctions gives rise to a separate department.

That department which grows out of the first distinction is called Rhythm, and treats of the length of sounds.

That department which grows out of the second distinction, is called Melody, and treats of the pitch of sounds.

That department which grows out of the third distinction is called Dynamics, and treats of the power of sounds.

QUESTIONS.

How many distinctions exist in the nature of musical sounds? What is the first distinction called?—Second?—Third? How many separate departments are there in the Elementary principles of Music? What is the first department called?—Of what does Rhythm treat?—What is the second department called!—Of what does Melody treat?—What is the third department called?—Of what does Dynamics treat? How many essential properties have musical sounds? What are they?

CHAPTER II.

RHYTHM.

The time which is occupied in the performance of a piece of music, must be divided into equal portions, called MEASURES. Measures are also divided into PARTS OF MEASURES.

A measure with two parts is called DOUBLE measure. A measure with three parts is called

TRIPLE measure. A measure with four parts is called **QUADRUPLE measure**. A measure with six parts is called **SEXTUPLE measure**. The character used in written music for separating the measures is made thus: | and is called a **BAR**.

To aid in the accurate division of time, we may either count for each part of the measure, or make a motion with the hand, for each part of the measure. The motion of the hand is called **beating time**.

In beating **Double time**, the first motion is made *Down*; and the second *Up*. In beating **Triple time**, the first motion is made *Down*; second *Left*; third *Up*. In beating **Quadruple time**, the first motion is made *Down*, second *Left*, third *Right*, fourth, *Up*. In beating **sextuple time**, the first two motions are made *Down*, third *Left*, fourth *Right*, fifth and sixth *Up*.

Double measure is accented on the first part of the measure. **Triple measure** is accented on the first part. **Quadruple measure** is accented on the first and third parts of the measure. **Sextuple measure** is accented on the first and fourth parts of the measure.

QUESTIONS.

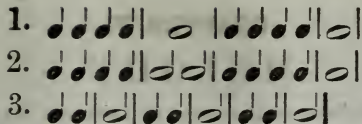
What are the portions of time called, into which Music is divided? What portions of time are smaller than measures? What is the measure called which has two parts: A measure which has three parts? Four parts? Six parts? What is the character called which is used for separating the measures? To aid in the accurate division of time, what may we do? What is the motion of the hand called? How do we beat **Double time**? **Triple time**? **Quadruple time**? **Sextuple time**?

NOTE. — The pupils may be exercised in the different kinds of time, in connection with beating time and accenting.

CHAPTER III.

RHYTHM.

The length of sounds are represented by certain characters called notes. The whole note (○) may be regarded as four beats long. If a whole note is four beats long, the half note (◐) is two beats long, and the quarter note (◑) is one beat long. Two eighths (◒ ◓) must be sung at one beat.



QUESTIONS.

What are those characters called which represent the length of sounds? How long is a whole note? What kind of a note is that which is two beats long? What kind of a note is that which is one beat long? What two notes must be sung at one beat? If a whole note occupies one measure, what will occupy two parts of the measure? What will occupy one part?

NOTE. — The above, and similar lessons, may be sung by the class to the syllable La.

N. B. In all the exercises in this work, a quarter note occupies one part of a measure, and consequently some idea of the relative length of the notes as here used, is conveyed by the expression, "a whole note is four beats long," &c. When the pupils are far enough advanced to understand it, the fact that the notes have no positive length, should be explained.

CHAPTER IV.

MELODY.

Musical sounds, as differing in pitch, are arranged in a certain order, called **THE SCALE**.

The scale consists of eight sounds, named **ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE, SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT.**

In singing the scale the following syllables are used: — Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do. Pronounced, Doe, Ray, Mee, Fah, Sole, Lah, See, Doe.

QUESTIONS.

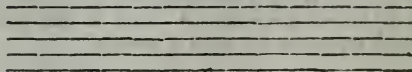
What is that series of sounds called which lies at the foundation of Melody? Of how many sounds does the Scale consist? What syllable is sung to One? Two? Three? &c.

CHAPTER V.

MELODY.

The common method of representing the Pitch of sounds, is by the use of lines and spaces, called the **STAFF**. The staff consists of five lines and four spaces.

STAFF.





Each line and space of the staff is called a DEGREE. Notes may be written below and above the staff. The first place for notes below the staff, is called the SPACE BELOW; the next place, the FIRST ADDED LINE BELOW, the next, the FIRST ADDED SPACE BELOW, &c. The first place for notes above the staff, is called the SPACE ABOVE; the next place, the FIRST ADDED LINE ABOVE; the next, the FIRST ADDED SPACE ABOVE, &c. The lowest line of the staff is called the FIRST LINE; the lowest space of the staff is the FIRST SPACE, &c.

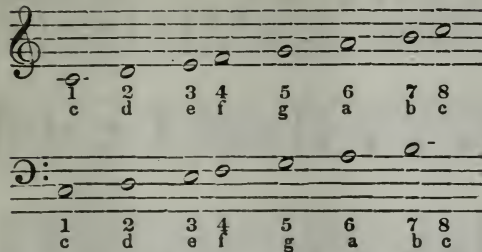
QUESTIONS.

What is the common method of representing the pitch of sounds? How many lines does the staff contain? How many spaces? What is each line and space of the staff called? How many degrees does the staff contain? What is the first place for notes below the staff called? The next place? What is the first place for notes above the staff called? The next place? What is the lowest line of the staff called? What is the lowest space called? What is that character called which represents the pitch of sounds?

CHAPTER VI. MELODY.

The difference between two sounds is called an interval. There are two kinds of intervals in the scale: small and large. The small intervals are called half steps, the large intervals are called steps. The half steps occur between three and four, and seven and eight. For the purpose of fixing the pitch of sounds, the first seven letters of the Alphabet are applied to the sounds of the scale. One is C, two is D, three is E, four is F, five is G, six is A, seven is B, eight is C. There are two ways of writing the scale upon the staff. To distinguish between these two ways, two characters are used, called Clefs. When the treble or G. clef  is used, it fixes G upon the second line, and C, being one of the scale, is on the first added line below. When the Base or F Clef  is used, it fixes F upon the fourth line, and

C, or one, will be upon the second space.



QUESTIONS.

What is the difference in pitch between two sounds called? How many kinds of intervals are there in the scale? What are the small intervals called? The large intervals? Where do the small intervals occur? Why are the first seven letters of the Alphabet applied to the scale? What letter is one? Two? Three? &c. In how many ways is the scale written upon the staff? How many clefs are used? Name the clefs. When the Treble or G clef is used, where is one? When the Base or F clef is used, where is one?

CHAPTER VII.

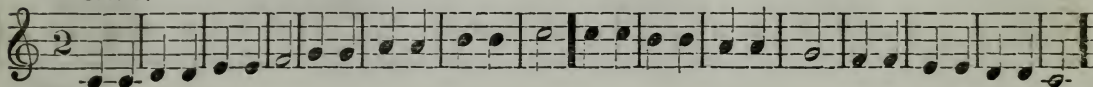
A figure is usually placed at the commencement of exercises and tunes, to denote the kind of measure. 2 indicates that the measure has two parts; 3 indicates triple measure; 4 quadruple measure, &c.

PRACTICAL EXERCISES.

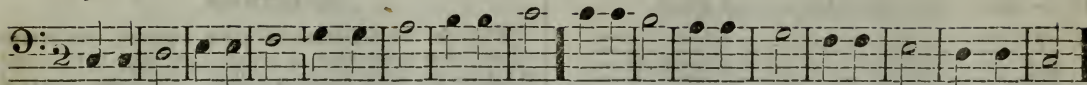
QUESTIONS BEFORE SINGING.

What kind of notes does the first measure contain? The second? The third? How many parts of the measure does a quarter note occupy? A half note? &c. In what kind of measure is the lesson written? How is the measure accented?

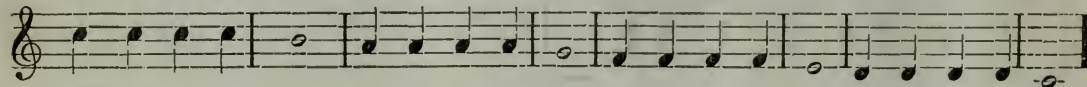
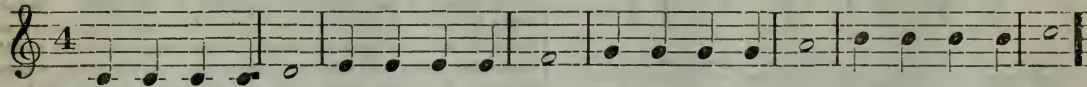
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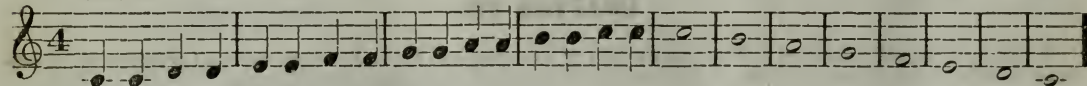
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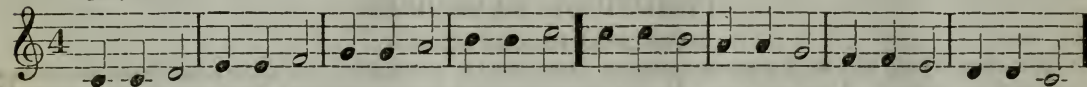
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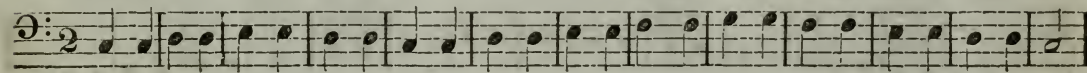
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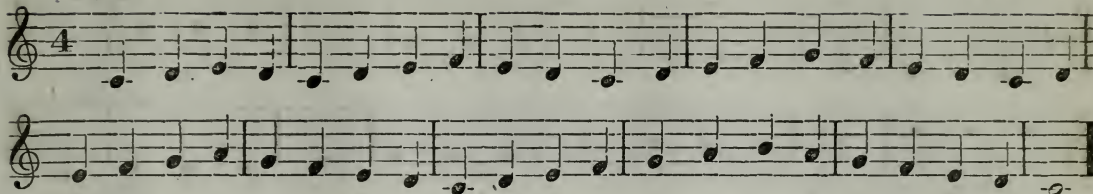
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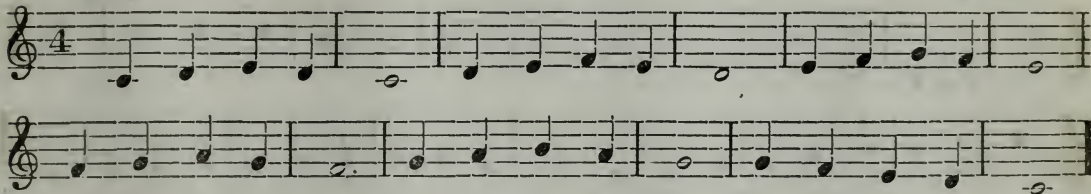
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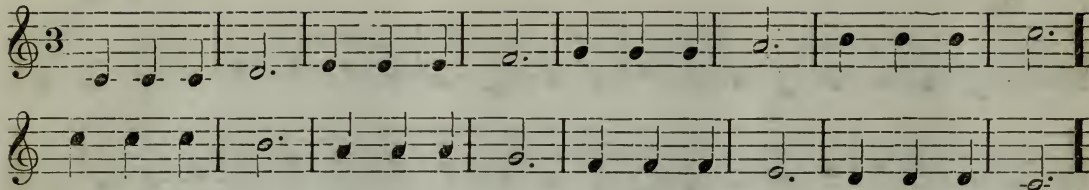
 CHAPTER VIII.

Notes are made longer by the use of dots. One dot increases the length of a note one half. A whole note being four beats long, becomes six beats when dotted.

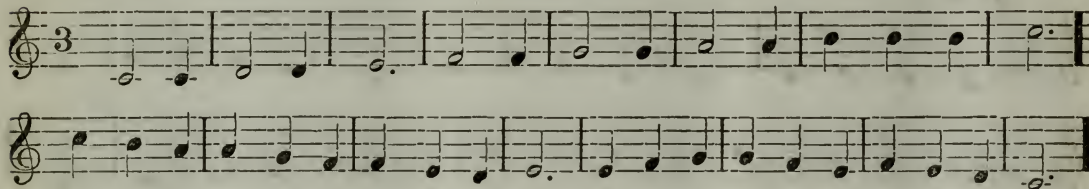
QUESTIONS.

How much does a dot add to the length of a note? How long is a dotted whole note? A dotted half? A dotted quarter?

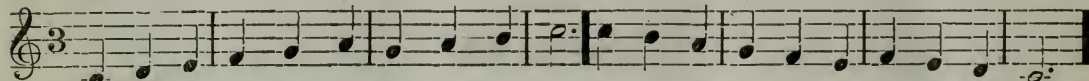
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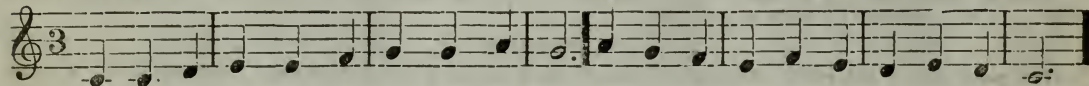
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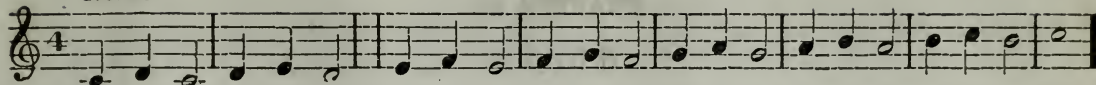
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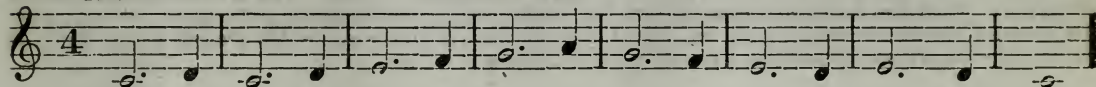
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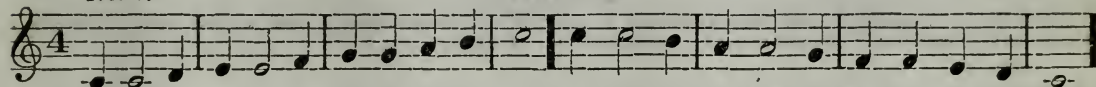
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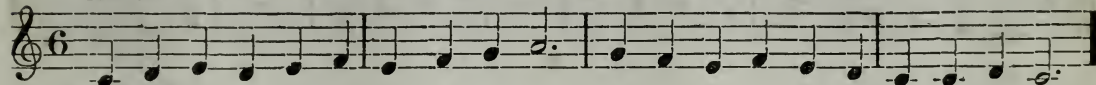
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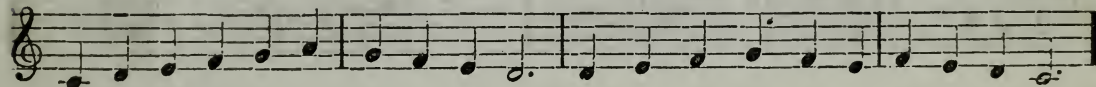
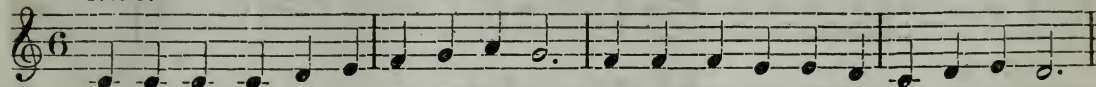
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






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CHAPTER IX.

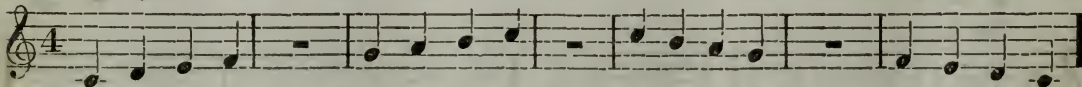
R E S T S .

We are often required to pass over a measure, or part of a measure, in silence. This is indicated by characters called rests. Each note has its corresponding rest. A whole rest is a mark in the form of a square,  placed below a line ; a half rest is a similar mark , placed above the line ; a quarter rest  has a curve to the right, an eighth rest  has a curve to the left, a sixteenth  has two curves to the left.

QUESTIONS.

When we are required to pass over a measure or a part of a measure in silence, how is it indicated ? Describe a whole rest ? A half rest ? A quarter rest ? An eighth rest ? A sixteenth rest ?

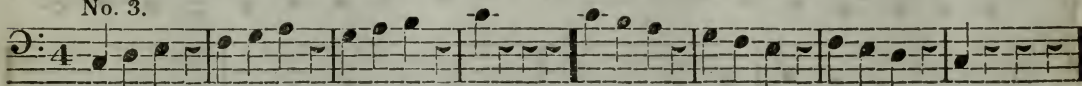
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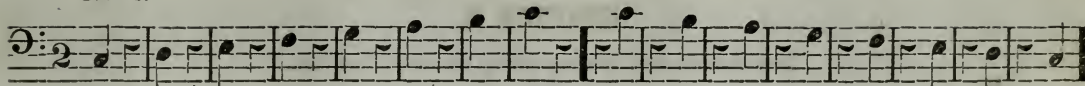
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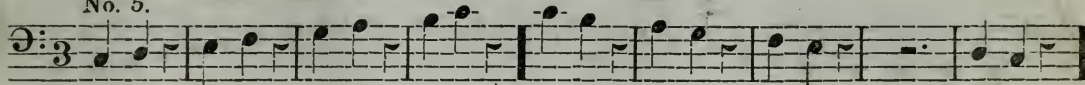
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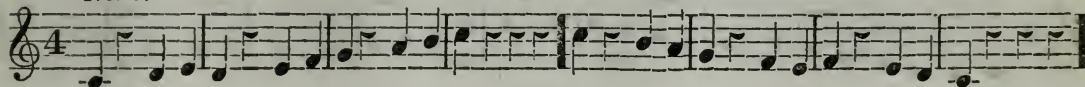
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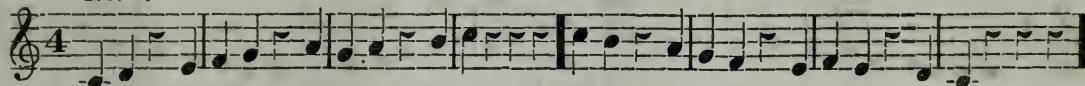
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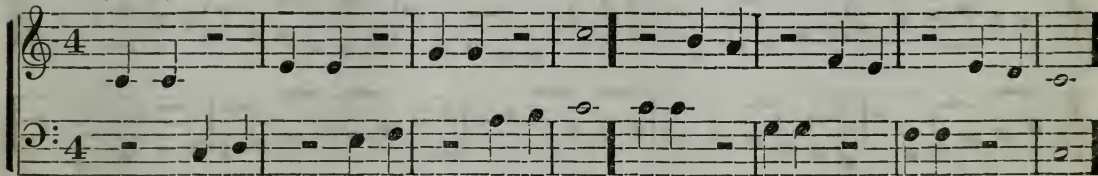
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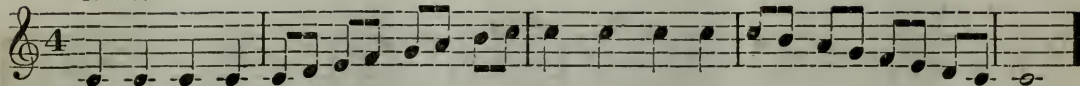
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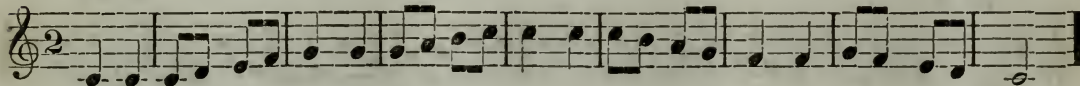
CHAPTER X.

Two eighths must be sung during the time of one beat.

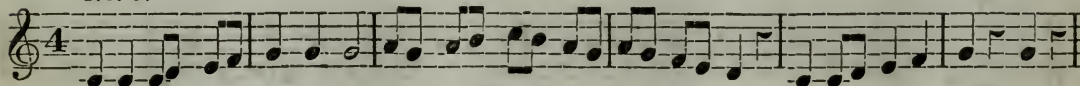
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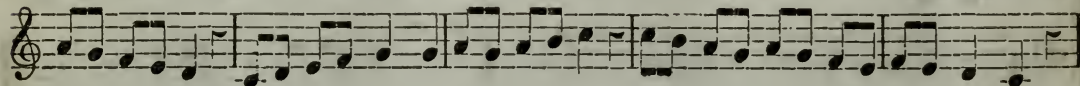
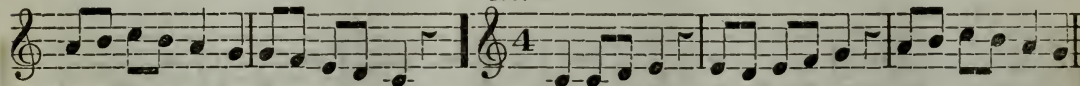
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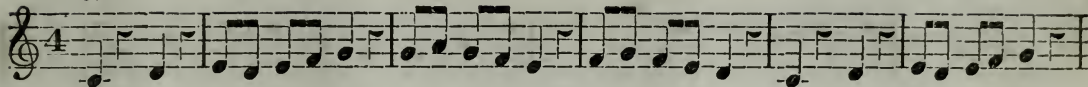
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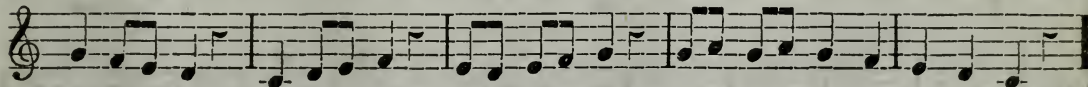
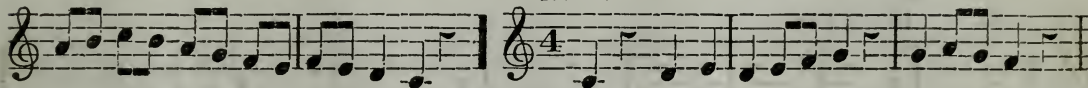
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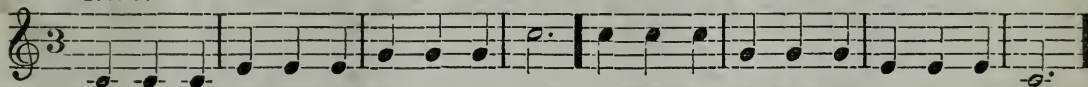
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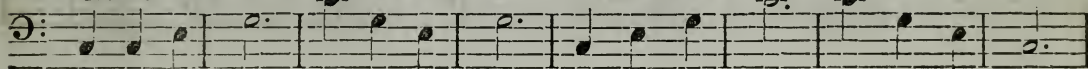
CHAPTER XI.

In all the preceding exercises, the sounds have regularly ascended or descended. In the following exercises, the voice is required to go from one sound to another, skipping over intervening sounds.

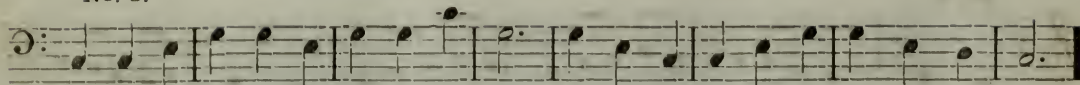
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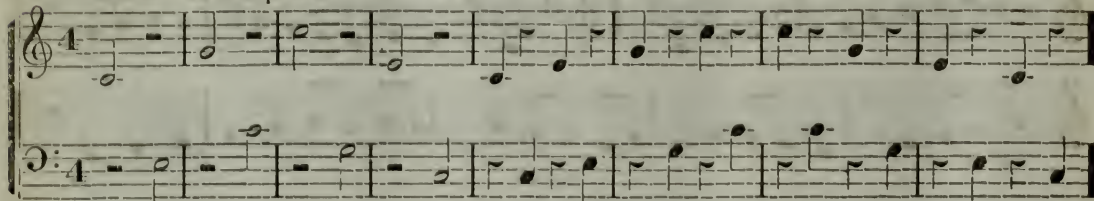
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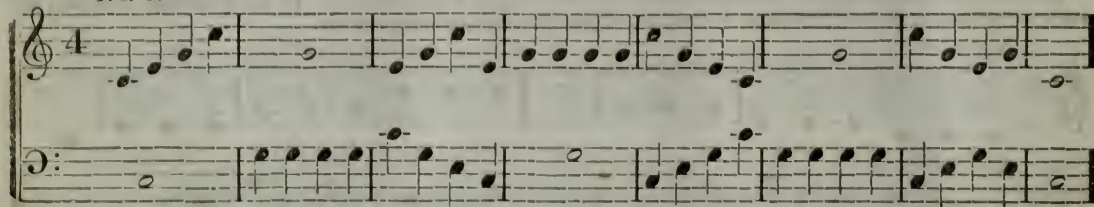
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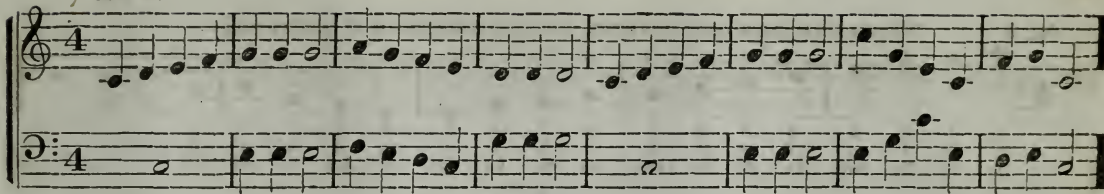
No. 4. In two parts.



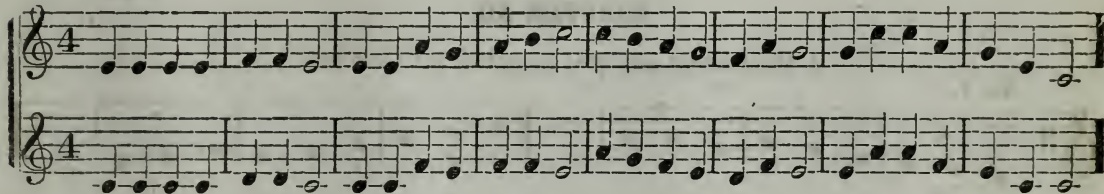
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No. 6.

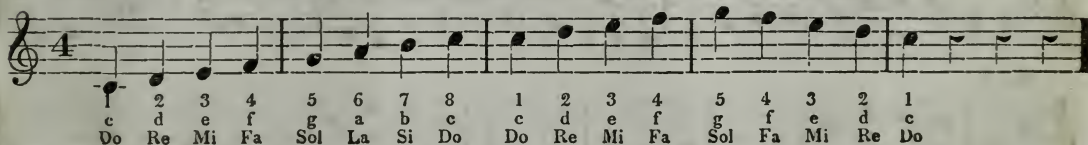


No. 7.



No. 8.

When sounds above 8 are written, 8 is considered as one of another scale.



No. 9.

When sounds below one are written, one is considered as 8 of another scale.

8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 8 7 6 5 5 6 7 2 1
 c b a g f e d c c b a g g a b d c
 Do Si La Sol Sol La Si Re Do

CHAPTER XII.

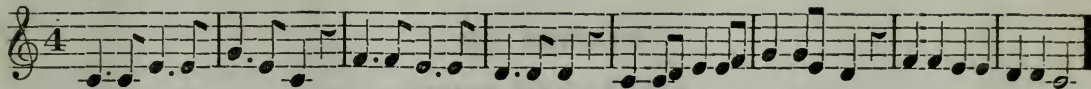
A dotted quarter note (♩•) is one beat and a half long.

No. 1.

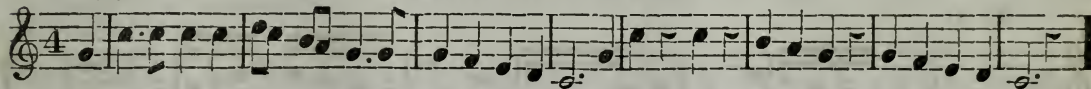
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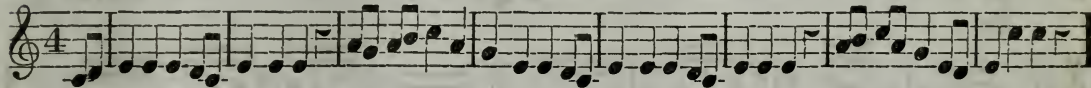
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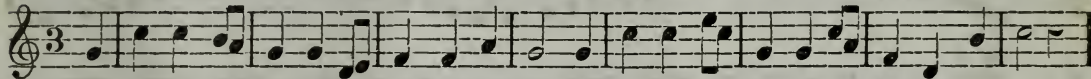
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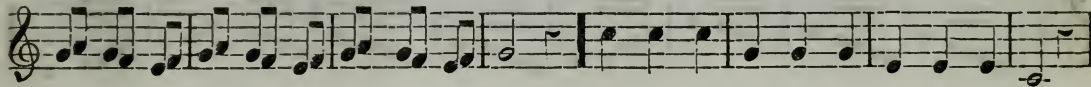
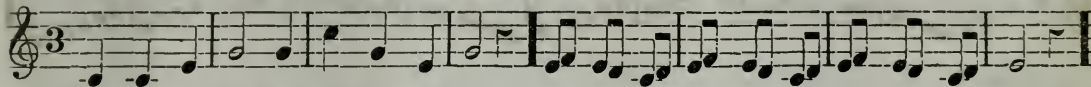
No. 6.



No. 7.



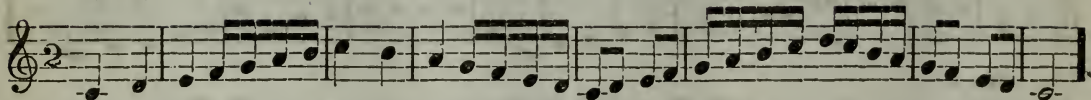
No. 8. Round for four voices.



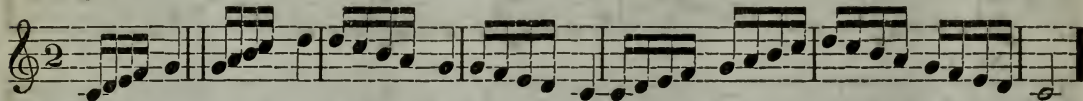
CHAPTER XIII.

SIXTEENTH NOTES.

No. 1.



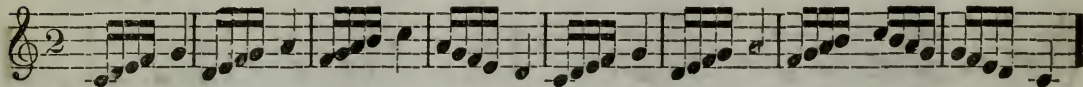
No. 2.



No. 3.



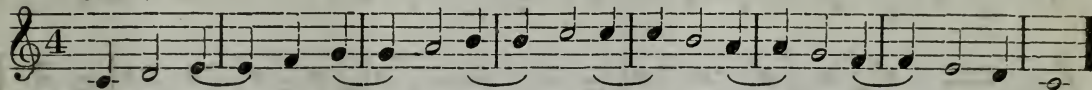
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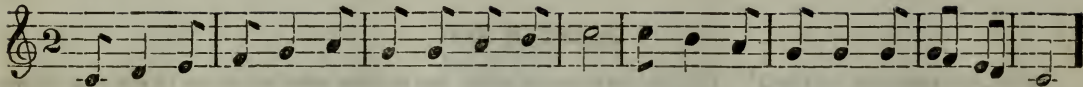
CHAPTER XIV.

When this character \frown (called a Tie,) is drawn over or under two or more notes which are on the same degree of the staff, the time of the notes is to be given to one sound. When a sound is commenced on an unaccented part of a measure, and is continued on to an accented part, it is called a syncopated sound, and should be commenced with a strong accent.

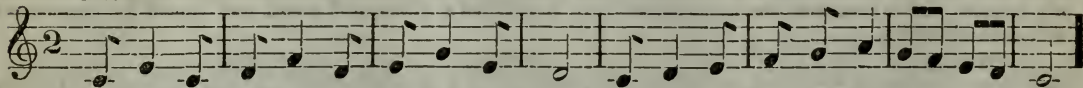
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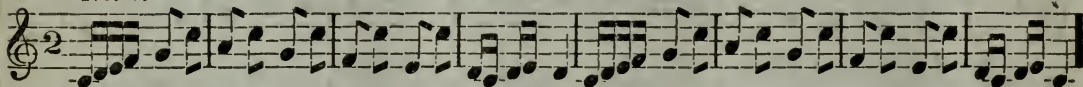
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No. 6.

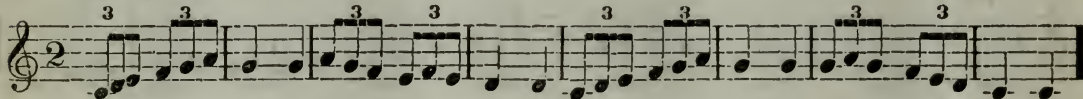


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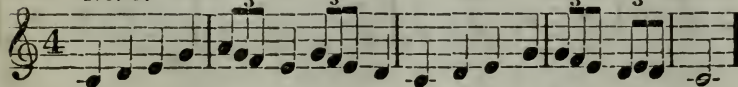


Three notes are sometimes written to be sung in the time of two of the same kind. Such notes are called Triplets, and usually have a figure 3 written over them.

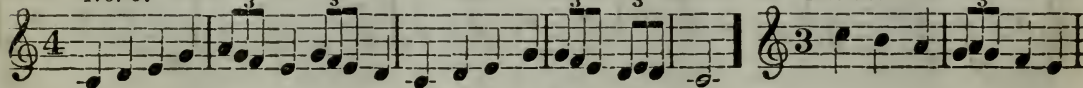
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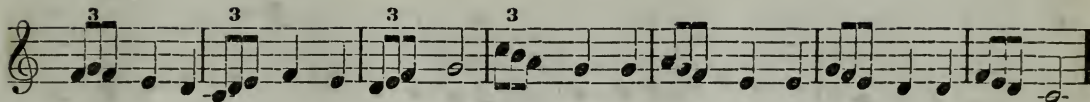


No. 9.



No. 10.

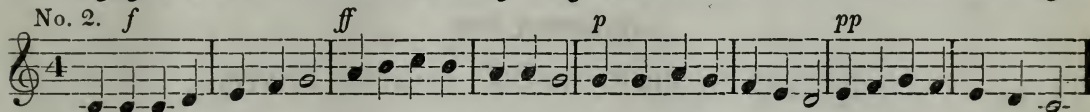
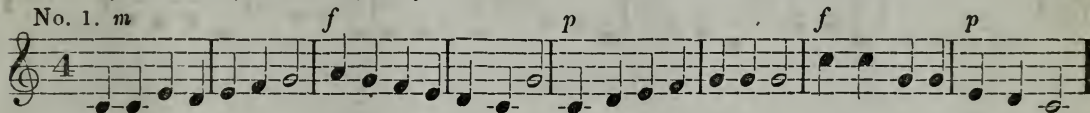




CHAPTER XV.

DYNAMICS.

The power of sounds is indicated by the Italian words *MEZZO*, *FORTE*, *PIANO*, *FORTISSIMO*, or their abbreviations, *m*, *f*, *p*, *ff*, *pp*. *MEZZO*, indicates a medium sound ; *FORTE*, indicates a loud sound ; *PIANO*, a soft sound ; *FORTISSIMO*, a very loud sound ; *PIANISSIMO*, a very soft sound.



No. 4. *p* *m* *p* *m* *f* *ff*



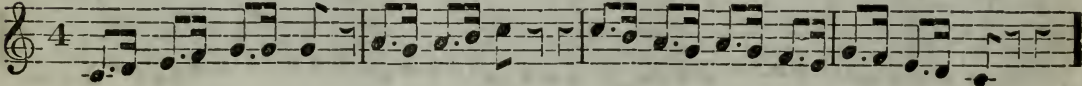
No. 5. *f m f m f m f m f m f m f m*



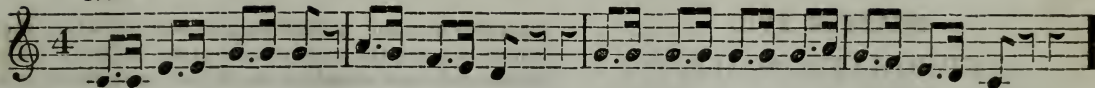
CHAPTER XVI.

DOTTED EIGHTH NOTES. EIGHTH RESTS.

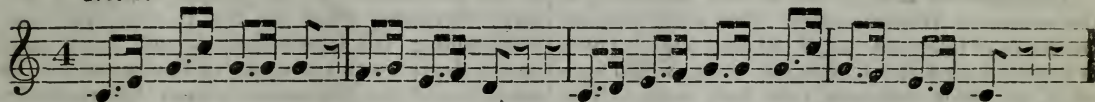
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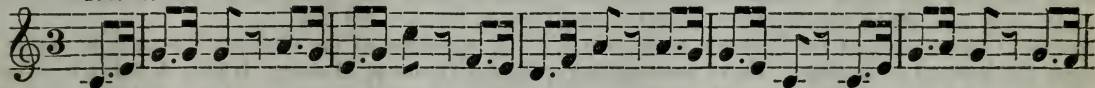
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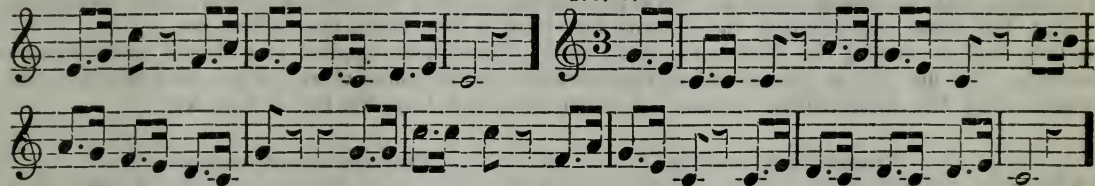
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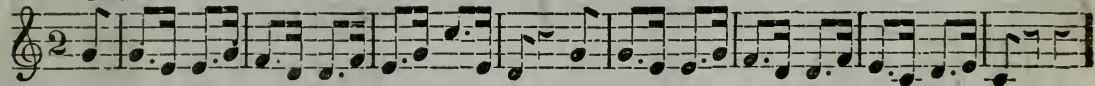
No. 4.



No. 5.



No. 6.



CHAPTER XVII. CHROMATIC SCALE.

The exercises thus far are written according to the natural or Diatonic scale. This scale contains two kinds of intervals, (*steps and half steps.*) There is a scale called the Chromatic scale, which contains no other intervals than half steps. This scale includes the eight sounds of the Diatonic scale, with five other intermediate sounds, sung between those sounds of the Diatonic scale, which form the interval of a step. There are two ways of writing the Chromatic scale. In writing the Chromatic scale ascending, the sharp (#) is placed before the notes representing the intermediate sounds, and in writing the Chromatic scale descending, the flat (b) is placed before the notes representing the intermediate sounds. A sharp

elevates a sound a half step; therefore when the sharp is used, the note representing the intermediate sound must stand on the degree with the lower of the two notes. A flat lowers a sound a half step; therefore, when the flat is used, the note representing the intermediate sound, must stand on the degree with the upper of the two notes. In speaking of the Chromatic sounds by numerals, we say sharp one, sharp two, sharp four, &c.; flat seven, flat six, flat five, &c.

In speaking of the Chromatic sounds by letter, we say C sharp, D sharp, B flat, A flat, &c. The syllables applied to a sharpened sound terminates in the sound of ee. Sharp one is called Dee, sharp two is Ree, sharp four is Fee, &c.

The syllable applied to a flattened sound terminates in the sound of ay. Flat seven is called Say, flat six is Lay, flat five is Say, &c.

Chromatic Scale, ascending.

Chromatic Scale, descending.

Chromatic Scale, ascending.								Chromatic Scale, descending.							
c^\sharp	d^\sharp	e	f^\sharp	g^\sharp	a^\sharp	b	c	c	b^\flat	a^\flat	g^\flat	f^\flat	e	d^\flat	c^\flat
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1
c^\sharp	d^\sharp	e	f^\sharp	g^\sharp	a^\sharp	b	c	c	b^\flat	a^\flat	g^\flat	f^\flat	e	d^\flat	c^\flat

QUESTIONS.

What is that scale called which contains two kinds of intervals, *steps* and *half steps*? What is that scale called which contains no other intervals than half steps? How many sounds does the Chromatic scale contain? Between what sounds of the Diatonic scale may intermediate sounds be sung? How many ways are there of writing the Chromatic scale? In writing the Chromatic scale ascending, what character is used? In writing the Chromatic scale descending, what character is used? If the sharp is used,

where must the note representing the intermediate sound between one and two be written? between two and three? &c. If the flat is used, where must the note representing the intermediate sound between seven and six be written? between six and five? &c. With what sound does the syllable applied to a sharped sound terminate in? With what sounds does the syllable applied to a flatted sound terminate in? How much does a sharp raise a sound? How much does a flat lower a sound?

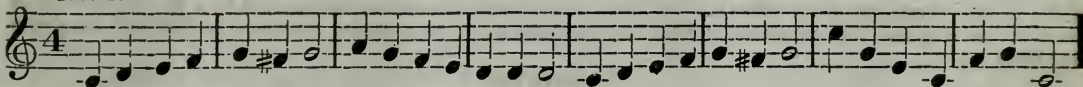
CHAPTER XVIII.

A sharped sound, naturally leads to the sound next above it; a flatted sound, naturally leads to the sound next below it.

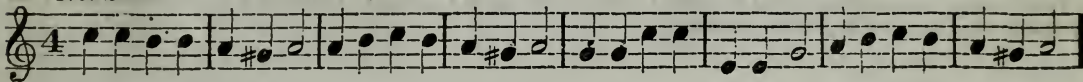
QUESTIONS.

Does a sharped sound naturally lead upwards or downwards? Does a flatted sound naturally lead upwards or downwards?

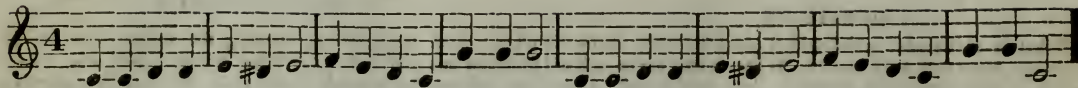
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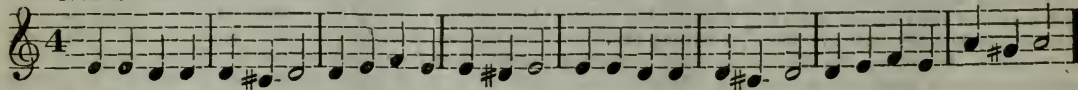
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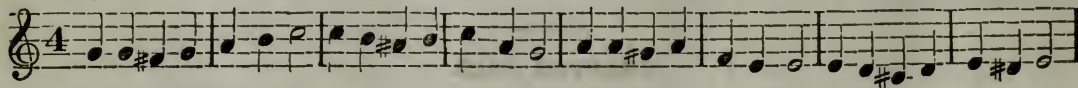
No 3.



No 4.



No. 5.



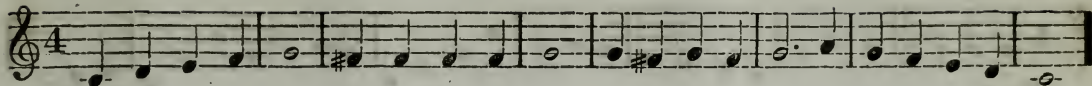
 CHAPTER XIX.

A *Sharp* or *Flat*, extends its power over all the notes throughout the measure in which it occurs, that are written on the same line or space with it. A *Natural* (\natural) takes away the influence of a *Flat* or *Sharp*. In the fifth measure of No. 2, the \sharp is not intended to affect the last note; its influence is therefore counteracted by a \natural . If the notes on the same line or space, with the *Sharp* or *Flat*, are continued out of the measure, the *Sharp* or *Flat* still has power over them.

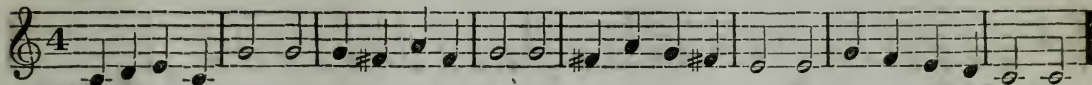
QUESTIONS.

How far does a flat or sharp extend its power? What is the use of a natural? Under what circumstances does a flat or sharp extend its power beyond the measure?

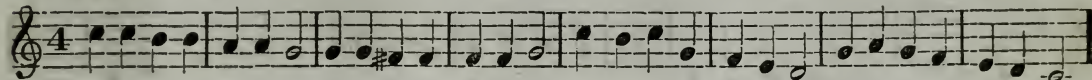
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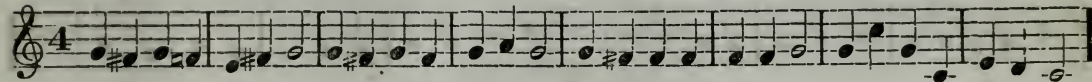
No. 2.



No. 3.

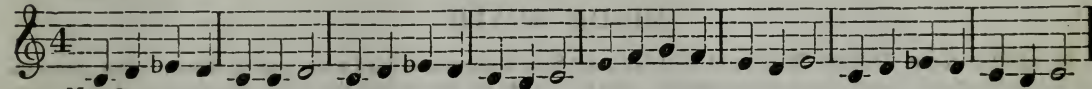


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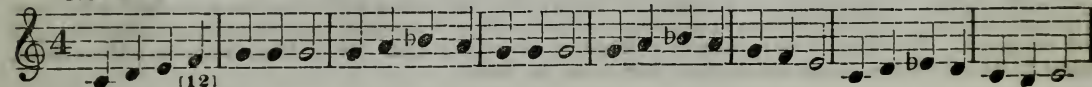


CHAPTER XX.

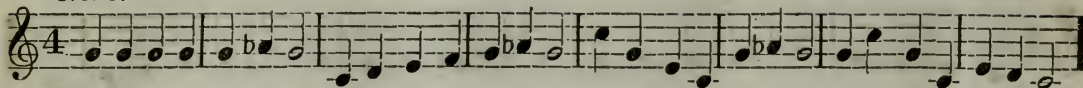
No. 1.



No. 2.



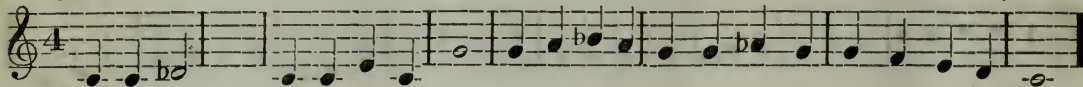
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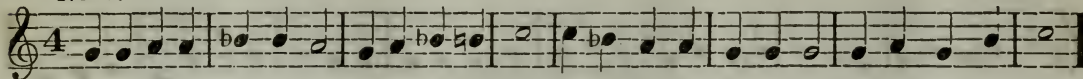
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No. 5.



No. 6.



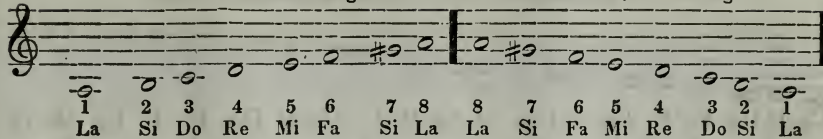
CHAPTER XXI.

MINOR SCALE.

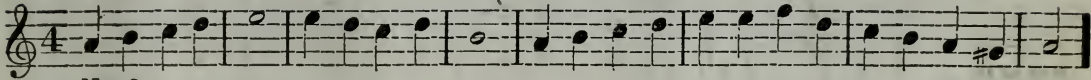
In addition to the Diatonic Major, and the Chromatic Scales, there is a third scale, called *Minor*. The intervals in this scale are as follows : from *one* to *two*, is a *step* ; from *two* to *three*, a *half step* ; from *three* to *four*, a *step* ; from *four* to *five*, a *step* ; from *five* to *six*, a *half step* ; from *six* to *seven*, a *step* and a *half* ; from *seven* to *eight*, a *half step*. This scale differs from the Major Scale in character ; while the Major Scale is bold and cheerful, the Minor Scale is soft and gentle. The Major Scale is changed to Minor by sharpening the fifth. Every Major Scale has a Minor Scale, called its Relative Minor, which commences a third below the Major.

Minor Scale, ascending.

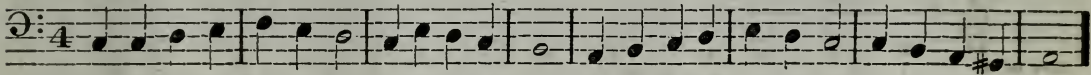
Minor Scale, descending.



No. 1.



No. 2.



CHAPTER XXII.

TRANSPOSITION OF THE SCALE.

All the Exercises thus far have been written in the key of C, or C has been taken as *one*. If C were *one* in all tunes, it would be very difficult to sing some of them. Some tunes would be so high, and others so low, that the voice would not be able to reach them. It is necessary, therefore, to take some other letter than C, as *one*, for some tunes. When any other letter than C, is taken as *one*, the Scale is said to be transposed. In transposing the Scale, the regular order of intervals, as in the Natural Scale, must be carefully preserved. The only way of doing this, is by using some of the chromatic tones, instead of the natural tones. If the fifth is taken as *one*, it will be necessary to sing *sharp four*, instead of *four*, in order that the *half steps* may come in their proper places. If the *fourth* is taken as *one*, it will be necessary to sing *flat seven*, instead of *seven*, that the *half steps* may come in their proper places. The flats or sharps, employed in preparing the scale, are placed at the beginning of the tune, and are called the *signature*.

Transposition of the Scale by sharps, illustrated.

Key of G.

Key of D.

Key of A.

Key of E.

Key of B.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

Transposition of the Scale by Flats, illustrated.

Key of F.

Key of Bb.

Key of Eb.

Key of Ab.

Key of Db.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

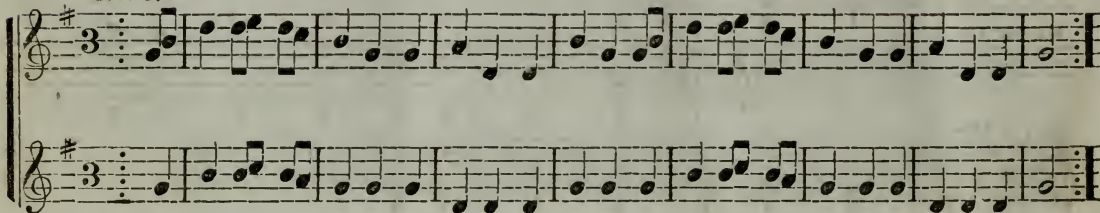
QUESTIONS.

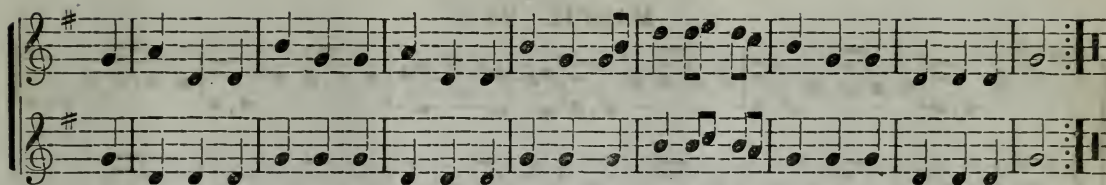
When any other letter than C is taken as *one*, what is said of the scale? In transposing the scale, what must carefully be preserved? In what way must the proper order of intervals be preserved? If the *fifth* is taken as *one*, what chromatic sound must be sung to preserve the proper order of intervals? If the *fourth* is taken as *one*, what chromatic sound must be sung to preserve the order of intervals? What are the *flats* or *sharps* placed at the beginning of a tune, called? If the signature be one sharp, what is the key? What letter is made sharp? If the signature be two sharps, what is the key? What letters are made sharp? &c. If the signature be one flat, what is the key? What letter is made flat? If the signature be two flats, what is the key? What letters are made flat? &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.

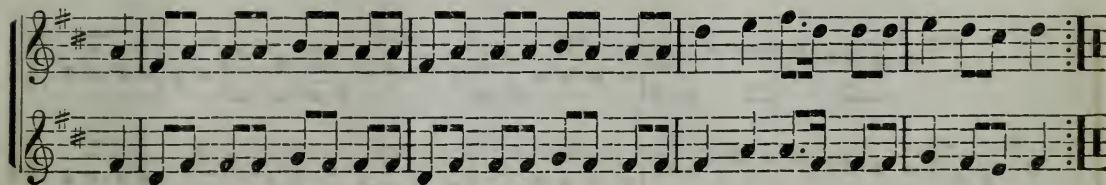
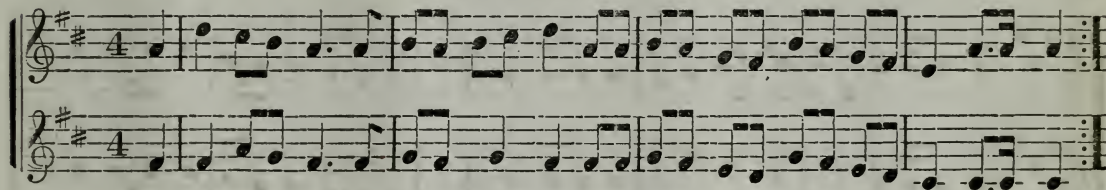
SOLFEGGIOS IN TWO PARTS.

No. 1.

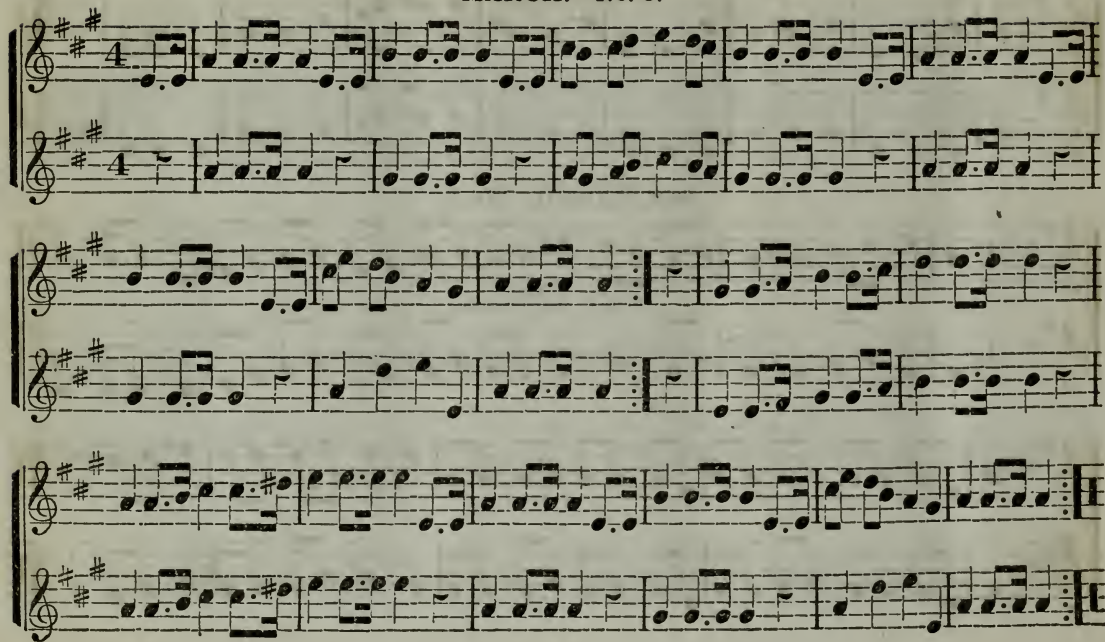




SOLFEGGIO. No. 2.



MARCH. No. 3.

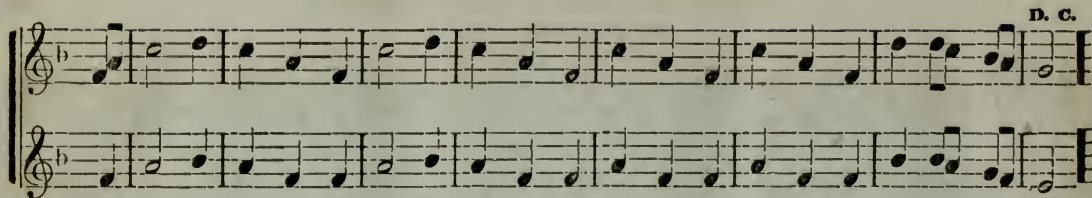


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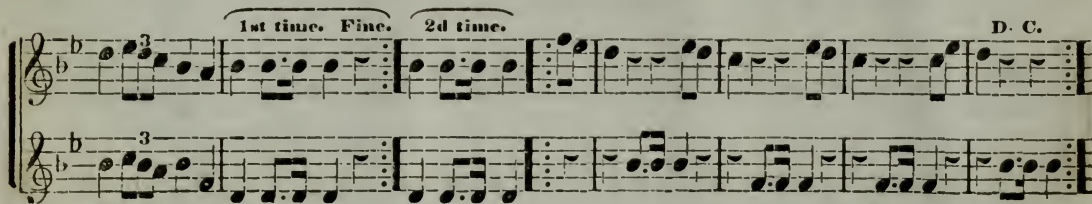
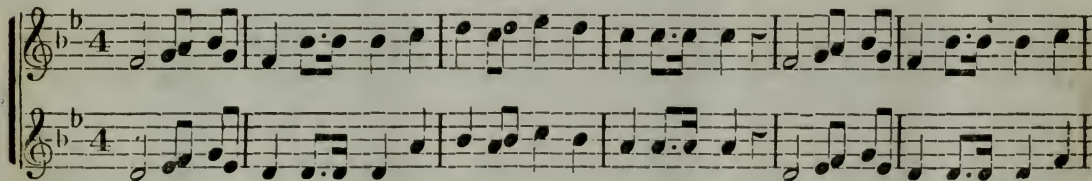
The musical score for Solfeggio No. 4 consists of two systems, each with two staves. The key signature is G major (one sharp) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written on the upper staff of each system, and the lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

SOLFEGGIO. No. 5.

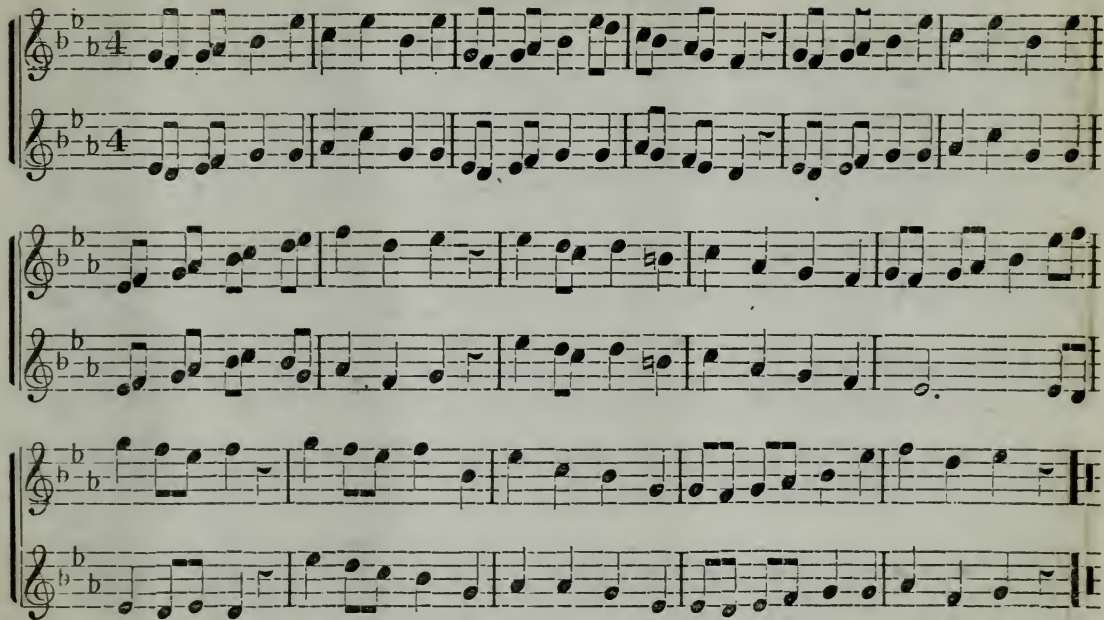
The musical score for Solfeggio No. 5 consists of two systems, each with two staves. The key signature is F major (one flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is written on the upper staff of each system, and the lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots. The word "Fine." is written above the final measure of the first staff in the second system.



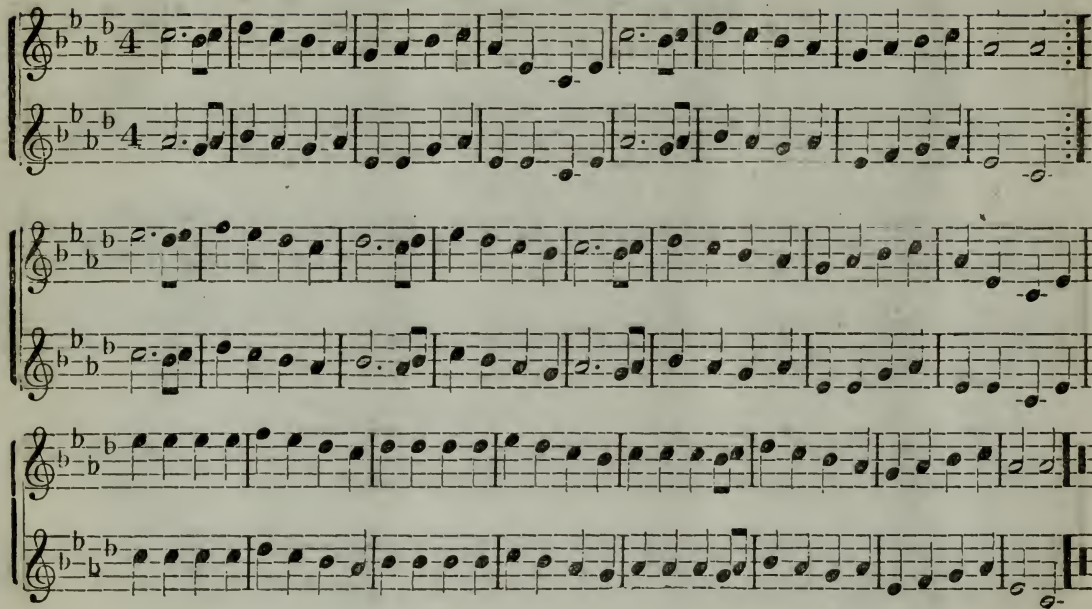
MARCH. No. 6.



SOLFEGGIO. No. 7.

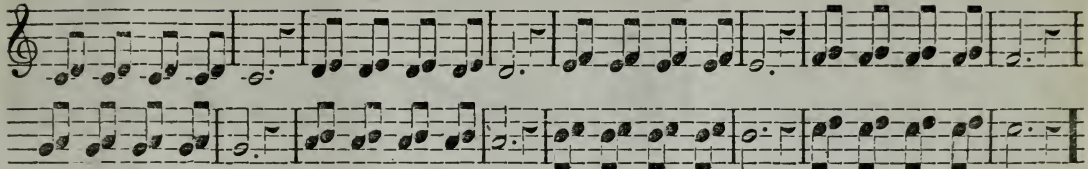


SOLFEGGIO. No. 8.

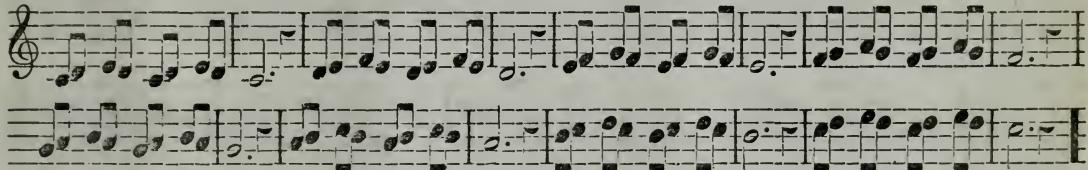


VOCAL EXERCISES.

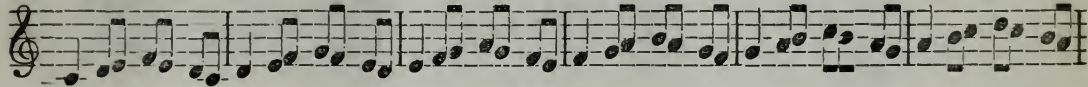
No. 1.



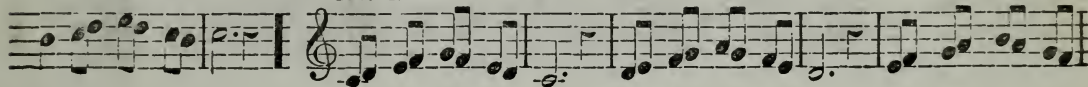
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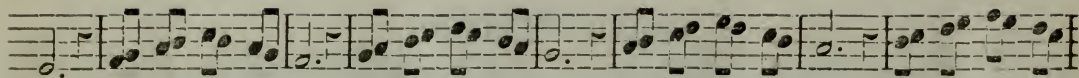


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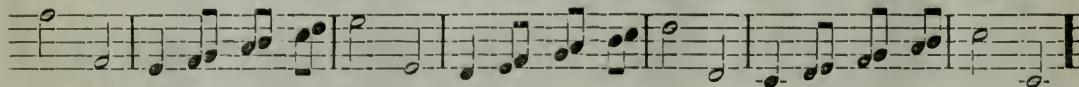
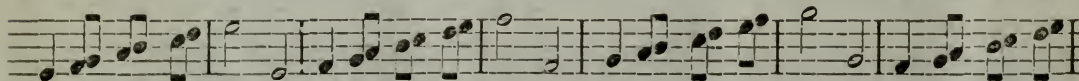
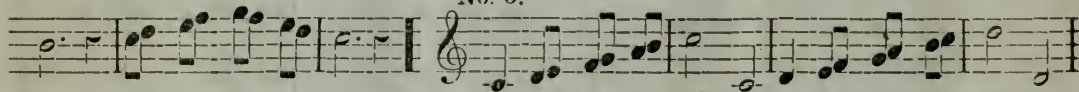


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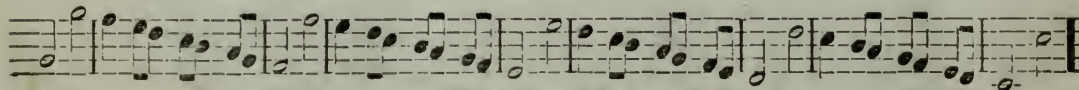
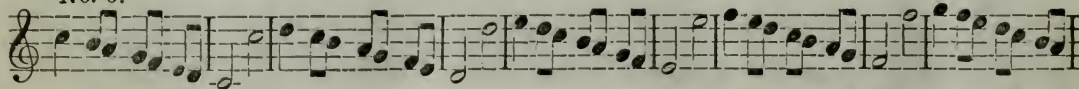




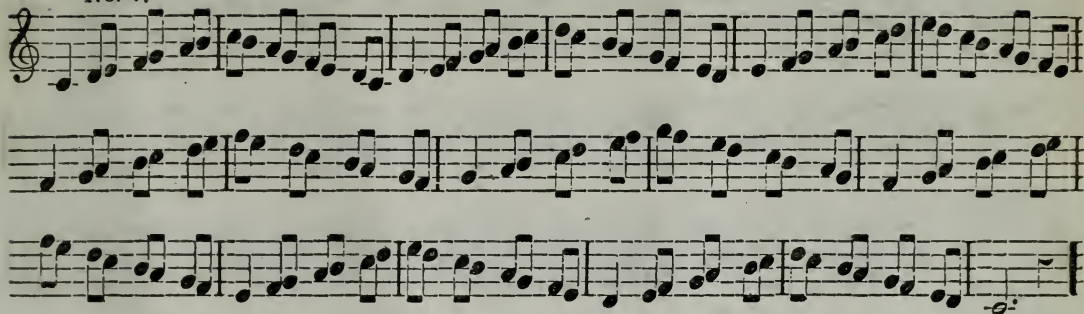
No. 5.



No. 6.



No. 7.



No. 8.



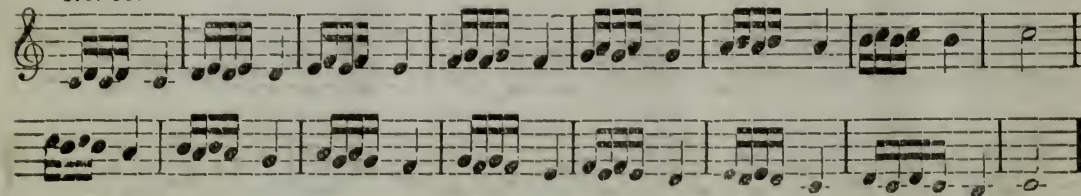
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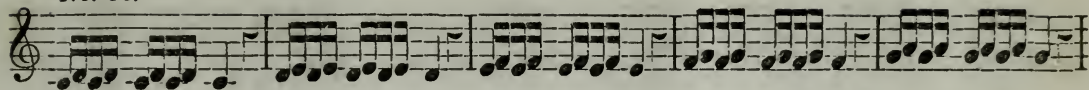
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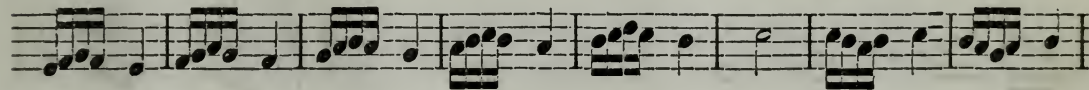
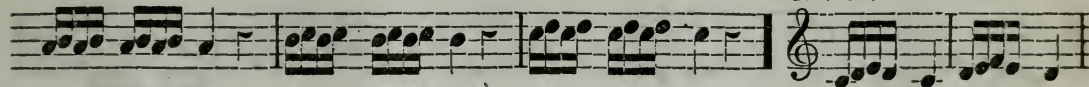
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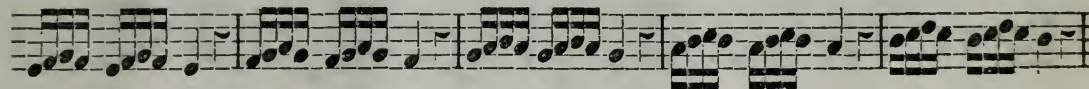
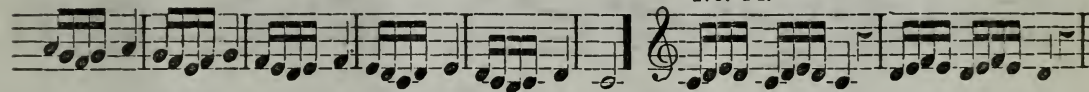
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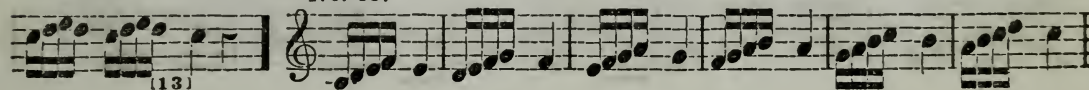
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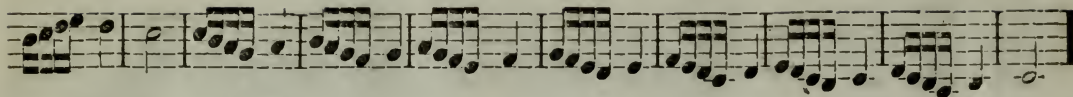


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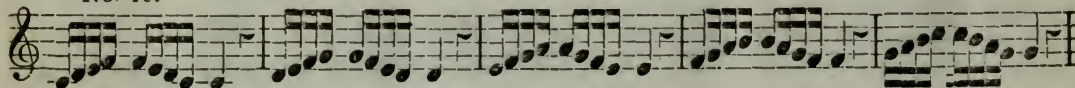


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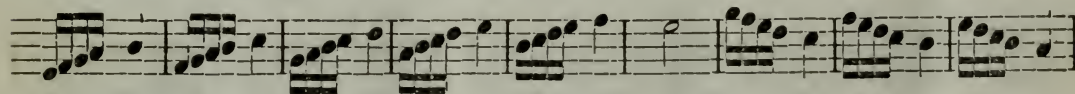
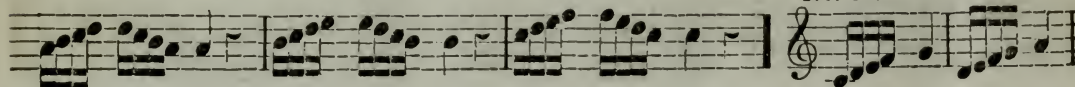




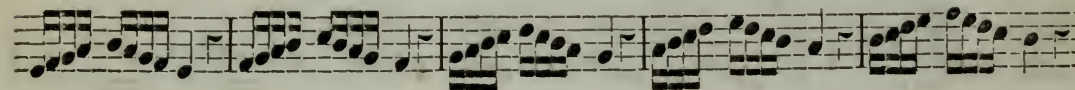
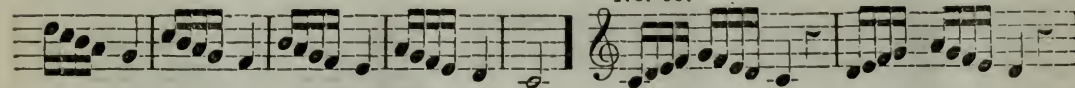
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No. 17.



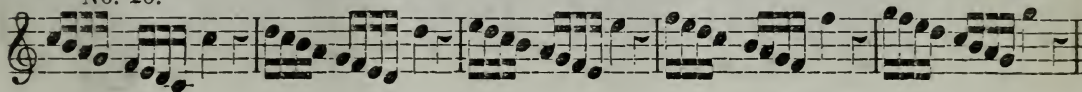
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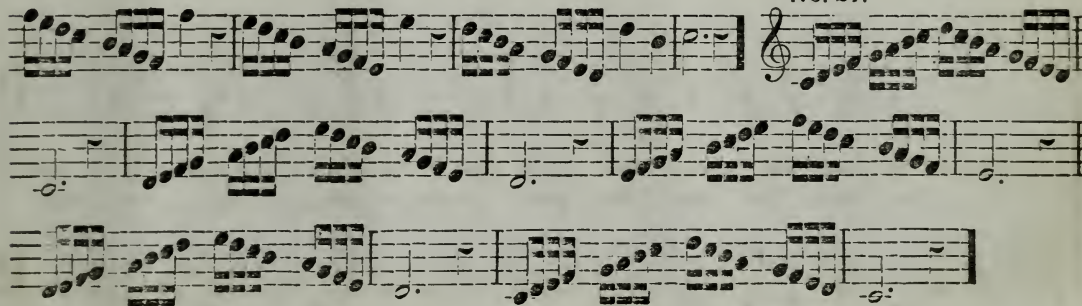
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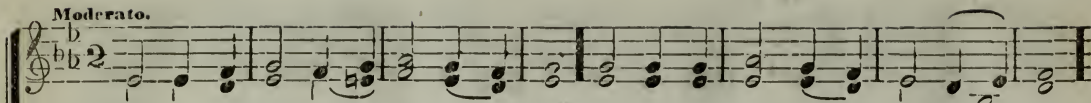


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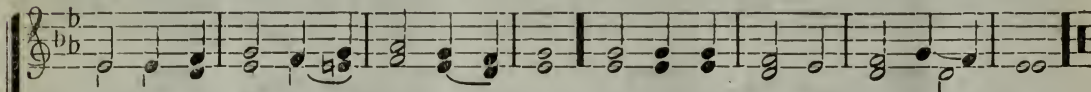


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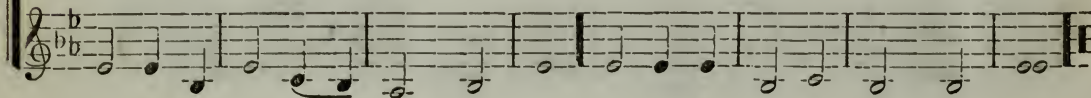


Moderato.

1. O God, we thank thee that the night In peace and rest hath passed a - way;
 2. Be thou our Guide, and let us live And un-der thine all - see - ing eye;



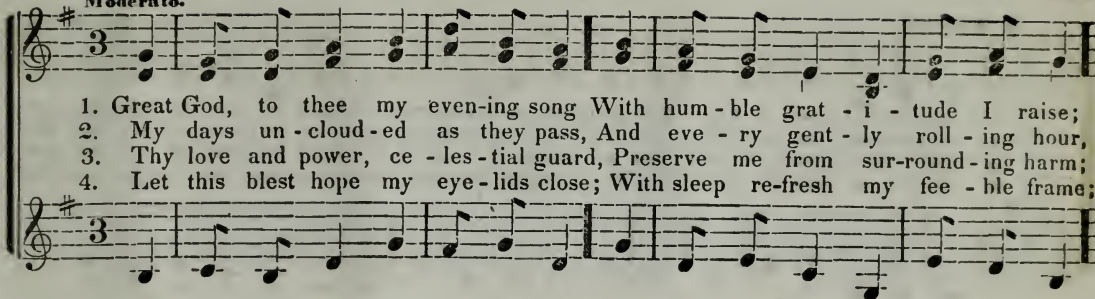
And that we see, in this fair light, Our Father's smile, that makes it day.
 Sup-ply our wants, our sins for - give, And makes us hap-py when we die.



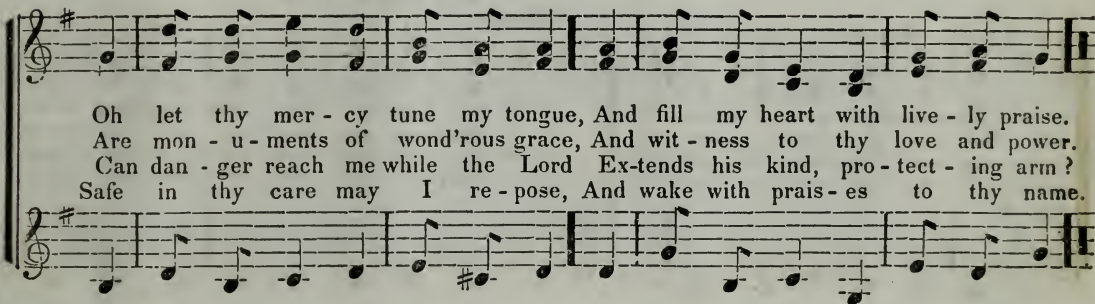
ROCKINGHAM.

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Moderato.



1. Great God, to thee my even-ing song With hum-ble grat-i-tude I raise;
 2. My days un-cloud-ed as they pass, And eve-ry gent-ly roll-ing hour,
 3. Thy love and power, ce-les-tial guard, Preserve me from sur-round-ing harm;
 4. Let this blest hope my eye-lids close; With sleep re-fresh my fee-ble frame;

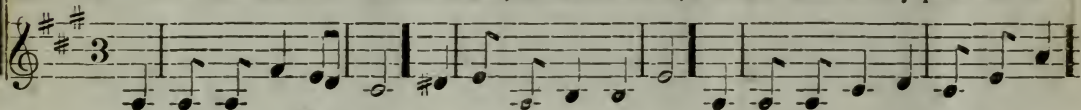


Oh let thy mer-cy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with live-ly praise.
 Are mon-u-ments of wond'rous grace, And wit-ness to thy love and power.
 Can dan-ger reach me while the Lord Ex-tends his kind, pro-ject-ing arm?
 Safe in thy care may I re-pose, And wake with prais-es to thy name.

Andante.

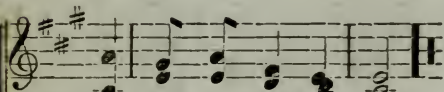


1. From ear-liest dawn of life, Thy goodness we have shared; And still we live to sing thy praise,
2. To learn and do thy will, O Lord, our hearts in-cline; And o'er the paths of fu-ture life,
3. While taught thy word of truth, May we that word re-ceive; And when we hear of Je-sus' name,
4. Oh let us nev-er tread The broad, destruc-tive road, But trace those ho-ly paths which lead

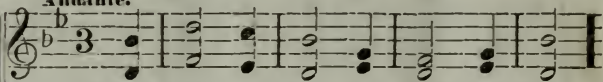
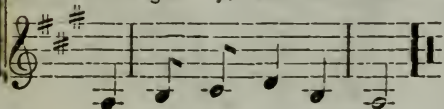


BALERMA.

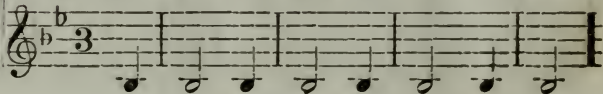
Andante.

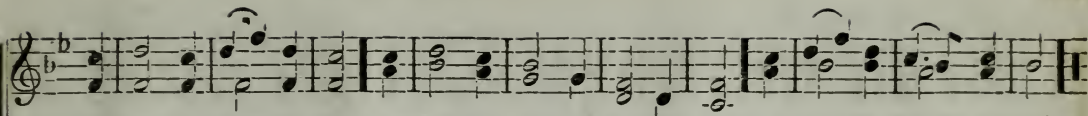


- By sove-reign mer-cy spared.
 Com-mand thy light to shine.
 In that blest name be-lieve!
 To glo-ry, and to God.

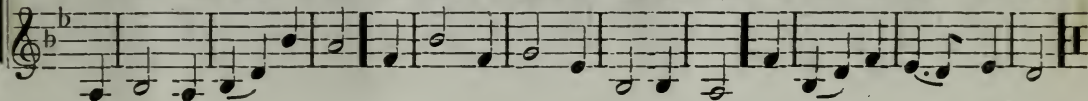


1. In - dul-gent God, whose boun-teous care
2. What mer-cies has this day be-stowed!
3. Now may soft slum-ber close my eyes,
4. Thus bless each fu-ture day and night,

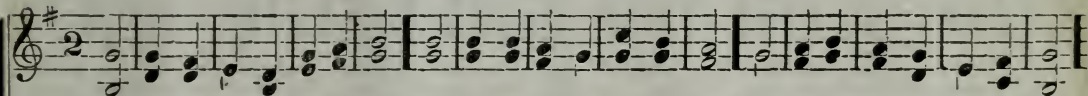




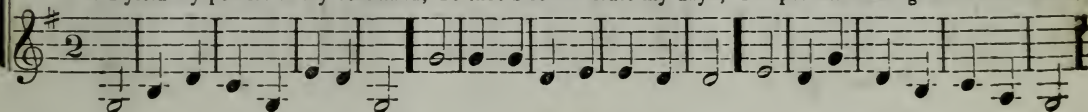
O'er all thy works is shown, Oh let my grate-ful praise and prayer, A - rise be - fore thy throne.
 How large-ly hast thou blest! My cup with plen - ty o - ver-flowed, With cheer-ful - ness my breast.
 From pain and sick-ness free; And let my wak-ing thoughts a - rise, To med - i - tate on thee.
 Till life's vain scene is o'er; And then to realms of end-less light, Oh let my spir - it soar.

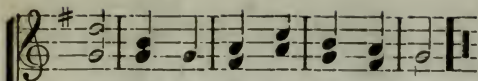


OLD HUNDRED. No. 2.

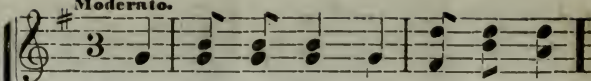
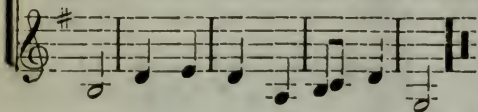


1. My God, how endless is thy love! Thy gifts are eve-ry evening new; And morning mercies from a - bove.
2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleeping hours; Thy sov'reign word restores the light.
3. I yield my powers to thy command, To thee I con-se-crate my days; Per-pet-ual blessings from thine hand,

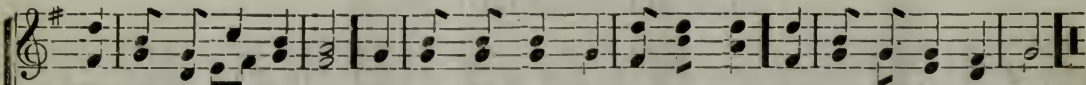
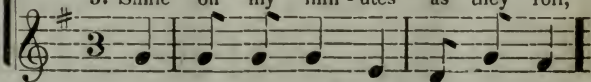


Moderato.

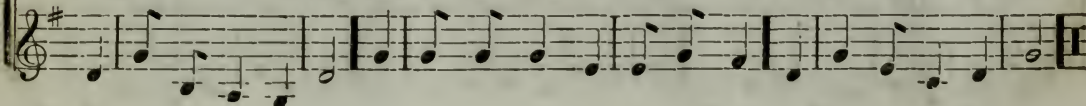
Gent - ly dis - til like ear - ly dew.
 And quick - ens all my drow - sy powers.
 De - mand per - pet - ual songs of praise.

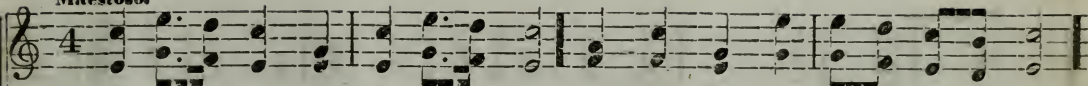


1. God of my life, my morn - ing song
2. Pre - served by thy al - migh - ty arm,
4. O let the same al - migh - ty care
5. Smile on my min - utes as they roll,

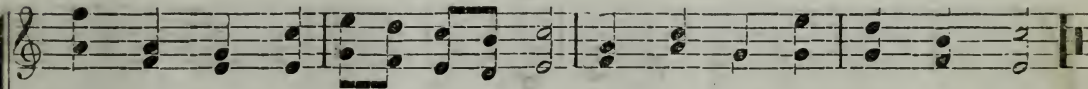
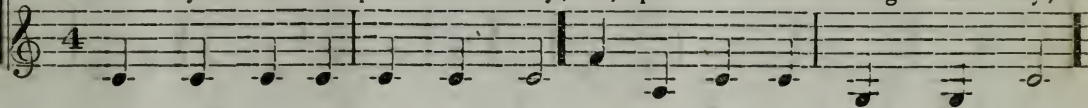


To thee I cheer - ful raise; Thy acts of love 'tis good to sing, And pleasant 'tis to praise.
 I passed the shades of night, Se - rene, and safe from eve - ry harm, To see the morn - ing light.
 Through all this day at - tend; From eve - ry dan - ger, eve - ry snare, My heed - less steps de - fend.
 And guide my fu - ture days; And let thy good - ness fill my soul With grat - i - tude and praise.



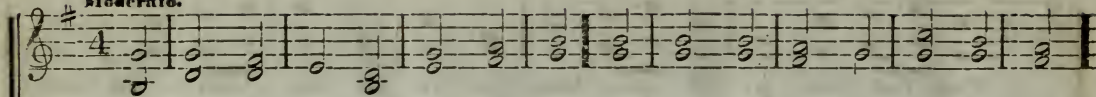
Maestoso.

1. Thou that dost my life pro - long, Kind - ly aid my morn - ing song;
 2. Thou didst hear my eve - ning cry; Thy pre - serv - ing hand was nigh;
 3. Thou hast kept me through the night; 'Twas thy hand re - stored the light;
 4. Still my feet are prone to stray; Oh, pre - serve me through the day;

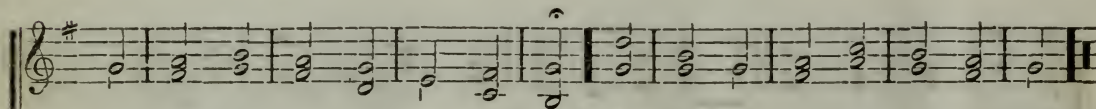
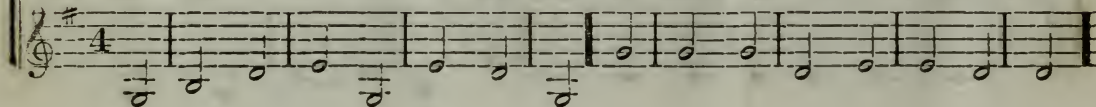


Thank - ful from my couch I rise, To the God that rules the skies.
 Peace - ful slum - bers thou hast shed, Grate - ful to my wea - ry head.
 Lord, thy mer - cies still are new, Plen - teous as the morn - ing dew.
 Dan - gers eve - ry - where a - bound; Sins and snares be - set me round.

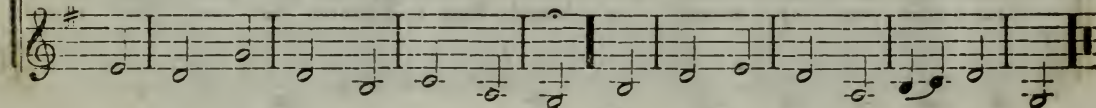


Moderato.

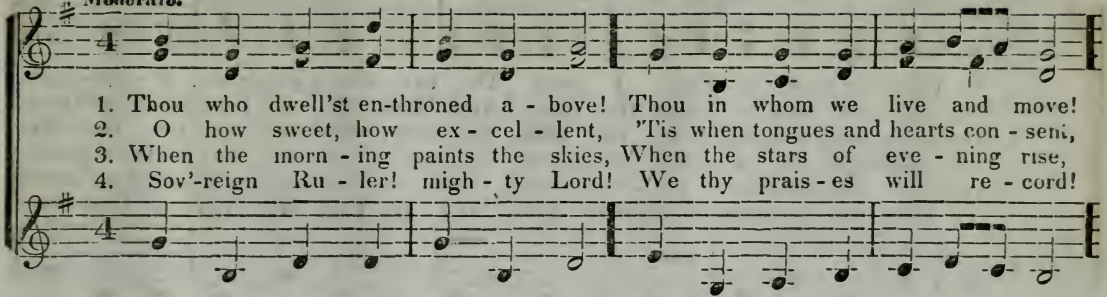
Be thou, O God, ex - alt - ed high, And as thy glo - ry fills the sky,



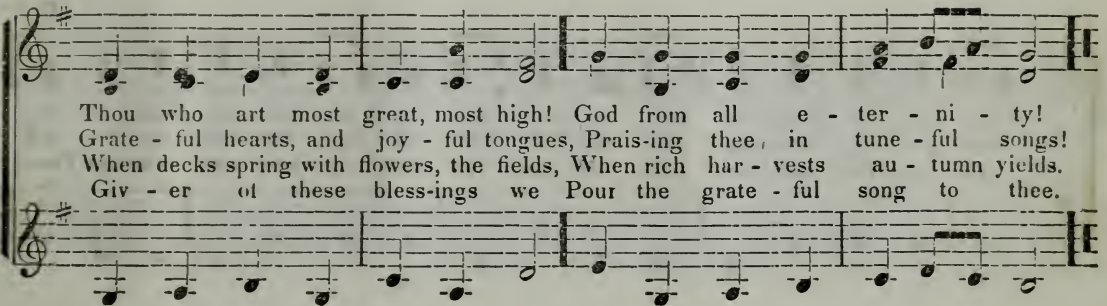
So let it be on earth dis-play'd, Till thou art here, as there o - beyed.



Moderato.



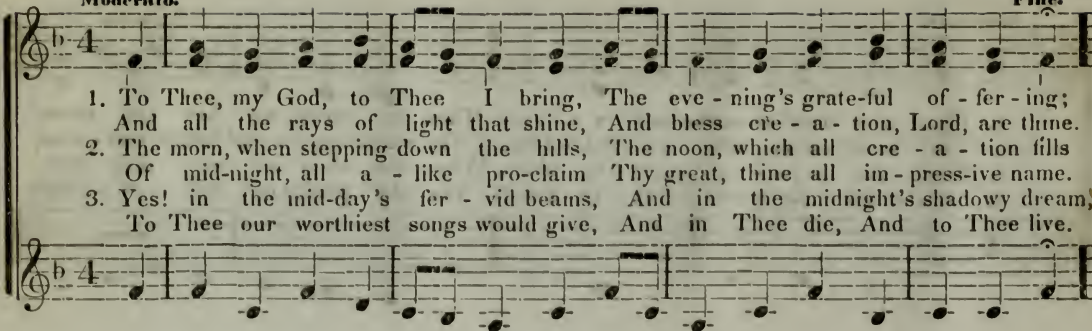
1. Thou who dwell'st en-throned a - bove! Thou in whom we live and move!
 2. O how sweet, how ex - cel - lent, 'Tis when tongues and hearts con - sent,
 3. When the morn - ing paints the skies, When the stars of eve - ning rise,
 4. Sov'-reign Ru - ler! migh - ty Lord! We thy prais - es will re - cord!



Thou who art most great, most high! God from all e - ter - ni - ty!
 Grate - ful hearts, and joy - ful tongues, Prais-ing thee, in tune - ful songs!
 When decks spring with flowers, the fields, When rich har - vests au - tumn yields.
 Giv - er of these bless-ings we Pour the grate - ful song to thee.

Moderato.

Fine.

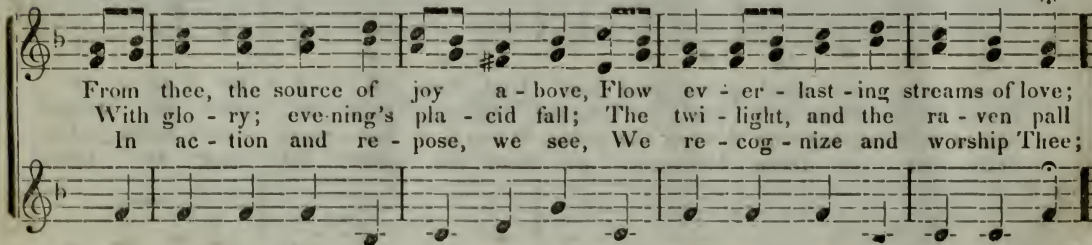


1. To Thee, my God, to Thee I bring, The eve - ning's grate - ful of - fer - ing;
And all the rays of light that shine, And bless cre - a - tion, Lord, are thine.

2. The morn, when stepping down the hills, The noon, which all cre - a - tion fills
Of mid - night, all a - like pro - claim Thy great, thine all im - press - ive name.

3. Yes! in the mid - day's fer - vid beams, And in the midnight's shadowy dream,
To Thee our worthiest songs would give, And in Thee die, And to Thee live.

D. C.



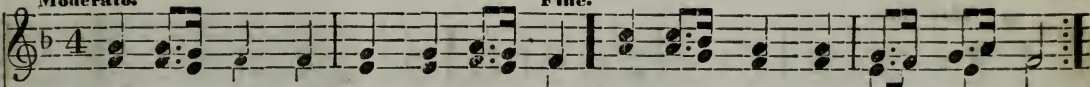
From thee, the source of joy a - bove, Flow ev - er - last - ing streams of love;
With glo - ry; eve - ning's pla - cid fall; The twi - light, and the ra - ven pall
In ac - tion and re - pose, we see, We re - cog - nize and worship Thee;

GREENVILLE.

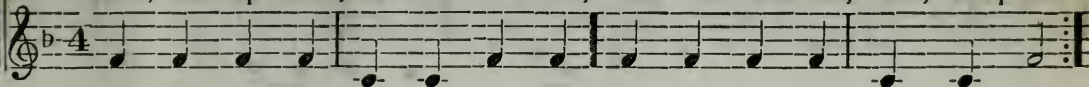
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Moderato.

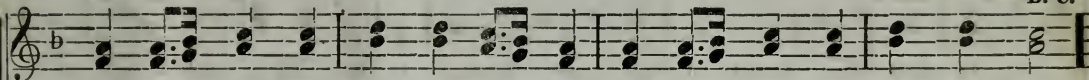
Fine.



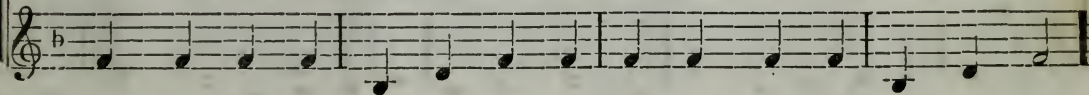
1. Praise to thee, thou great Cre - a - tor! Praise to thee from eve - ry tongue; }
 Join, my soul, with eve - ry crea-ture, Join the u - ni - ver - sal song. }
 Hail the God of our sal - va - tion! Praise him for his love di - vine.
 2. For ten thou-sand bless-ings giv - en, For the hope of fu - ture joy, }
 Sound his praise through earth and heav-en, Sound Je - ho - vah's praise on high. }
 There, en - rap - tured, fall be - fore him, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

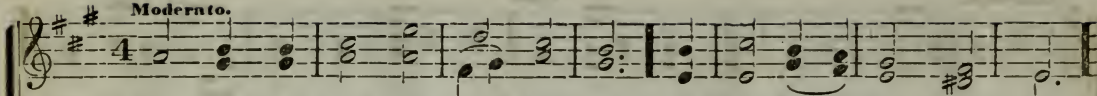


D. C.

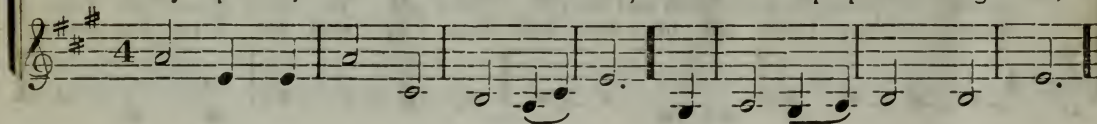


Fa - ther, source of all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound-ed grace is thine:
 Joy - ful - ly on earth a - dore him, Till in heaven the song we raise;

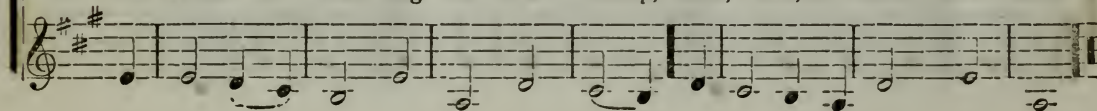


Moderato.

1. On thee, each morn-ing, O my God, My wak - ing thoughts at - tend;
 3. My soul, in pleas - ing won - der lost, Thy bound-less love sur - veys;
 3. When evening slum-bers press my eyes, With his pro - tec - tion blest,
 4. My spir - it, in his hand se - cure, Fears no ap - proach - ing ill;



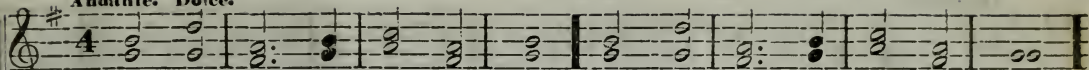
In thee are found - ed all my hopes, In thee my wish - es end.
 And, fired with grate - ful zeal, pre - pares A sac - ri - fice of praise.
 In peace and safe - ty I com - mit My wea - ry limbs to rest.
 For wheth - er wak - ing or a - sleep, Thou, Lord, art with me still.



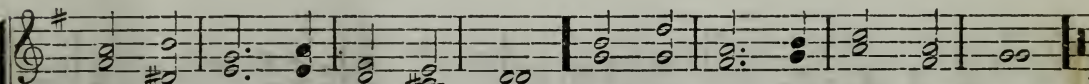
PLEYEL'S HYMN.

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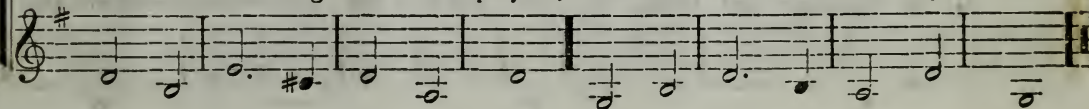
Andante. Dolce.

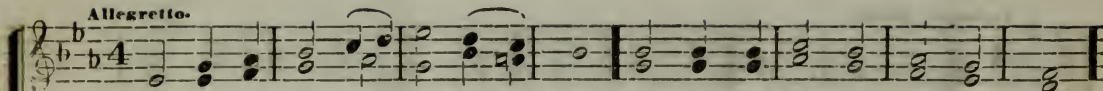


1. When be - fore thy throne we kneel, Fill'd with awe and ho - ly fear,
2. Check each proud and wandering thought When on thy great name we call;
3. Weak, im - per - fect crea - tures we, In this vale of dark - ness dwell;
4. O re - ceive the praise that dares Seek thy heaven - ex - alt - ed throne;

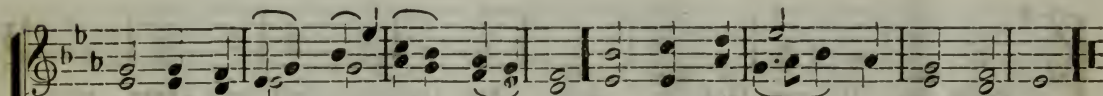
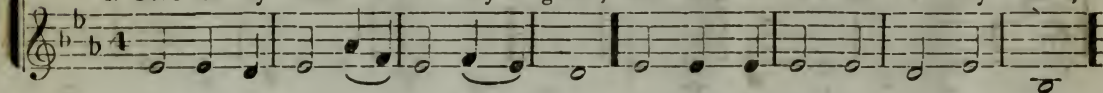


Teach us, O our God, to feel, All thy sa - cred pres - ence near.
 Man is nought, is less than nought; Thou, our God, art all in all.
 Yet pre - sume to look to thee, 'Midst thy light in - of - fa - ble.
 Bless our off' - ring hear our prayers, In - fi - nite and Ho - ly One.

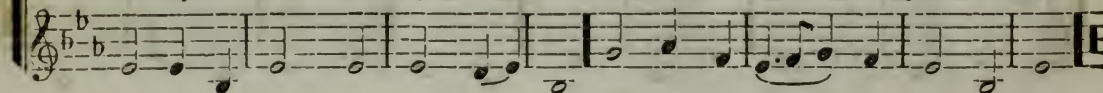


Allegretto.

1. God of the morn - ing, at thy voice The cheer - ful sun makes haste to rise,
2. Oh! like the sun may I ful - fil Th'appointed du - ties of the day;
3. Lord, thy commands are clean and pure, En - lightening our be - cloud - ed eyes;
4. Give me thy coun - sels for my guide, And then re - ceive me to thy bliss,



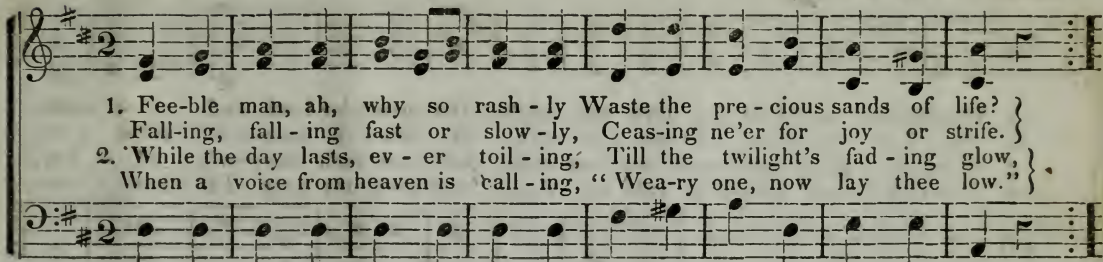
And like a gi - ant doth re - joice To run his jour - ney through the skies.
 With rea - dy mind, and ac - tive will, March on, and keep my heav - enly way.
 Thy threat'nings just, thy prom - ise sure; Thy gos - pel makes the sim - ple wise.
 All my de - sires and hopes be - side, Are faint and cold com - pared with this.



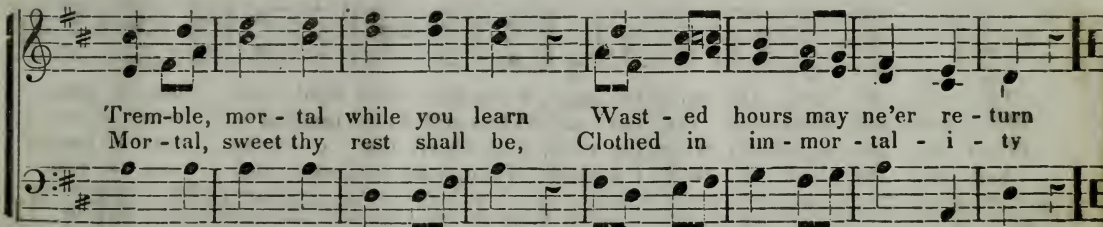
FEEBLE MAN! AH, WHY SO RASHLY.

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Words by J. C. Johnson.

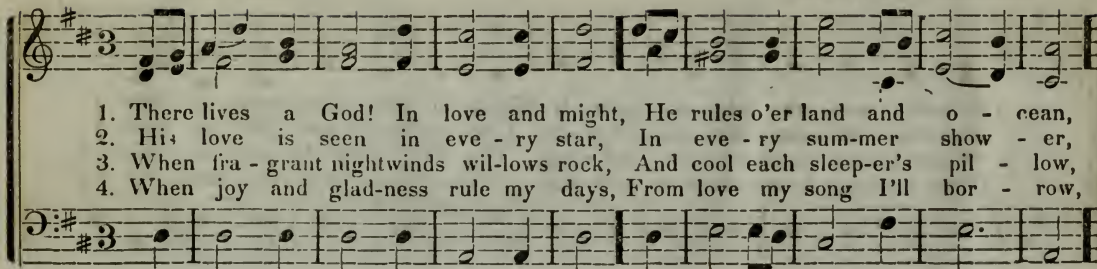


1. Fee-ble man, ah, why so rash - ly Waste the pre - cious sands of life? }
 Fall - ing, fall - ing fast or slow - ly, Ceas - ing ne'er for joy or strife. }
 2. While the day lasts, ev - er toil - ing, Till the twilight's fad - ing glow, }
 When a voice from heaven is call - ing, "Wea - ry one, now lay thee low." }

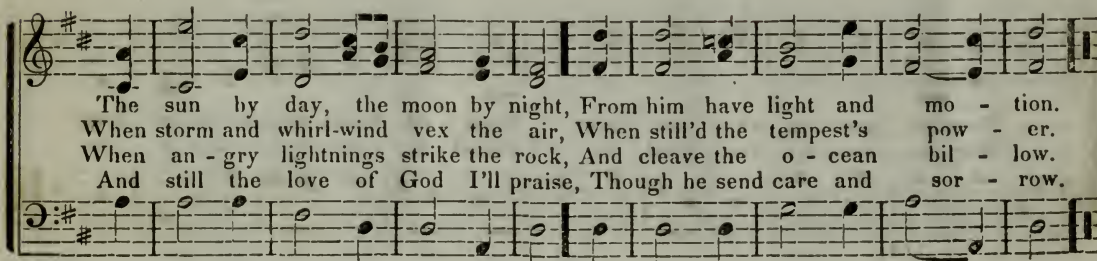


Trem - ble, mor - tal while you learn Wast - ed hours may ne'er re - turn
 Mor - tal, sweet thy rest shall be, Clothed in in - mor - tal - i - ty

Words by J. C. Johnson.



1. There lives a God! In love and might, He rules o'er land and o - cean,
 2. His love is seen in eve - ry star, In eve - ry sum-mer show - er,
 3. When fra - grant nightwinds wil-lows rock, And cool each sleep-er's pil - low,
 4. When joy and glad-ness rule my days, From love my song I'll bor - row,



The sun by day, the moon by night, From him have light and mo - tion.
 When storm and whirl-wind vex the air, When still'd the tempest's pow - er.
 When an - gry lightnings strike the rock, And cleave the o - cean bil - low.
 And still the love of God I'll praise, Though he send care and sor - row.

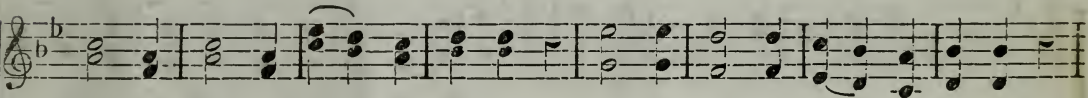
ANTHEM

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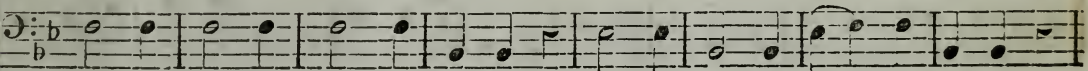
Allegro.



O praise the Lord, all ye na-tions, Praise him, all ye peo-ple,

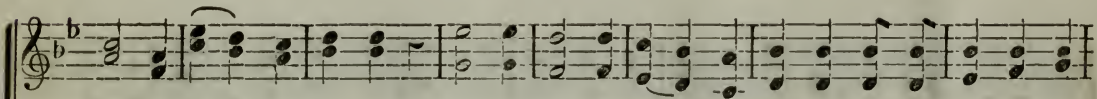
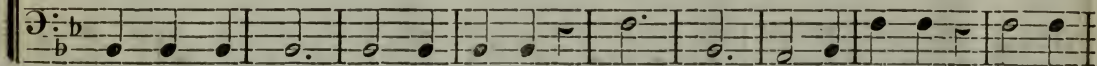


Praise him, praise him, all ye peo-ple, Praise him, praise him, all ye peo-ple;

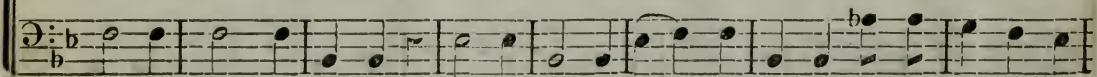


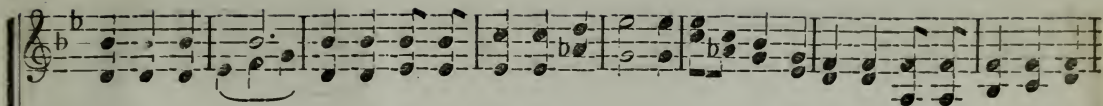


O praise the Lord, all ye na-tions, Praise him all ye peo-ple, praise him,

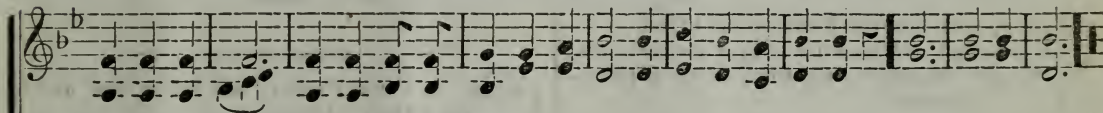
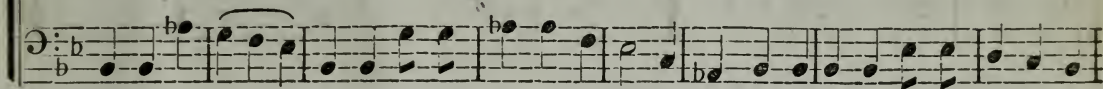


praise him, all ye peo-ple, Praise him, praise him, all ye people; For his mer-ci - ful

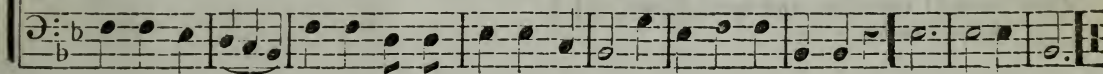




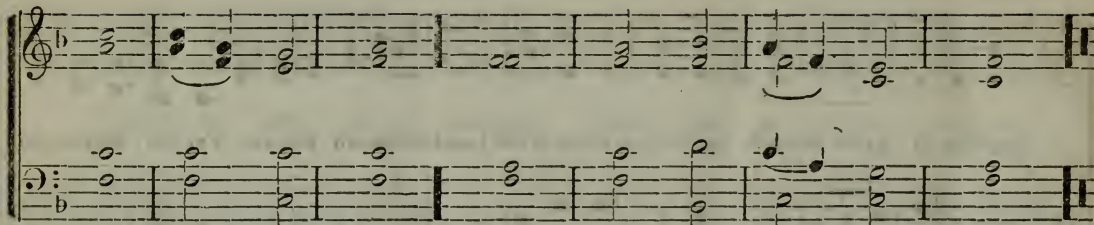
kindness is great towards us, And the truth of the Lord endureth forever, For his mer-ci-ful



kindness is great towards us, And the truth of the Lord endureth forever. Praise ye the Lord.



O BE JOYFUL IN THE LORD.



1 { O be joyful in the Lord, | all ye | lands;
 { Serve the Lord with gladness,
 { And come before his | presence | with a song.

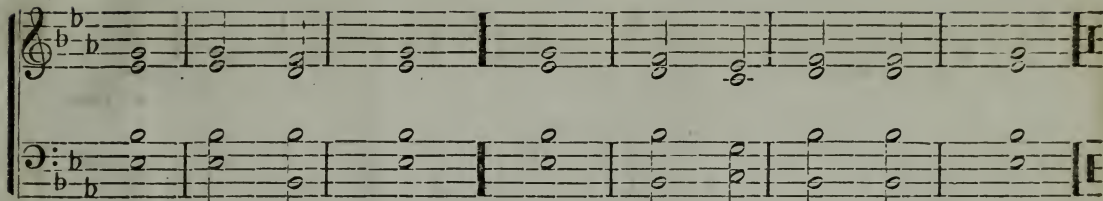
2 { Be ye sure that the Lord | he is | God,
 { It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves;
 { We are his people, and the | sheep of | his—
 { | pasture.

3 { O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving,
 { And into his | courts with | praise:
 { Be thankful unto him, and speak | good of |
 { his— | name

4 { For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is | ever-
 { | lasting,
 { And his truth endureth from gener- | ation ..
 { to | gener- | ation.

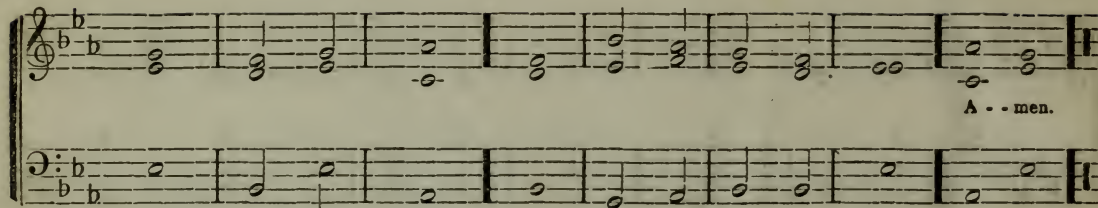
GLORI PATRI

{ Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to
 { the | Holy | Ghost:
 { As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever
 { shall be, | world with .. out | end. A- | men.



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 { God be merciful unto us, and bless us;
And show us the light of his countenance, and
be merci-ful un-to us.</p> | <p>5 { Let the people praise thee, O— God;
Yea, let all the—people praise— thee.</p> |
| <p>2 { That thy way may be known up-on earth;
Thy saving health a- mong all nations.</p> | <p>6 { Then shall the earth bring forth her increase;
And God, even our own—God shall
give us—his blessing.</p> |
| <p>3 { Let the people praise thee, O— God;
Yea, let all the—people praise— thee.</p> | <p>7 { God shall bless— us;
And all the ends of the earth shall fear— him.</p> |
| <p>4 { O let the nations rejoice and be glad;
For thou shalt judge the people righteously,
And govern the na-tions up- on— earth.</p> | |

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD



- 1 { The Lord is my Shepherd; I | shall not | want;
 { The Lord is my | Shepherd; I | shall not | want.
- 2 { He maketh me to lie | down in .. green |
 pastures;
 { He leadeth me be- | side the | still— | waters.
- 3 { He re- | storeth .. my | soul;
 { He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness |
 for his | name's— | sake.
- 4 { Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
 shadow of death, I will | fear no | evil;
 { For thou art with me; thy | rod and .. thy | staff,
 they | comfort me.
- 5 { Thou preparest a table before me in the pres-
 ence | of mine | enemies;
 { Thou anointest my head with | oil, my | cup ..
 runneth | over.
- 6 { Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me, all
 the | days of .. my | life;
 { And I will dwell in the | house .. of the | Lord,
 for- | ever.

